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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

MAY 1, 1848.

- ART. I. (1.) *Sarawak; its Inhabitants and Productions.* By HUGH LOW, Colonial Secretary at Labuh-an. London, 1848.
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THE history of modern colonization presents to us many curious and instructive subjects of study, as regards both the condition and fate of the settlements themselves, and the influence which they have exerted on the mother countries, or on those in which they have been located. It is highly interesting to notice the phases which the various and widely different peculiarities of national character present, as they are called forth amid new scenes or in unlooked-for emergencies. The contrast is very striking if the colonies and dependencies of the English are com-

pared with those of the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutch. The last are, in our opinion, about the worst colonists in the world. The selfish, grasping, monopolising system on which their foreign settlements have been established, while it has been prejudicial to the interests of the settlements themselves, has been but little calculated to aid the progress of civilization, or elevate the condition and character of the races among whom they have settled. It is from no vainglorious national partiality, but on palpable and most certain grounds that we assert, that of all colonists the English are the best. Our settlements have spread with unexampled rapidity, and, in general, thriven with a permanent and growing prosperity unrivalled in the history of the dependencies of other nations; a result which seems to us traceable almost entirely to the innate vigour and manliness of the national character; for the history of our colonial *government* presents a series of blunders, absurdities, and infatuations not less remarkable than the prosperity which has outlived them. None of our foreign settlements have succeeded so well as those which have been most left to themselves, or to the influence of private enterprise. Compare our Indian possessions with some of those nearer the Antipodes! India and the eastern seas afford a striking example of what the spirited activity of private association has effected, and what official ignorance or stupidity failed even to attempt. That the splendid opportunity secured by Sir Stamford Raffles for promoting British interests and the advance of civilization in the great islands of the east was left unimproved, and his enlightened and philanthropic plans passed by with a neglect not less remarkable than undeserved, will be a lasting disgrace to the administration of Lord Castlereagh. Much of the credit of what may hereafter be accomplished in those quarters will be indirectly due to Sir S. Raffles, for it was through the establishment of the settlement at Singapore that attention was attracted to the rich and extensive islands of the Eastern Archipelago. It was reserved for the distinguished individual, of whom we purpose giving a brief account in the present article, in the spirit of the most genuine philanthropy, to take the first steps towards realizing in those islands the views which Sir S. Raffles had unfolded with respect to Java.

James Brooke, Esq., the present Rajah of Sarawak, is the only surviving son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq., who was for a considerable time in the service of the East India Company. It may interest some to know that among his ancestors was Sir Robert Viner, Baronet, who was Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Charles II., and enjoyed a good share of the confidence and intimacy of the sovereign. If the acquaintance was as

pleasant as it was profitable, the king must have found Sir Robert a very agreeable friend indeed; for we are told that a great portion of his large fortune found its way into the monarch's exchequer. Mr. Brooke was born near Bath, on the 29th of April, 1803, and was educated for the military service of the East India Company, under whose auspices he went out to India as a cadet. After holding several advantageous appointments in Bengal, on the breaking out of the Burmese war he accompanied his regiment to the scene of action, and distinguished himself greatly by his gallantry. He was, however, severely wounded, being shot through the lungs, and was compelled to return to Europe to recruit his strength. His time here was advantageously employed in mastering several of the modern languages (for studies of which kind, indeed, Mr. Brooke seems to have great aptitude), and visiting some of the continental states. The glorious scenes of Switzerland and Italy undoubtedly strengthened, if they did not first awaken in him, a passionate taste for grand and picturesque scenery, which ever and anon peeps forth in the notices which he has himself given us of his subsequent career, and in the gratification of which he exhibits an amount of ardour, rare even among Englishmen. When he had set out on his return to India, the vessel in which he had embarked was wrecked on the coast of the Isle of Wight, owing to which accident he was unable to reach Madras before his term of absence had expired. In consequence of the inconvenience to which this exposed him he abandoned the service, and, in search of health and amusement, sailed for China in 1830. It was fortunate for the interests of humanity and civilization that his career was thus altered. He now first became acquainted with the great, and, as yet, almost unknown, islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and formed the noble project not only of visiting and exploring them, but of carrying to them the blessings of civilization. After an unsuccessful attempt to realize his plans in conjunction with another gentleman, he returned to Europe to make fresh preparations and gain more enlarged information. His enthusiasm, fed by philanthropy, guided by sound judgment, and sustained by indomitable perseverance, enabled him to surmount the difficulties and disappointments with which he met. The death of his father placed a handsome fortune at his command; and, at length, in October, 1838, he set sail in his yacht, the *Royalist*, a schooner of 142 tons burden, with a picked crew, whom he had spent three years in attaching firmly to his interests, and training for the service for which they were destined. In this he seems eminently to have succeeded. Their thorough seamanship he had proved in a voyage up the Mediterranean,

and was able to testify that no men could do their duty more cheerfully or willingly than the crew of the *Royalist*. 'I go,' said he, 'to awaken the spirit of slumbering philanthropy with regard to these islands; to carry out Sir Stamford Raffles' views in Java over the whole archipelago. Fortune and life I give freely; and if I fail in the attempt, I shall not have lived wholly in vain.' As to his own qualifications, a competent judge writes:—

'If any man ever possessed in himself the resources and means by which such noble designs were to be achieved, that man was James Brooke. Of the most enlarged views; truthful and generous; quick to acquire and appreciate; excelling in every manly sport and exercise; elegant and accomplished; ever accessible; and, above all, prompt and determined to redress injury and relieve misfortune,—he was, of all others, the best qualified to impress the native mind with the highest opinion of the English character.'—*Expedition to Borneo of H.M.S. Dido*, vol. i. p. 4.

It is indeed surprising that the island towards which Mr. Brooke's views were mainly directed should have so little attracted either the philanthropy or the cupidity of the colonizing nations of Europe. Next to New Holland, Borneo is the largest known island, stretching over about eleven degrees of latitude, and ten of longitude on the equator. It is situated in the track of the valuable commerce of the eastern seas; contains good harbours; is intersected by numerous navigable rivers; possesses an exuberantly fertile soil; and abounds in the most valuable minerals. Yet the Dutch have only three settlements on the island, at Pontianak (established in 1778); at Banjar (founded in 1747 and abandoned in 1810, soon after which, a factory was established by the English, which, on the restoration of Java, was delivered over to the Dutch); and at Sambas (formed in 1823). But these have not prospered, and are even said to be losing speculations. The Dutch have never conciliated the natives—never obtained their good will. Violence and selfishness have been the ruling principles of their dealings with them. The English have long had a sort of claim to a considerable tract in the northern part of Borneo, which was subject to the sultan of Sooloo. About 1763, the sultan, Alimudin, was rescued by the English from captivity in Manila, and restored to his possessions; in gratitude for which benefit he ceded to them the island of Balambangan and the coast of Borneo between Pulo Gaya and the eastern head of Malludu Bay. A settlement was formed at Balambangan in 1773; but two years afterwards the colonists were treacherously attacked and driven out by the Sooloos. A detailed account of this unfortunate enterprise is

given by Captain Belcher (vol. ii. p. 284, &c.) from a Spanish work on the Philippines. An attempt was again made in 1803 to establish a settlement here, but it was soon abandoned. With these few exceptions, this country, one of the largest and richest in the world, has been left unnoticed and uncared for, while its inhabitants, under the baneful influence of barbarian usages, have gradually sunk lower and lower, conquering and subject tribes alike wasting away through mutual rapine and destruction. The efforts of Mr. Brooke have, however, shown that they are by no means irreclaimable.

The name Borneo is a corruption of that of Burni or Bruni, which belongs properly, not to the whole island, but to a kingdom and town on the north-west coast of the island, of which Sarawak is a province. The native Malay name of the whole island is Tanah Kalamantan, or Pulo Kalamantan.

‘In geographical features this island presents us with great variety. It has high mountains, magnificent rivers, extensive lakes, and probably, in the northern part of the island, considerable plains. Indeed, it is probable that, with the exception of the west coast of Africa, no country in the world is better watered than this island.’—(*Low's Sarawak*, p. 7.) Its mineral productions are of the richest kind. Coal abounds at Labuh-an and in the kingdom of Borneo Proper. Antimony is found in large quantities, especially in Sarawak, and is worked with great profit. Iron is met with in most parts of the island. Tin, nickel, and quicksilver, are also found. Gold exists in abundance, in the sand and gravel of the rivers, in alluvial soil, and in caves and crevices of the limestone rocks. Sir Stamford Raffles states, as the result of a *very moderate computation*, that the mines on the western coast of Borneo produced annually gold to the value of upwards of 900,000*l.* sterling. Mr. Low estimates that in the province of Sarawak alone, at least 7000 ounces are annually collected (p. 26). Diamonds also are found in large numbers, and frequently of considerable size. The climate of Borneo is healthy, and the temperature is not found by Europeans to be oppressively hot. With regard to the greater part of the island, there have, of course, as yet been but few opportunities for estimating the fertility of the soil; but at Sarawak it is extremely productive. The sugar cane grows with the greatest luxuriance. Nutmegs, and almost all kinds of spices, flourish with but little trouble to the cultivators. Most of the ordinary productions of tropical climates are found in abundance. Cotton is likely to prove an important article of produce. Coffee and tobacco thrive well. Among the more curious productions of the island is the gutta percha, which is now getting so extensively used for

various purposes. A substance exactly similar to caoutchouc may be obtained in great quantities. The celebrated upas tree is also found upon the island. The poisonous influence exerted upon those who approach it has been greatly exaggerated; but Captain Belcher relates that one of his crew, a powerful man of good constitution, was so much stupefied while extracting some of the poisonous sap, as to be compelled to quit his position on the tree. Of these and various other productions, vegetable and animal, of the island of Borneo, Mr. Low has given a detailed and instructive account.

The inhabitants of the island consist chiefly of the various aboriginal tribes of Dyaks, who occupy the interior and some parts of the coast, and the conquering settlers of the Malay race, who have established themselves almost all round the island, and formed numerous separate kingdoms. The southern and western coasts have been occupied by the Javan branch of the Malay race; a good part of the eastern coast by the Bugis of Celebes; the kingdom of Bruni, or Borneo Proper, appears to have been founded by Malays from the Peninsula. Bruni on the north-west; Sambas and Pontianak on the west; Banjarmasin on the south; and Coti on the east, are the principal kingdoms. Besides these, there are in various places settlements of Chinese; and some Arabs, especially in the neighbourhood of Pontianak. The Illanon pirates also occupied, until recently, some strongholds on the north-west coast. These races on the coast generally profess the Mahometan religion. Being in possession of the mouths of most of the rivers, they keep the aboriginal tribes in some degree of subjection,—though their power does not seem to be nearly so great now as it once was. When visited by Pigafetta, about 1521, Bruni contained 25,000 families. It has gradually declined since then. The present population is not estimated at more than 12,000; and the Chinese, of whom there were once some 30,000 settled in the neighbourhood of the city, have entirely deserted it. The present sultan has been described as having ‘the head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate.’ He has been a mere tool in the hands of his worthless advisers, and has shown himself capable of committing the foulest crimes at their instigation. The country, indeed, can hardly be said to have any government at all. While the ruling power has become weak, the nakodahs, or native merchants, have risen to greater wealth and consequence, and, by buying up the produce of the country, render it difficult for the sultan to get any revenue at all; and it is only from the provinces near the capital that anything can be got. The prince and his chiefs rob the Malays of as much as they can; the

Malays rob the Dyaks; and the latter conceal as much as they dare. As a sample of the extortions to which they are, or at least used to be subjected by their Malay masters, Mr. Brooke says that he has known goods worth 20 dollars at Singapore, for which the Dyaks received one teacup full of salt. With the exception of that of the sultan, all the houses at Bruni are built upon posts in the river, with considerable regularity, though their construction is not nearly so substantial as when the place was visited three centuries ago. The Malay races of Borneo are but little addicted to agriculture. They universally prefer trading, or else the working of the very productive gold mines of the country, from which the metal is procured with comparatively little exertion. The Dyaks in their neighbourhood they have reduced to slavery or dependence. It seems, however, that the Malays on the western coast of Borneo have been too hastily described (as by Mr. Marryat) as a cruel, treacherous, and disgusting race of men, with scarcely one good quality to recommend them. The inhabitants of Bruni itself, indeed, seem to be, to a considerable extent, open to these charges; but after an experience of between two and three years, Mr. Low pronounces those of Sarawak and the western coast to be generally—

‘A mild and quiet people, devoid of the treachery of the natives of Sumatra, whom the dissolute inhabitants of the capital most resemble. They are not, like the inhabitants of the piratical states, fond of desperate adventure, and not being possessed of a great share of physical courage, and their tastes inclining them to follow the more peaceful pursuits of trade, under a government which will encourage commerce, they live happy and contented. In capacity the Malays are probably not inferior to any of the nations of Europe, and in their trading expeditions, and other intercourse with foreigners of several nations, particularly the Chinese, their ability in managing their affairs protects them from the frauds which are constantly attempted by these unscrupulous traders.’—p. 127.

Mr. Low likewise speaks in high terms of their courtesy and politeness. ‘The late lamented Pangeran Bed-er-ed-din displayed an air and carriage which would have adorned an European prince.’—p. 137.

It has also been rashly asserted that the Malays of Borneo are inveterate pirates. It is true that now and then the chiefs on the coast, like the Sultan of Bruni and his late rascally ministers, have, at least indirectly, dabbled a little in this unlawful vocation; and that pirate fleets have been fitted out from various points of the coast, but these have usually been stations occupied by the famous Illanon pirates, the scourge of these seas, by whom the trade of the western coast has been well nigh de-

stroyed. But it does not appear that the Malay natives of Borneo are themselves, generally speaking, addicted to piracy; though there may be occasional exceptions to this, as well as to many other good rules. The head-quarters of the Illanon pirates is the great bay of Illanon, on the south of Mindanao, round which stretches an immense lagoon, sheltered and concealed behind the mangroves which grow upon the swampy land which forms the outside boundary of the lagoon. Into this lagoon they have formed numerous escapes of a very simple, but effectual kind,—bending the mangrove trees in opposite directions, so as to form a sort of angular trough, with the sides at a mutual inclination of about 120 degrees, and running out into deep water at a gentle inclination. When close pressed they dash their war-boats, or prahus, into one of these openings. The impetus given to them carries them up the inclined trough to a level high enough to enable the crew, with the assistance of those within, to haul them quite over the bar into the lagoon beyond. These approaches are well defended by batteries; so that it would be a matter of the greatest difficulty to attack the pirates in the interior of their stronghold. The island of Bal-lignini is another of their principal stations. The vessels of the Illanons are 90 or 100 feet long, furnished with double tiers of oars; they can also, when necessary, hoist a huge mat sail. A sort of roof, or raised deck, supported on posts, runs over nearly the whole length of the vessel. On this the warriors take their station and fight, their principal arms being the kris, spear, and large Lanom sword. The vessel also carries a long gun, and sometimes swivels as well. The old boats in the lagoon are used as houses. These Illanons are said to be able to muster, when necessary, as many as 400 vessels. Their ravages extend over the whole archipelago, and they not only attack merchant vessels, but make descents upon the coasts to capture slaves, by the sale of whom they realize a large profit. Sometimes they make a lucky hit and catch a *padré*, for whom they demand a heavy ransom. By one such achievement they lately gained above 1000 dollars. In one of the pirate boats Captain Belcher found a somewhat novel instrument. This was a sort of slave-catcher, consisting of a two-pronged fork, with the points barbed on the inside, and sufficiently wide apart to admit the neck of a man. This weapon, thrown with a good aim, and then jerked suddenly backwards, fixes the unfortunate victim in a manner which leaves him at the mercy of his captor. These pirate vessels, however, are no match for the boats of a ship of war. A ship's launch can put to flight or destroy half-a-dozen of them. Ships of war they seldom ven-

ture to assail. They are, nevertheless, antagonists by no means to be despised. The following adventure of a detachment of Captain Keppel's crew will give the reader a good idea of these sea-rovers:—

‘It appears that the day after they had got outside, they observed three boats a long way in the offing, to which they gave chase; but soon lost sight of them, owing to their superior sailing. They, however, appeared a second and a third time after dark, but without the Jolly Bachelor being able to get near them; and it being now late, and the crew both fatigued and hungry, they pulled in shore, lighted a fire, cooked their provisions, and then hauled the boat out to her grapple, near some rocks, for the night; lying down to rest with their arms by their sides, and muskets round the mast, ready loaded. Having also placed sentries and look-out men, and appointed an officer of the watch, they one and all, (sentries included, I suppose,) owing to the fatigues of the day, fell asleep. At about three o'clock the following morning, the moon being just about to rise, Lieutenant Hunt happening to awake, observed a savage brandishing a kris, and performing his war-dance on the bit of deck, in an ecstasy of delight, thinking, in all probability, of the ease with which he had got possession of a fine trading boat, and calculating the cargo of slaves he had to sell, but little dreaming of the hornet's nest into which he had fallen. Lieutenant Hunt's round face meeting the light of the rising moon, without a turban surmounting it, was the first notice the pirate had of his mistake. He immediately plunged overboard; and before Lieutenant Hunt had sufficiently recovered his astonishment, to know whether he was dreaming or not, or to rouse his crew up, a discharge from three or four cannon within a few yards, and the cutting through the rigging by the various missiles with which the guns were loaded, soon convinced him there was no mistake. It was as well the men were still lying down when this discharge took place, as not one of them was hurt; but on jumping to their legs, they found themselves closely pressed by two large war-prahus, one on each bow. To return the fire, cut the cable, man the oars, and back astern, to gain room, was the work of a minute. But now came the tug of war: it was a case of life and death. Our men fought as British sailors ought to do; quarter was not expected on either side; and the quick and deadly aim of the marines prevented the pirates from reloading their guns. The Illanun prahus are built with strong bulwarks or barricades, grape-shot proof, across the fore part of the boat, through which ports are formed for working the guns. These bulwarks had to be cut away by round shot from the Jolly Bachelor, before the musketry could bear effectually. This done, the grape and canister told with fearful execution. In the meantime, the prahu had been pressing forward to board, while the Jolly Bachelor backed astern; but as soon as this service was achieved, our men dropped their oars, and seizing their muskets, dashed on: the work was sharp, but short, and

the slaughter great. While one pirate-boat was sinking, and an effort made to secure her, the other effected her escape by rounding the point of rocks, where a third and larger prahu came to her assistance; and taking her in tow, succeeded in getting off. The sight that presented itself to our people, boarding the captured boat, must indeed have been a frightful one. All those capable of moving had thrown themselves into the water. In addition to the killed, some lying across the thwarts with their oars in their hands, at the bottom of the prahu, in which there was about three feet of blood and water, were seen protruding the mangled remains of eighteen or twenty bodies. The scene which presented itself on the deck of the defeated pirate, affords a striking proof of the character of these fierce rovers, resembling greatly what we read of the Norsemen and Scandinavians of early ages. Among the mortally wounded, lay the young commander of the prahu, one of the most noble forms of the human race; his countenance handsome as the hero of oriental romance, and his whole bearing wonderfully impressive and touching. He was shot in front, and through the lungs, and his last moments were rapidly approaching. He endeavoured to speak, but the blood gushed from his mouth with the voice he vainly essayed to utter in words. Again and again he tried, but again and again the vital fluid drowned the dying effort. He looked as if he had something of importance which he desired to communicate, and a shade of disappointment and regret passed over his brow when he felt that every essay was unavailing, and that his manly strength and daring spirit were dissolving into the dark night of death. The pitying conquerors raised him gently up, and he was seated in comparative ease, for the welling-out of the blood was less distressing; but the end speedily came: he folded his arms heroically across his wounded breast, fixed his eyes upon the British seamen around, and casting one last glance at the ocean—the theatre of his daring exploits, on which he had so often fought and triumphed—expired without a sigh.

‘The spectators, though not unused to tragical and sanguinary sights, were unanimous in speaking of the death of the pirate chief, as the most affecting spectacle they had ever witnessed. A sculptor might have carved him as an Antinous, in the mortal agonies of a dying gladiator.’—*Expedition to Borneo*, vol. ii. p. 19.

The Malays of Borneo do not seem to be clever at any kind of manufacture. The cloths which they (*i. e.*, the female slaves among them) make are from cotton thread, which they import from Singapore. Those of Celebes and Java are much superior. They do not even exhibit any skill in the working of gold, which, considering the abundance of that mineral in the island, is surprising. Their blacksmiths exhibit somewhat more dexterity, especially in making tools and weapons; but they have not skill enough to make a musket. The bellows which they

use are rather curious. They are formed of two wooden or bamboo cylinders, with pipes leading from the bottom of them into the fire; the wind is forced through these pipes by two stout sticks, to which are attached large bunches of feathers. These are worked alternately, and throw a constant and strong stream of wind into the fire. (*Low's Sarawak*, p. 159.) In boat building they have made tolerable progress.

The aboriginal inhabitants consist chiefly of the various tribes of Dyaks, a race akin to that spread over the islands of Polynesia, with the Kyans, and other tribes more or less closely related to them. The Dyaks of the interior differ in many respects from those on the coast, the former being of a much more quiet and manageable character than the latter, who are a warlike and indomitable race, much given to piracy, though less for the purpose of plundering, than of getting human heads as trophies. Their most powerful tribes dwell about the rivers Sakarran and Sarebus, and have successfully maintained their independence against the Malays. Another branch of them, the Sebooyoh (or Sibnowan, as the name is sometimes incorrectly written) Dyaks, are also known as the Lundu Dyaks, from the name of their chief settlement. Smaller divisions of this tribe are in the territory of Sarawak, or under the protection of its government. The Sakarran and Sarebus tribes keep up a good understanding with each other, but are the inveterate foes of all the other neighbouring tribes. The villages of these Sea-Dyaks are constructed in a very singular fashion:

'The villages of the Sea-Dyaks are formed upon one plan, the houses being, if the tribe be small, that is to say, of about sixty families, all collected under one roof. Each house has its separate door, which opens into a broad verandah, covered in by a continuation of the pitch of the roof, and which answers all the purposes of a street, being floored with laths of bamboo or nibong, and on a level with the flooring of the houses. One terrace of such buildings is often 500 or 600 feet in length; and the house being built on very strong posts (which are sometimes as much as forty feet high), with wooden sides, and covered with atap, they present frequently a neater and more comfortable appearance than the frequently ruinous houses of the Malays. Besides the door opening into the verandah, they have on each side of their dwellings, which consist only of one room, a door communicating with the residence of the next family. The windows of their houses are part of the roof, which, in the construction of the house, has been separated for that purpose; it is raised and supported open by a notched bamboo or other stick, and when shut is undistinguishable from the rest of the roof. The ataps composing the thatch are not each tied to the rafters, but being bound

into large sheets are secured only in a few places, so that in case of fire, by the few fastenings being cut, they are easily slid from the steep sloping roof, and prevented from adding fuel to the, without them, too inflammable dwellings.—*Low's Sarawak*, p. 169.

The Sea Dyaks are described by all who have seen them as a remarkably well formed and athletic, though not very tall, race, with a great deal of dignity as well as activity in their bearing. Their dress is somewhat of the scantiest. In their ears they wear a large number of brass rings, sometimes as many as eighteen, and a profusion of brass rings about their legs and arms. They have an atrocious custom of filing their teeth sharp and pointed, and the constant habit of chewing betel and sirih dyes their teeth black, and their lips vermilion. In war they wear padded cotton jackets thick enough to resist a blow from a wooden spear. The women are well formed, and, especially when young, often very good looking. Polygamy is not practised among them. Conjugal infidelity is severely punished, though previous to marriage chastity is not at all regarded. The women assist the men in the cultivation of their rice grounds, though the men take the heaviest portion of the labour in the intervals between their hunting and piratical excursions. Owing, however, to the great productiveness of the soil, their husbandry is of a very rude kind. They chiefly grow rice. They do not cultivate the same patch of ground year after year, but move about, clearing fresh portions by burning the trees, and not returning to those already cultivated till after the lapse of seven years. One of the most lamentable features, however, in the character of these Dyaks is their passion for getting human heads. A man cannot marry, or celebrate the funeral of a relative, without getting a head. Nor are they very particular where the heads come from. The hill Dyaks of the interior are those upon whom they chiefly prey; and woe to the unlucky fishermen whom they find out at sea. Their piratical excursions are carried on chiefly to procure heads. Between hostile tribes a regular debtor and creditor account is kept, and peace is impossible until the number of heads taken on both sides is the same, or the tribe which has taken most compounds with the other for the balance, at the rate of about 25 dollars for a man's, and 15 or 20 dollars for a woman's head. The tribes of Sea-Dyaks, however, are much too deeply in debt to be able to settle their accounts without making themselves entirely bankrupt, and, being powerful, do not care to adjust their differences. Among the Sea-Dyaks the heads are the personal property of those who take them, and are regarded as their most valuable possession. The capture of a head is celebrated by a feast, of

which a dance forms not the least characteristic feature. One of these has been graphically described by Mr. Marryat.

'A space was now cleared in the centre of the house, and two of the oldest warriors stepped into it. They were dressed in turbans, long loose jackets, and sashes round their waists, descending to their feet, and small bells were attached to their ankles. They commenced by first shaking hands with the Rajah, and then with all the Europeans present, thereby giving us to understand that the dance was to be considered only as a spectacle, and not to be taken in its literal sense, as preparatory to an attack upon us. This ceremony being over, they rushed into the centre and gave a most unearthly scream. Then, poising themselves on one foot, they described a circle with the other, at the same time extending their arms like the wings of a bird, and then meeting their hands and clapping them and keeping time with the music. After a little while the music became louder, and suddenly our ears were pierced with the whole of the natives present joining in the hideous war-cry. Then the motions and screams of the dancers became more violent, and everything was working up to a state of excitement, by which even we were influenced. Suddenly a very unpleasant odour pervaded the room, already too warm from the numbers it contained. Involuntarily we held our noses, wondering what might be the cause; when we perceived that one of the warriors had stepped into the centre, and suspended round the shoulders of each dancer a human head in a wide-meshed basket of rattan. These heads had been taken in the late Sakarran business, and were therefore but a fortnight old. They were encased in a wide network of rattan, and were ornamented with beads. Their stench was intolerable, although, as we discovered on after examination, they had been partially baked and were quite black. The teeth and hair were quite perfect, the features somewhat shrunk. The appearance of the heads was the signal for the music to play louder, for the war-cry of the natives to be more energetic, and for the screams of the dancers to be more piercing. Their motions now became more rapid, and the excitement in proportion; and thus did yelling, dancing, gongs, and tom-toms become more rapid and more violent every minute, till the dancing warriors were ready to drop. A farewell yell with emphasis was given by the surrounding warriors, and immediately the music ceased and the dancers disappeared.'—*Borneo*, &c. p. 84.

When a fleet returns from a successful cruise, on approaching the villages the good fortune is announced by those on board by a horrid yell, which is taken up and prolonged by the men, women, and children on shore.

'The head is brought on shore with much ceremony, wrapped up in the curiously folded and plaited leaves of the nipah palm, and frequently emitting the disgusting odour peculiar to decaying mortality. This, the Dyaks have frequently told me, is peculiarly grateful

to their senses, and surpasses the odorous durian, their favourite fruit. On shore and in the village, the head, for months after its arrival, is treated with the greatest consideration, and all the names and terms of endearment of which their language is capable are abundantly lavished on it; the most dainty morsels, culled from their abundant, though inelegant repast, are thrust into its mouth, and it is instructed to hate its former friends, and that, having been now adopted into the tribe of its captors, its spirit must be always with them. Sirih leaves and betel nuts are given to it, and finally, a cigar is frequently placed between its ghastly and pallid lips. None of this disgusting mockery is performed with the intention of ridicule, but all to propitiate the spirit by kindness, and to procure its good wishes for the tribe, of whom it is now supposed to have become a member.'—*Low's Sarawak*, p. 206.

The spirit of the dead man is moreover strongly exhorted to persuade his surviving countrymen to get killed, and to wander about in lonely and insecure places, so that their enemies may have the opportunity of appropriating their heads.—*Voyage of H.M.S. Dido*, vol. i. p. 304.

The wars of the Dyaks are carried on much more by stratagem, than by open force. Their weapons are, wooden spears for casting, iron-headed spears, swords, the parang, or chopping-knife, and the sumpitan, or blow-pipe, a tube eight or ten feet long, through which they propel with the breath small arrows about a foot long, poisoned with the juice of the upas. Their wars are frequent, and much more bloody than those of the Malays. They take their boats to pieces when the weather is not fit for their cruises, which is easily effected, as the planks (the cutting of which costs them great labour), are only fastened together with rattans. On one occasion, a piratical fleet, when closely blockaded by some cruisers, in this manner made its escape through the jungle, the men taking the boats to pieces and carrying them off to another part of the coast.

The Dyaks within the province of Sarawak, however, belong chiefly to the class known as the Hill Dyaks. They are a much milder and gentler race than their unruly brethren of the Sea, and are remarkable for their honesty and their readiness to oblige. 'Gratitude, which is too frequently found a rare and transitory virtue, eminently adorns the character of these simple people, and the smallest benefit conferred upon them, calls forth its vigorous and continued exercise.'—*Low's Sarawak*, p. 246. They also stand in favourable contrast with the Sea Dyaks, in the strictness with which female virtue is encouraged and maintained. They are, to be sure, rather fond of heads, but they never take them except in war, and then they are considered as

the property of the tribe, and preserved in a separate house—a sort of primitive hotel *de ville*. Captain Keppel bestows upon it the undignified but facetious appellation of the “skullery.” They are not at all addicted to piracy, and crimes of all kinds are extremely rare among them.

But little is known at present respecting the religious belief of these people. They are not idolaters; but they believe in the existence of more than one deity, and of various good and evil genii. Mr. Brooke, however, now holds in their esteem a rank equal to that of their chief deities, and is invoked with them in their prayers. The Hindu religion at one time prevailed over a good part of the south and west of the island, but few vestiges of it now remain. They have a ceremony termed *Pamali*, which closely resembles the taboo of the South Sea Islanders. They have nothing among them resembling an order of priests. Their notions of a future state are of the most vague and indistinct, kind possible. Their dead they do not bury, but burn. They have considerable faith in omens, which are principally drawn from the noises of insects. One very singular omen is described by Mr. Low:—

“In killing a pig, which is done at all the village festivals, the length of the animal is carefully measured while it is still alive, and should he, after death, be found a little longer, as from the distention of the muscles in the dying agony is generally the case, the omen is accepted as one of prosperity to the tribe in all its undertakings for the ensuing season; but if, on the contrary, the pains of the slaughtered animal should cause it to contract its limbs, the omen portends misfortunes to the tribe.”—p. 309.

It is interesting to notice, that the Dyaks have some games which are familiar to ourselves on village greens, and in playgrounds. At the harvest-homes, and other festivals of the Sea Dyaks, one of the staple amusements is climbing up a greasy pole after a piece of pork, which is fixed at the top. And the Dyak boys on the hills play at peg-top, just as is done in England, the only difference being that their tops have not iron pegs.

Such is the country, and such the people, towards whom Mr. Brooke turned his attention. We left our distinguished countryman setting out on his noble undertaking. He started on the 27th October, 1838. On the 1st of June, in the next year, he arrived safely at Singapore, which he quitted on the 27th July; anchoring off the Coast of Borneo on the 1st of August, and finally arriving at Sarawak on the 15th.

Sarawak, as it is now commonly called, instead of the old name Kuching, is a Malay town situated on a river of the same name, at the distance of about 25 miles from the mouth, and

consisted at this time, of a collection of mud huts built upon piles, with a population of about 1500. Mr. Brooke directed his course hither, learning that the Rajah, Muda Hassim, was in that neighbourhood. Muda Hassim was the uncle of the present sultan of Bruni, or Borneo Proper, who exhibits that union of weakness of intellect, cunning, and brutality, which is not uncommonly found in eastern princes. On the accession of the latter, Muda Hassim retained the office of prime minister, which he had held under the late sultan. He stood deservedly high in the opinion of his countrymen generally, but this naturally drew upon him the ill-feeling and jealousy of the sultan and his unworthy advisers. He therefore withdrew for a time from Bruni to his principality of Sarawak, where, moreover, his presence was needed to quell a rebellion of the Hill Dyaks, to which they had been driven by the oppressions exercised on them by their Malay masters, especially in compelling them to work the antimony mines. Though the Hill Dyaks are anything but a formidable people, the Malays are quite as timid and feeble in their military operations; and on the arrival of Mr. Brooke, the rajah had made but small progress towards the reduction of the rebels. He gave his visitors a courteous reception, and their mutual complimentary visits were conducted with a good deal of barbaric ceremony and etiquette. Having obtained the Rajah's permission, Mr. Brooke proceeded to visit some of the Malay and Dyak towns not situated in the country which was the seat of hostilities, accompanied by two Malays of distinction in their armed prahus. His first expedition was for about 100 miles up the river Samarahan, which enters the sea a little to the eastward of the Sarawak. A second cruise up the river Lundu, gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the habits and characteristics of the Dyaks. In his subsequent intercourse with Muda Hassim, Mr. Brooke set before him the advantages which would result from establishing commercial intercourse with the Europeans. The result was, that the Rajah gave Mr. Brooke letters to the merchants at Singapore. On the 19th September, the Royalist weighed anchor. Mr. Brooke thus records the impressions which he had received during his visit:—

‘I here bid adieu to these kind friends, fully impressed with their kindness and the goodness of their dispositions. To me they are far different from anything I was prepared to meet, and devoid of the vices with which their countrymen are usually stigmatized by modern writers. * * * I should pronounce them indolent and unwarlike, but kind and unreserved to foreigners, particularly to Englishmen. They are volatile, generally speaking very ignorant, but by no means deficient in acuteness of understanding. The lower orders of people

are poor and wretched, and the freemen are certainly poorer and more wretched than the slaves. Of the disposition of the Rajah, Muda Hassim, I formed the highest estimate, not only from his kindness to myself, but from the testimony of many witnesses, all of whom spoke of him with affection, and gave him the character of a mild and gentle master.'—*Expedition to Borneo of H.M.S. Dido*, vol. i. p. 78.

After a brief stay at Singapore, Mr. Brooke started on a cruise among the islands of the Archipelago, visiting Celebes and several others. In Celebes, Mr. Brooke spent about six months, and gained a great deal of information respecting the country and people. His journal of this visit will be found in the first volume of Captain Mundy's work, and is well worthy of attention, as the information it contains is both new and interesting, and may hereafter prove of great value, as the Bugis inhabitants of the island manifest a desire to form commercial relations with the English. The accounts given of the political constitution of some of the independent kingdoms, especially that of Wajo, are very remarkable. Their institutions are, in some respects, unique; in others, they bear a curious resemblance to what existed in Europe in the later period of the feudal system. Our space, however, precludes any attempt to enter into details.

It was not till August, 1840, that Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak, where he found matters very much as he had left them. No progress had been made in subduing the rebels. Soon after his arrival, however, the Sultan sent down one of his officers or ministers, whose presence stimulated Muda Hassim to something like exertion. Some forces were raised, and a considerable number of the Dyaks compelled to return to their allegiance. But their last stronghold still held out. At the urgent request of the Rajah, Mr. Brooke consented to delay his departure, and went to the scene of hostilities, with the benevolent view of urging the people on to a speedy termination of the war, and, in the event of success, of interposing between the victors and vanquished, and preserving the latter from the indiscriminate vengeance of the Malays. After a great deal of procrastination, it was resolved to advance against the enemy, entrenched in their forts, a little in advance of the town of Siniawan. These were of the most paltry description. The strongest of them, the fort of Balidah, 'was situated on the water's edge, on a slight eminence on the right bank of the river, and consisted of a large house with a thatched roof, and a look-out house on the summit; a few swivels and a gun or two were in it, and around it a breastwork of wood, judging from the distance, about six or seven feet high.' In numbers, the enemy amounted to somewhat less than 500; about half of

whom were armed with muskets. Their artillery consisted of three six-pounders, and numerous swivels. The attacking force was not of a very overwhelming kind.

‘Our grand army consisted of 200 Chinese, excellent workmen, but of whose qualities as soldiers I can say nothing. They were, however, a stout, muscular set of men, though wretchedly armed, having no guns, and scarcely any muskets; but swords, spears, and shields, together with forty long, thin, iron tubes, with the bore of a musket, and carrying a slug. These primitive weapons were each managed by two men, one being the carrier of the ordnance, the other the gunner; for whilst one holds the tube over his shoulder, the other takes aim, turns away his head, applies his match, and is pleased with the sound. Their mode of loading is as curious as the piece and its mode of discharge. Powder is poured in, the end knocked on the ground, and the slug, with another knock, sent on the powder, without either ramming or cartridge. Of Malays we had 250. A few brass guns composed our artillery, and in the boats were a good many swivels. The Dyaks amounted to about 200.’—*Mr. Brooke’s Journal in the Expedition, &c., of H.M.S. Dido*, vol. i. p. 155.

A fort was erected, less than a mile from the enemy, but out of sight of them, a hill above it commanding a view of the enemy’s entrenchments. Mr. Brooke proposed that they should at once advance to the assault, but his proposition was treated as indicating the most insane rashness. The Malays and their allies had no idea of fighting, except behind a wall; and determined to advance towards the foe by a chain of posts from the hill behind the encampment. This operation was accordingly commenced, when the rebel forces advanced with loud shouts within hearing distance. ‘We are coming, we are coming,’ exclaimed the rebels; ‘lay aside your muskets and fight us with swords.’ ‘Come on,’ was the reply, ‘we are building a stockade, and want to fight you.’ And so the heroes ceased not to talk, but forgot to fight, except that the rebels opened a fire from Balidah with swivels, all of which went over the tops of the trees. A heavy shower reduced all to inaction. In this way they proceeded, till the assailants had advanced within 300 yards of the enemy. Mr. Brooke asked Macota, the leader of the forces, how he had got on in his former campaign, when he had 1000 Malays with him? He gave a grand account of their incessant conflicts during two months, but did not profess to have killed more than five of the enemy, without the loss of a single man on his own side. Mr. Brooke now sent for a couple of six-pounder carronades from his vessel, and with these the enemy’s fort was knocked about a good deal, and the rebels durst not venture out; still the Malays could not be induced to

make an assault. 'What,' asked Mr. Brooke, 'if you will not attack, are you going to do?' Oh the wise counsels of these 'wise heads! Abong Mia proposed erecting a fort in a tree, and thence going 'puff, puff,' down into Balidah, accompanying the words 'puff, puff,' with expressive gestures of firing. But it was objected that the enemy might cut down the tree, 'fort, and all.' Mr. Brooke, finding that no consideration could get the better of their cowardice, returned with his guns to the ship. But on intimating to the Rajah his intention of departing, the latter entreated him to stay, and offered him the country of Siniawan and Sarawak, with its government and trade, if he would but stop. This he did; and at the end of a month rejoined the army. The warfare was carried on in the same way as before. The cowardly Macota did all that he could to avoid making an assault. One attempt of the sort was a miserable failure, the storming party turning back through cowardice when they had got half way. Fresh forts were erected at various points commanding the enemy's position, and Mr. Brooke's guns were brought to bear upon the town of Siniawan. The enemy now, after Mr. Brooke with his little party had routed a large body of them by a vigorous charge, showed a wish to capitulate. A negotiation was opened with Mr. Brooke, to whom they finally surrendered the fort of Balidah, he undertaking to protect them until the orders of the Rajah arrived, and successfully checking a treacherous attempt of Macota, who was as base as cowardly, to violate this agreement. With great difficulty, under the threat of going away, Mr. Brooke induced the Rajah to spare the lives of the rebels. They were, however, required to deliver up their arms and property, and to give hostages. Siniawan was gradually deserted by its inhabitants, most of whom came to Sarawak.

Thus ended this curious though harassing war, after it had lasted nearly four years. The Rajah now did something towards fulfilling his promise of making Mr. Brooke the governor or Rajah of Sarawak, the latter having generously waited till the war was over, that he might not seem to take advantage of Muda Hassim's helplessness. After receiving the papers containing the investiture, he proceeded in the Royalist to Singapore, where he purchased a schooner, which he loaded with a suitable cargo, and then returned to Sarawak, in the spring of 1841. In the first instance, a written agreement was drawn up, that Mr. Brooke should reside at Sarawak, in order 'to seek for profit.' This was to be preparatory to a more formal instalment. He was still, however, partly through the indolence of Muda Hassim, and partly through the treacherous machinations of Macota, exposed to the most provoking disappointments

and delays. Muda Hassim had promised to build him a house while he was absent at Singapore. On his return he found that it was not commenced. The cargo of the Swift was landed and consigned to the care of the Rajah, but no effort was made to get the antimony ore which had been bargained for in return. Professions of affection and kindness were to be had in plenty, but nothing further. At length a small portion of the promised ore was shipped, and Mr. Brooke despatched the vessel to Singapore, sending the Royalist likewise to Borneo, to see after the crew of a shipwrecked vessel which he understood to be in that place. He himself, with three companions, remained at Sarawak, resolving, with exemplary patience, to give the Rajah two months longer for fulfilling his engagements, and paying for the cargo of the Swift. Meanwhile he became more thoroughly acquainted with the rascality and oppressive conduct of Macota, through whom it was chiefly that the Rajah was kept from fulfilling his engagements. At length, a suitable occasion being furnished by an outrage committed by Macota's servants, Mr. Brooke determined to bring matters to an issue, and accordingly made a formidable armed demonstration, a large part of the inhabitants espousing his cause. Macota seems to have been thoroughly terrified, and at length the long delayed agreement was drawn out, signed, and sealed, and on the 24th September, 1841, Mr. Brooke became the governor of Sarawak.

He immediately proceeded to take measures that should inspire the oppressed Dyaks with confidence. Assistance was promised them in case they required it, and the amount of tax which they were to pay yearly was fixed by agreement. A court of justice was established, in which Mr. Brooke presided, with any of the Rajah's brothers who liked to assist him. All robbery and oppression of the Dyak tribes was forbidden, and permission was given to all classes to carry on their trading or other operations, without hindrance or molestation. The three native chiefs who had occupied the subordinate posts of governors of Sarawak, under the late Rajah, were continued in their offices. The chief of these, styled Dattu Patingi Gappur, owed his life to Mr. Brooke, having been one of the chief rebels in the late war, and having been spared only through Mr. Brooke's intercession. He entered cordially into the views of the latter, and has been of great assistance to him in carrying out his plans. The only one of the three whose loyalty is at all questionable, is the Dattu Tumangong, an incurable old reprobate. But he fortunately finds trading among the Dyaks more to his taste than mixing in the affairs of government. In the repression of injustice, Mr. Brooke proceeded with the greatest wisdom, judging, rightly enough,

that everything ought not to be estimated by the standard of European civilization, but that fair allowance should be made for the system, political and religious, under which the people had been brought up. He especially endeavoured to prevent outrage and injustice, by encouraging the people to appeal to him for his advice and assistance, rather than wait till offences had been committed, and then punish them. He, however, dealt unflinchingly with any case brought before him, no matter by whom the aggressor might be backed; and for the first time, the weak and helpless found that even the followers of a Malay chief might be brought to justice. By the middle of 1842, Mr. Brooke was able to record that the internal state of the country was flourishing and improving; robberies, before of nightly occurrence, being scarcely heard of, and one great source of oppression, the reducing the poorer people to slavery as debtors by various tricks and extortions, entirely stopped, and the old Malay practice of sending goods to the Dyaks, and insisting on their being bought for exorbitant prices, nearly put down. A firm bearing was also maintained towards the warlike and piratical tribes of Dyaks on the coast, who found their operation considerably checked by Mr. Brooke's policy, and consequently were eager to overpower him or frustrate his plans. But they received one or two lessons, (especially by the public execution of some notorious pirates who had treacherously murdered some Chinese that they met near Sarawak,) which inspired them with a wholesome degree of respect.

Mr. Brooke was anxious to reconcile Muda Hassim with the Sultan, and procure his reinstatement in his former position at Borneo. He accordingly set sail in the middle of July, 1842, for Bruni, with the view of accomplishing this, as well as of gaining the Sultan's approval of his own investiture with the government of Sarawak. The former object was compassed without any difficulty. There was some little delay about the latter, but Mr. Brooke was at last successful, and soon after returned to Sarawak. The Sultan's letters were publicly read and acquiesced in, the Rajah Muda Hassim flourishing his sword, and gently intimating that, if any one disobeyed the Sultan's mandate, he would cleave his skull. Early in 1843, the affairs of the province going on in an orderly and quiet manner, Mr. Brooke sailed to pay a visit to Singapore. Here he met with Captain Keppel, who had come out on an expedition for the suppression of piracy, and returned with him to Sarawak. As they advanced up the river, numerous boats came to welcome Mr. Brooke. 'One of the greatest gratifications I had,' remarks Captain Keppel, 'was in witnessing the undisguised delight,

‘mingled with gratitude and respect, with which each head man welcomed their newly elected ruler back to his adopted country.’

Shortly after his arrival, Captain Keppel received a letter from Muda Hassim, who was still at Sarawak, requesting him to take measures for chastising and repressing the pirates of the Sarebus and Sakarran. To this the captain readily consented, and Mr. Brooke agreed to accompany the expedition. The preparations were completed by the 4th of June, and they ascended the Sarebus river with a force (European and native) of between 600 and 700 men. The details of this novel and rather exciting expedition are narrated by Captain Keppel (vol. ii. pp. 39, &c.) in a graphic and interesting manner. Suffice it to say, that the chief forts of the pirates were carried by a gallant assault, their town destroyed, and the submission of the chiefs received, who intimated that they were prepared to die, if their conquerors should so determine, but hinted, at the same time, that they had no objection to continue to exist. This success was speedily followed by the capture and destruction of two other large fortified towns, situated on different branches of the river. The destruction of these places astonished the whole country beyond description. In addition to the distance and difficulty of access to their strongly fortified positions, they looked for protection from the bore, (a dangerous wave caused by the influx of the tide,) that usually ran up the Sarebus, and which they imagined none but their own boats could manage. As the different Malay chiefs heard that in ten days a handful of white men had totally destroyed their strongholds, they shook their heads, and exclaimed, ‘God is great,’ and the Dyaks declared that the Tuan Besar (Mr. Brooke) had charmed the river to quiet the bore, and that the whites were invulnerable. The return to Sarawak was, of course, of the most triumphant description, this being, in the conception of the Malays, the most splendid expedition that had ever been heard of. Every gun that would go off without bursting was in requisition for saluting the returning heroes, and the incessant popping and shouting rendered the reception rather a nuisance than a gratification. Captain Keppel shortly after left Sarawak.

In July of the same year, Captain Sir E. Belcher arrived in the Samarang, and Mr. Brooke availed himself of the opportunity to visit Bruni, the Samarang being accompanied by the Harlequin, the Vixen steamer, the Royalist, and the Ariel, an imposing fleet for those parts. Mr. Brooke succeeded in his chief object, which was to get Sarawak ceded to him in perpetuity. Early in January of the next year (1844), Mr. Brooke found it necessary, for the purpose of recruiting his health, to go to Singapore. In

the course of his absence from his government, he accompanied an expedition sent to Acheen in Sumatra, to demand reparation for some acts of piracy, and in the hostilities which ensued, got badly wounded. In May, he returned to Sarawak.

To secure the external tranquillity of the province, it was now only necessary to crush the Sakarrans and Seriff Sahib. This chief, who had been appointed governor on the Sadong river by Muda Hassim, had long distinguished himself by his own piratical expeditions, as well as by the encouragement and protection which he gave to all other pirates. The operations against the Sarebus Dyaks had greatly interfered with his proceedings, and he judged it advisable to remove, and join his brother, the Seriff Mullar, who was the self-constituted chief of the Sakarran Dyaks. With his fleet of above 200 prahus he scoured the coast in all directions, committing the greatest atrocities. Having entrenched himself strongly at Patusen, on the Batang Lupar river, (of which the Sakarran is a branch,) he hurled defiance at his European foes. Shortly after, the Dido, with the Phlegethon steamer, arrived at Sarawak, and preparations were immediately made for striking a decisive blow. The steamer ascended the river till within sight of Patusen, from the forts of which place the pirates opened fire. The boats pushed forward, and by a gallant charge, the crews stormed the place, with the loss of only one man. After dinner they marched to attack another fortified town, two miles higher up. This place fell into their hands without resistance, the pirates precipitately abandoning it. Both places were entirely destroyed.

'We returned,' says Captain Keppel, 'to our boats and evening meal rather fatigued, but much pleased with our day's work, after ascending near seventy miles from the mouth of the river. The habitations of 5000 pirates had been burnt to the ground; four strong forts destroyed, together with several hundred boats; upwards of sixty brass cannon captured, and about a fourth of that number of iron spiked and thrown into the river, besides vast quantities of other arms and ammunition, and the powerful Seriff Sahib, the great pirate-patron for the last twenty years, ruined past recovery, and driven to hide his diminished head in the jungle.'

This success was vigorously followed up. Seriff Mullar's town was captured and destroyed, and the pirates pursued to their last stronghold. A small party, numbering only nine, headed by Lieutenant Wade, came suddenly and by surprise upon the main body of them. A daring charge put them all to flight, and they retreated in consternation to a village on a hill close by. But the gallant lieutenant, while pursuing them, was unfortunately killed. Captain Keppel records, with manly sympathy, that one of his

last acts, when in the heat of the pursuit, though too eager to advance to await the arrival of his men, was to conceal in a place of security, a poor terrified Malay girl whom he overtook, and who by an imploring look touched his heart. His obsequies were performed in the evening, and the burial service read from a prayer-book, the only one in the expedition, which he himself had brought, as he said, 'in case of accident.' The forces of Seriff Sahib were utterly dispersed, and he himself compelled to retreat over the mountains to the Pontiana.

The events that followed must be briefly touched upon. Soon after the last expedition, Mr. Brooke proceeded to Bruni, taking with him Muda Hassim and his brothers, whose presence at Sarawak was rather a hindrance than an advantage. Muda Hassim was reinstated in his old authority, and a paper was obtained from the Sultan, offering the island of Labuan to the English government, the occupation of which, Mr. Brooke says, would not only be highly gratifying to Muda Hassim and his brother Budrudeen, but would be hailed with delight by the mass of the people, as it would effectually protect them from the attacks of the pirates. The island itself is of considerable value, as, besides being conveniently situated, it contains abundance of coal, which is also found on the main land opposite. In February of the next year (1845), Mr. Brooke received a letter from Lord Aberdeen, appointing him her Majesty's confidential agent in Borneo, which letter he forthwith took to Bruni, and laid before the Sultan. For some time after this, all appeared to be going on favourably. Sarawak was prospering; crime was repressed, the resources of the province becoming developed, the population rapidly increasing, and through the energy of Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, Seriff Osman, the pirate chief of Malludu, near Bruni, had been severely chastised. At Bruni, the influence of Muda Hassim, and his brother Budrudeen, a man of great ability and high character, who possessed the confidence and esteem of Mr. Brooke, was paramount. But early in 1846, the sad intelligence reached Sarawak, that they, and all their brothers and relatives attached to the English, amounting to thirteen, had been treacherously murdered by the direction, or with the sanction of the sultan, who, at the same time, renounced the treaty with the British which he had entered into, and commissioned the base knave Macota, who had thrice owed his life to Mr. Brooke's clemency, to poison the latter. The feelings of Mr. Brooke on this occasion may be readily imagined. His journal ends abruptly with the following entry:—

'Oh, how great is my grief and rage! My friends!—my most unhappy friends!—all perished for their faithful adherence to us. Every

man of ability, even of thought, in Borneo, is dead,—sacrificed. . . . But the British government will surely act, and if not,—then let me remember, I am still at war with this traitor and murderer,—one more determined struggle,—one last convulsive effort,—and, if it fail, Borneo, and all for which I have so long, so earnestly laboured, must be abandoned, and’—*Narrative, &c.*, by Capt. Mundy, vol. ii. p. 93.

Mr. Brooke, we are happy to say, was not left to himself. When intelligence of the state of affairs reached the British authorities, assistance was rendered with most commendable promptitude. On the 24th of June, Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane in the *Agincourt*, accompanied by the *Iris*, the *Spiteful* steamer, and the *Hazard*, anchored off the Sarawak river, whither the *Phlegethon* steamer had already been despatched from Singapore. This squadron, reinforced by two or three more vessels and steamers, and accompanied by Mr. Brooke, immediately set sail for Bruni. The sultan had erected several strong batteries, which opened fire upon the steamers and boats as they approached, but were speedily silenced and captured, thirty-nine pieces of cannon, mostly of large calibre, being taken. The sultan and his forces fled, and the city was entirely evacuated. An expedition, which Mr. Brooke accompanied in person, was undertaken in pursuit of the sultan, but the cowardly villain fled from the post he had occupied, when, after surmounting immense difficulties, occasioned by the flooded state of the country, the pursuers reached his last resting-place, only a few hours after he had left it. Beyond the destruction of the batteries, no harm was done to the town, and the inhabitants soon returned. The expedition after this proceeded northwards, and did some good service in destroying various strongholds of the Illanun pirates on the northern coast of Borneo, and capturing their prahus. That these pirates can sometimes be troublesome customers, may be judged from the following incident:—

‘Sir W. Hoste reported that he had followed three prahus until the brig had shoaled the water to her own draught, when he despatched the boats in pursuit, under Lieutenant Norcock, which officer, having boarded them shortly after they had run on shore and been deserted by their crews, found them to be laden with rice and other products of the country, and no guns or arms of any kind below. Imagining, therefore, that they were trading vessels, he returned towards the Ringdove, upon which the crews immediately regained the prahus, and were again making off from the shore, when a second order from Sir W. Hoste, despatched by another boat, directed Lieutenant Norcock to bring one of the prahus to the brig, in order that the commander might judge himself of her character.

‘One of the prahus was consequently taken possession of and brought

alongside the Ringdove, the crew rowing it themselves, and having a guard over them of three marines and several seamen. On being made fast alongside the brig, without any previous warning, the pirates, for such it appears they were, though their arms had been skilfully concealed, suddenly rose, and simultaneously with their krises flew upon the seamen and marines, and, before they could defend themselves, one marine was killed, and two marines and a seaman severely wounded, they being all the Ringdove's crew then on board the prahu. The prahu was at this time under the quarter, and touching the counter of the brig—so close, indeed, that one of the pirates actually took his spear, and lunging it through the port of the Ringdove, mortally wounded the master; and it was also reported, though I cannot ascertain exactly whether true or not, that the head man of the pirates, after killing the marine sentry dead with his kris, seized the musket as the man fell into the hold of the prahu, and fired it at the officers standing on the gangway. The pirates then cut the hawser adrift, and seizing their paddles, made off for the shore. A desperate and well-planned manœuvre, it must be admitted; and as it was at this time dark, there would have been a probability of escape, had not the boats of the brig been quickly manned and sent in chase. The prahu was overtaken and boarded in less than ten minutes, upon which the crew retreated below, and with their long spears, through the bamboo flooring, made a desperate defence, and finally refusing all quarter, they were slain to a man, and the prahu sunk by the gun of the pinnace.—*Narrative, &c.*, by Capt. R. Mundy, R.N., vol. ii. p. 106.

The operations in this quarter were carried on with such vigour and success that, before long, Captain Mundy was able to report that the last band of pirates had been driven from their settlement, and had retired to the eastern side of the island of Borneo. In the attack upon one of their forts, their colours had been twice shot away, when, to the surprise of the boat squadron, a native was seen to ascend, without regard to the fire of the assailants, and nail the colours to the flagstaff. Instead of taking aim at him, he was enthusiastically cheered by the seamen, and, as if with one consent, the muskets were all dropped, and the firing discontinued, until he again got down under cover. (Marryat's *Borneo*, p. 191.) The sultan, after making a humble submission, was allowed to return to Bruni, swearing vehemently by the prophet that he would behave himself properly for the future. In September, Captain Mundy followed Mr. Brooke to Sarawak, and found him seated at the head of his table, and occupied in giving an account of the late campaign to a few native chiefs, to which they appeared to be listening with mute astonishment and delight. This story the English Rajah was obliged to repeat over and over again to fresh parties, as they arrived from the interior to congratulate their lord and governor

on his safe return among them, and hear from his own lips the deeds which he had performed. The interest manifested by the chiefs was abundantly shared by the people generally, and 'I may truly say,' adds Captain Mundy, 'that I felt proud of my countryman, and of the opportunity thus afforded me of witnessing the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he was everywhere received.'

At the close of the year, Captain Mundy, in pursuance of directions received from the home government, proceeded to take possession of the island of Labuan, according to the treaty entered into in 1844. A ratification of the cession was obtained from the sultan on the 18th of December, though it was a bitter pill to many of the Malay chieftains, especially as no consideration was offered in return except the suppression of piracy, which most of them would rather have helped to keep alive. But it was plainly intimated that the surrender was absolutely necessary, if it were only as an expiation of the grievous offence committed by the sultan in firing upon the English flag. Formal possession of the island was taken on the 24th. Labuan is about eleven miles in length, with a breadth of about six at its southern extremity. Its area is about forty square miles. What its agricultural and commercial advantages may be remain to be seen. But as a station commanding Bruni and the whole of the north-west coast of Borneo, it is of the greatest importance, and its coal, which is of excellent quality, and found in abundance both on the island and on the main land, will render it a possession of the utmost value.

We have thus, from the materials furnished by the works named at the head of this article, briefly sketched the progress of that remarkable and noble enterprise, which has been crowned with such complete and well-deserved success. It would be difficult to name an undertaking, which, considering the difficulties to be surmounted, and the means available for overcoming them, would have required such a union of the best and highest qualifications, both intellectual and moral, as have been displayed by our distinguished, and we may now add, honoured countryman. Nothing can be more admirable than the firmness, intrepidity, energy, discretion, moderation, and patience which he has shown throughout. Our rapid outline, however, will furnish but a faint idea of the obstacles that have been overcome, and the spirit and manner in which success has been realized. The reader must go to Mr. Brooke's own journals, if he would gain an adequate insight into his acts and motives. For ourselves, we can only say that the perusal of them has filled us with the very highest admiration for him. So single-minded and heroic a devotion to a

philanthropic enterprise we have rarely seen. Its success has been amply merited. When he first took up his residence at Kuching (now usually called Sarawak, from the river of that name on which it stands) there were not above 1500 inhabitants, chiefly the relatives or retainers of the native princes. In June, 1846, it was estimated that, at the lowest computation, the town itself contained 12,000 inhabitants, including about 150 Chinese, so great had been the influx of settlers attracted by the prospect of security and just treatment. Even in October, 1845, Mr. Brooke records in his journal, that 500 tons of rice were exported from a country where, two or three years before, the people were gaunt with famine; and that during the preceding six months, upwards of one hundred trading vessels had entered the river, whereas eighteen months before it was a rare event to register a single boat in the course of a month. Many of the nakodahs are traders on a large scale, possessing boats of as much as 100 tons burden, and their residences are such as would be considered palaces at Bruni. The province of Sarawak extends from the Tanjong Datu on the west, to the river Samarahan on the east, comprising an extent of coast in a straight line of about seventy geographical miles in length: it varies, but the average depth is between seventy and eighty miles. The actual power of the English Rajah, however, extends much beyond these limits. He has been frequently offered the government of all the rivers between Tanjong Barram and Tanjong Datu, a coast-line of 300 miles in extent. This, however, he has wisely declined. But the recent successful operations against Bruni have made him, as Captain Mundy remarks, (vol. ii. p. 266,) *de facto sovereign* of the whole coast of Borneo Proper, from Point Api to Malludu, 700 miles in extent. The willing, and even enthusiastic homage of the inhabitants of this vast extent of country has been won by an uninterrupted course of forbearance, kindness, and unswerving rectitude towards all classes of the population, unstained by a single act of oppression, cruelty, or unnecessary, even when it would have been just, severity. If, indeed, Mr. Brooke has erred at all, it has been on the side of leniency, and he might, apparently, have saved himself some difficulties, while still keeping far within the limits of justice, if he could have allowed himself occasionally to be a little more severe. His inestimable services in the suppression of piracy will long be remembered with gratitude by the navigators of those dangerous seas.

The honours showered upon Mr. Brooke during his recent visit to England must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. He was received with marked distinction by the Queen, who manifested the greatest interest in his exploits and suc-

cess. He was also appointed governor of the new settlement at Labuan, and soon after returned to the scene of his labours in company with his friend, the gallant and enterprising Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel. It remains only to add that the interests of Christianity have not been forgotten in this undertaking. Two ministers of the Church of England, the Rev. Mr. M'Dougall, and the Rev. Mr. Wright, are already on their way to Borneo. We were sorry to see that such a man as Captain Sir E. Belcher should let himself down so far as to quote with approbation a paragraph in a leading journal, in which the mention of this Borneo mission was made the occasion for the outpouring of the most pitiful bigotry upon the heads of those devoted men who have laboured so long and so successfully in the South Seas and Africa. We hardly know whether our readers will feel more amusement or indignation at hearing the preaching of Williams and Moffat and their compeers described as '*the ravings of illiterate gossellers.*'

A question has been raised as to whether there is anything in these proceedings with regard to Borneo inconsistent with our treaty with the king of the Netherlands which was ratified in 1824. According to the sixth article of that treaty, no new settlement was to be formed by either people on any of the islands of the eastern seas, without previous authority from their respective governments in Europe; and in the twelfth article it is stipulated that no British establishment shall be made on any of the islands *south of the straits of Singapore*. But it is clear that the private enterprise of Mr. Brooke was not of the kind meant in the sixth article, and Borneo is certainly not one of the islands referred to in the twelfth.

We have space for no more than a word or two respecting the various works to which we have referred in the course of this article. Mr. Low's work is a valuable and interesting account of the island of Borneo. The greater part of the book is occupied with a description of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of this vast island, so far as they are yet known, and will amply repay perusal. Mr. Marryat's book is 'got up' in a very splendid manner. Its pictorial illustrations are remarkably well executed, and convey a vivid idea of the scenes and objects delineated. The narrative is spirited and amusing, and the descriptions graphic; but where the author goes beyond his personal knowledge, and launches out into general statements, he often exhibits haste and inaccuracy. He has been severely censured for the terms in which he speaks of his commander, Sir E. Belcher. There is, no doubt, a want of good taste in much that he has said on the subject, but it is but fair to say that he was not singular

in his dislike. The fact that three lieutenants successively left the ship in consequence of the treatment they received, indicates that Sir Edward cannot be the most agreeable person in the world to serve under.

The 'Narrative of the Voyage of the Samarang' is an interesting work, but far too freely interspersed with technical details and nautical directions, which can be interesting and useful only to the practical mariner, who, on the other hand, would be much better pleased to have them ready for use in a compact and separate form, than to have to hunt for them over two thick octavo volumes. The best part of the work, in our judgment, is the latter half of the second volume, which is from the pen of Mr. Arthur Adams, the assistant-surgeon, and consists of a very lively and instructive account of the natural history of the countries visited in the course of the voyage, especially Borneo and the other islands of the eastern archipelago.

The works of Captain Keppel and Captain Mundy are intensely interesting, especially that of the former. The first volume consists chiefly of extracts from the diary of Mr. Brooke, relating to his operations in Borneo. In the second volume, besides a portion of Mr. Brooke's journal, we have from the pen of Captain Keppel himself, a most interesting and spirited account of the operations against the pirates of the Sarebus and Sakarran. The gallant captain has an exceedingly graphic and telling style of narrating, which is quite the reflection of the manly, open-hearted, and enterprising character which has made him so popular a commander. Captain Mundy's work, however, comes very little behind the other in point of interest. The first volume is occupied mainly with those portions of Mr. Brooke's journal, which Captain Keppel, omitted, as either foreign to his purpose, or, at least, not absolutely requisite. These portions, nevertheless, are of great value, though, of course, Captain Keppel, being the first in the field, picked out the best of the parts relating to Borneo. A few passages are given by both, and here and there exhibit a discrepancy in style which is, of course, to be ascribed to one or other of the editors. Captain Keppel's version has a rather more graphic and dramatic cast than the other. Take, for instance, the account of the reading of the sultan's letter, confirming Mr. Brooke in his appointment:—

'When we returned from Borneo, the Sultan's letter giving me the country, was read in public, and when finished, we had a scene! Muda Hassin, who was standing, asked aloud, whether any one dissented; for if they did, they were now to make it known. From the

public he went to individuals, and made Makota declare his assent to my nomination. Muda Hassin then drew forth his sabre, and raising it, proclaimed in a loud voice, that any one who contested the sultan's appointment, his head should be split in two. On which, ten of his brothers drew their krisses, and flourished them in Makota's face, jumping and dancing, and striking the pillar by which he sat, over his head. A motion of Makota's would have been fatal : but he kept his eyes on the ground, and stirred not. I, too, remained quiet, and cared nothing about this demonstration—for one gets accustomed to these things. It all passed off, and in ten minutes, the men who had been leaping frantic about the room with drawn weapons and inflamed countenances, were seated quiet and demure as usual, and the flames of their dangerous passions were repressed in their bosoms, whence they seldom escape without more fatal results accruing.'—*Captain Mundy*, vol. i. p. 324.

'On the evening of the 18th, the Sultan's letters were produced in all the state which could possibly be attained. On their arrival, they were received and brought up amid large wax torches, and the person who was to read them was stationed on a raised platform ; standing before him was the Rajah, with a sabre in his hand ; in front of the Rajah was his brother, Pangeran Jaffer, with a tremendous kempilan drawn ; and around were the other brothers and myself, all standing—the rest of the company being seated. The letters were then read, the last one appointing me to hold the government of Sarawak. After this the Rajah descended, and said aloud, 'If any one present disowns or contests the Sultan's appointment, let him now declare.' All were silent. He next turned to the Patingis, and asked them ; they were obedient to the will of the Sultan. Then came the other Pangerans : 'Is there any Pangeran or any young Rajah that contests the question ?—Pangeran der Macota, what do you say ?' Macota expressed his willingness to obey. One or two other obnoxious Pangerans who had always opposed themselves to me, were each in turn challenged, and forced to promise obedience. The Rajah then waved his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, 'Whoever he is who disobeys the Sultan's mandate now received, I will separate his skull ;' at the moment, some ten of his brothers jumped from the verandah, and drawing their long krises, began to flourish and dance about, thrusting close to Macota, striking the pillar above his head, and pointing their weapons at his breast. This amusement—the violence of motion, the freedom from restraint—this explosion of a long pent-up animosity, roused all their passions ; and had Macota, through an excess of fear, or an excess of bravery, started up, he would have been slain, and other blood would have been spilt. But he was quiet, with his face pale and subdued ; and as shortly as decency would permit, after the riot had subsided, took his leave. The scene is a custom with them ; the only exception to which was, that it was pointed so directly at Macota. I was glad, at any rate, that all had gone off without bloodshed.'—*Captain Keppel*, vol. i. p. 334.

Bearing in mind that Mr. Brooke's notes were, as Captain Keppel remarks in his preface, in a rough state, and that this very singular scene was, doubtless, described in conversation, as well as writing, the difference is, perhaps, not greater than might have been expected. It is but fair to add, that in other instances the two versions tally more accurately. The second volume of Captain Mundy's work extends over the space subsequent to Captain Keppel's operations in that region, and will be found extremely interesting.

What may be the ultimate issue of these important events it is difficult to predict. Our expectations must, however, be bright indeed, if they outstrip what the most sober calculation would anticipate. We earnestly hope that the philanthropic and industrial portion of our community will not suffer an enterprise, so nobly and auspiciously commenced, to fail for want of hearty sympathy and wisely directed co-operation.

ART. II.—*The Works of Charles Lamb, including his Life and Letters, collected into one volume.* Moxon.

EARLY in the present century, there was, every Wednesday evening, in very humble quarters in the Temple, a snug little *réunion*, to which one would rather have been admitted than to any dozen brilliant conversaziones which London could offer. Nothing could be simpler than the entertainment; it had none of the attractions of wealth, of fashion, or of celebrity. It was never chronicled in the *Morning Post*. What was said and done there, afforded no food to idle *on dits*. No magnificent flunkies lined the staircase, and roared your name from one to the other, trumpeting your arrival. You were not ushered into a blaze of light, amidst jewels, plumes, and rustling dresses, crowding beneath chandeliers. It was a very small room, dimly lighted, modest in its appearance, the walls graced with an engraving or two, and a famous head of Milton, the possessor's pride. A quiet rubber, the solemnity of which was from time to time relieved by quaint 'quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles;' a plain clay pipe; a crust of bread and cheese—perhaps oysters; a foaming tankard of porter; a glass of ginger wine, and a glass or so of grog: these were all that hospitality could offer, but they were offered hospitably. The champagne was in the talk, —and to hear them was worth the sacrifice of any entertainment.

The guests were various, but all 'choice spirits.' There you

might see gentle George Dyer, as scholarly and simple as Parson Adams. There also Manning, with his burning ardour, and great mathematical science. There Leigh Hunt, with overflowing animal spirits, quoting, misquoting, punning, and criticising—bold, yet timid; his audacity in speculation always restrained by constitutional timidity, which made him do away (in a parenthesis) with the very purpose of his opinion. There his fierce, irascible, dogmatic, acute, honest-hating, honest-loving, paradoxical friend Hazlitt, by turns giving vent to some political vehemence, and to some delicate criticism on painting—describing with gusto, and analyzing with startling acuteness. There also Coleridge, fat, florid, indolent, dreaming, silver-haired, and silver-tongued, pouring forth rivers of talk, on the banks of which grew lovely wild flowers of all kinds; discoursing blandly and poetically on all the ‘high arguments’ which can interest mankind, but coming to no definite conclusion on any one of them; always intending to accomplish great works, never writing them; weak, selfish, and dreamy; his fascinating talents somewhat tinged with moral *cant*; a great powerless power, an amorphous genius. There Wordsworth, rough in manner, stern in morals, cold, prosing, didactic, but surrounded by a halo of poetic glory; having left his mountains for a few weeks of London fog and sociality. There Godwin, the audacious theorist, dreaming of perfectibility and political justice: cold, grave, and oracular; uttering paradoxes with the passionless air of deliberative wisdom; rigid at the whist table; admitting no aristocracy but that of letters; receiving all opinions opposed to his own with silent scorn and exasperating superiority; unmoved by the convulsions of society; ‘a ruler of the spirits’—‘the central calm at the heart of all agitation.’ There Talfourd, then a struggling barrister and flowery essayist, soon to become an eminent barrister and flowery poet. There also Holcroft, the author of the ‘Road to Ruin,’ having risen from the bottom of the social scale to an eminent position in the world of letters—having passed the strangest and most chequered of lives; the son of a hawking pedlar, always roaming, always changing his means of livelihood; now employed as an infant to lead a donkey to the coal pit, there to get it loaded, and then conduct it home; now taken as a stable boy at a trainer’s, there to store up materials for ‘Goldfinch;’ now setting up a school with one scholar; now trying to be a cobbler; now joining strolling players, and at last succeeding as a dramatic author; marrying four wives; indicted for high treason on the most frivolous grounds, owing to the arbitrary measures ‘when George the Third was king;’ acquitted, but ever afterwards damaged in reputation, being looked upon

as an 'acquitted felon;' and now finally having passed through all these vicissitudes, and settled into old age, still writing feeble comedies, translating from the German, and dabbling in pictures.

The central figure of this group—the host, who numbered all these various men of genius and talent as his friends, and who differing from all, yet sympathized with all, was Charles Lamb, perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting of the set.

'Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear
For rarest genius, for sterling worth,
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere,
And wit that never gave an ill thought birth.'

So sang Robert Southey, with more truth than felicity; and so would every heart respond. As a writer, whose place is for ever conquered in our literature; and as a character, full of piquant contrast and matter for study, we shall not be blamed, we trust, for occupying the reader's time for a brief while, in endeavouring to present some of the characteristics of his genius.

'*Die Gestalt des Menschen,*' says Göthe, '*ist der Text zu allem was sich über ihn empfinden und sagen lässt.*'* This is peculiarly applicable to Charles Lamb. The contrasts of his organization were reflected in his mind. He was an oddity in appearance and in manner; uniting contrasts in the subtlest way imaginable. He had a head worthy of Aristotle, but it was placed upon a *shadowy stem*, (to use Talfourd's happy description,) so fragile, so puny was the body which sustained it. His features were strongly, yet delicately cut. Over an expanded forehead black hair crisply curled. His dark eyes twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sadness. His nose was of the Jewish cut; indeed, clad in his clerk-like black, with his oriental style of feature, his delicate organization, and sweetness of demeanour, he presented an appearance very much like what he describes Braham's to be, 'a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel.'

Hitherto we have taken only the favourable view of him—the painter's view. But, besides what the artist transfers to his canvass, there is always an indefinite something which he cannot transfer; and hence the reason why painters are said to flatter, and also why they always fail in representing wholly those whom we greatly admire or greatly love. Charles Lamb is only half portrayed as yet. To the above must be added a certain

* 'A man's personal appearance is the text for all that can be said of him or felt about him.'—*Stella*.

oddity of look and manner—a something tantamount to his stammering. It was not disagreeable ; rather let us call it quaint—individual.

Good simple King Duncan says—

‘ There is no art

To read the mind’s construction in the face,’ &c.

It is a subtle touch of Shakspeare’s to make the man just deceived by one he trusted, draw a general conclusion from a particular instance, such as the above ; but no one could look in Charles Lamb’s face without reading there the lineaments of the ‘ mind’s construction.’ The mixture of intellect and feeling ; of reasoning and sensibility ; of wit, humour, and sadness ; of innocence and knowingness ; of gentleness and brusquerie, stamped itself legibly upon his features.

The affection he inspired, together with the real unobtrusive kindness of his nature, has led his friends and critics into an oversight which it is necessary we should notice. So much stress has been laid upon his ‘ gentleness,’ that the other part of his character—his recklessness and brusquerie—has been overlaid.

‘ My gentle-hearted Charles !’

is the apostrophe of Coleridge, in one of his poems ; and to show how deserved was the epithet, let us recal the testimony of his school-fellow, Mr. Le Grice, who says, ‘ I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary ; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was ‘ a proof that his gentle manners excited kindness.’ Gentle he undoubtedly was ; and a gentle spirit lends its grace to all his writings. But there was also a whimsical recklessness which would occasionally beset him. To give an instance : he dined one day at the house of a friend of ours, and on entering the drawing-room, after dinner, saw a gentleman standing in the middle of the room, whose bent shoulders, in schoolboy leapfrog phrase, ‘ made a back ;’ the temptation was too great for Lamb, he placed his hands on the unconscious victim, and ‘ flew’ over his head, to the astonished indignation of many, and amusement of the few. This, perhaps, may be called a mere disregard to the proprieties of time and place ; but Lamb was at times less excusably aggressive. He was fond of startling people on sacred subjects ; though really religious himself, he liked to play with the religious scruples of others. In the same way he reversed the process on those who held sceptical opinions. We have heard a friend of his say, that whenever Godwin broached any infidel doctrines in

Lamb's room, Lamb would check him by pointing to a volume of sermons on the shelf, which Godwin had written early in life. But to return to his aggressiveness: his love of practical joking is surely a strong proof. His jokes were more ludicrous than malicious, and in this they differ from ordinary practical jokes; nor do we wish much stress to be laid on them, but they indicate, as we said, a certain aggressive tendency, which must be taken as a set-off against his gentleness. While on this subject, and because, like the former anecdotes, it has not been made public, we may relate the story of his first meeting with Thomas Carlyle. Lamb was never partial to the Scotch,* and on this evening he was more than usually offensive in his remarks on their character; but when supper appeared, and a bowl of porridge was placed before Carlyle, Lamb's jokes and remarks upon it were so insulting, as almost to lead to an open quarrel. Even Lamb's friend, from whom we had the story, could say nothing in his justification; his behaviour was wantonly offensive.

The epithet 'gentle' was not the less merited because of these occasional outbreaks; and we should be sorry if our endeavour to represent more accurately the man, should lead any one to suppose that he was not as kind and gentle as his writings. Even in his writings there are outbreaks:

'And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays.
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.'

So Wordsworth. Leigh Hunt gives another and truer explanation:—'His sensibility to strong contrasts is the foundation of his humour, which is that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He will beard a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he does it. One could imagine him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and melting into thin air himself out of sympathy with the awful.'

Lamb was heart and soul a Londoner. Dr. Johnson himself was not more so. Although he passed the greater part of his life as clerk in the India House—doomed to the desk in murky Leadenhall-street, yet had he no yearnings for the country. He was not the man to sing—

'I care not, fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of sweet Nature's face,' &c.

Johnson said, 'When you have seen one green field, you have

* I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair."—*Essays of Elia: On Imperfect Sympathies.*

‘seen all green fields. Sir, I like to look upon mankind: let us ‘walk down Fleet-street.’ Lamb said the same; he was, as Talfourd prettily says of him, ‘formed to nestle rather than to roam.’ In a letter to Southey, he says:

‘I have a timid imagination, I am afraid. I do not willingly admit of strange beliefs, or out-of-the-way creeds or places. I never read books of travels, at least, not farther than Paris or Rome. I can just endure Moors, because of their connexion as foes with Christians; but Abyssinians, Ethiops, Esquimaux, Dervises, and all that tribe, I hate. I believe I fear them in some manner. A Mahometan turban on the stage, though enveloping some well-known face, (Mr. Cook or Mr. Maddox, whom I see another day good Christian and English waiters, innkeepers, &c.,) does not give me pleasure unalloyed. I am a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, *Templar*.’

And again, in a letter from Enfield to Wordsworth:

‘Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them; with the garden but to see it grow; with the tax-gatherer but to hear him knock; with the maid but to hear her scolded. Scot and lot, butcher, baker, are things unknown to us, save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how; quietists,—*confiding ravens*. We have the *otium pro dignitate*, a respectable insignificance. Yet in the self-condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite killed, rise, prompting me that there was London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleet Market, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eloisa in this detestable Paraclete. What have I gained by health?—Intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals?—A total blank. O! never let the lying poets be believed, who ‘tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I could gird myself up to solitude, or muse to the snorings of the Seven Sleepers; but to have a little teasing image of a town about one; country folks that do not look like country folks; shops two yards square, half a dozen apples and two penn’orths of overlooked gingerbread for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford Street; and for the immortal book and print stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the show picture is a last year’s valentine, and whither the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travelled,—(marry, they just begin to be conscious of the Redgauntlet;) to have a new plastered flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a cathedral! The very blackguards here are degenerate; the topping gentry stock-brokers; the passengers too many to insure your quiet, or let you go about whistling or gaping; too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet Street. Confining, room-keeping, thickest winter, is yet more bearable here than the gaudy months. Among one’s books at one’s fire, by candle, one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country; but with the light the

green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into St. Giles's. O! let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns,—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence.'

Nor was this the feeling of a moment; it was his taste through life. He had no eye for the picturesque. Human nature, in its miseries, infirmities, its virtues and socialities, was what lovingly attracted him; and he liked towns because they spoke of man. In the same way he loved books. Mere descriptive passages, mere caprices of fancy, except in the authors he loved, were lost upon him. He cared nothing for theories; speculations on the great questions of philosophy and religion never troubled him, and he humorously describes Proclus (Coleridge having asked him to procure a copy) as one of those books the lid of which he shut faster than he opened it. But the dramatists were his especial favourites. He saw no flaws in them. To his guileless mind their reckless disregard of the boundaries of morality and decency was nothing but the sportive freedom of imagination. He has written a most elaborate and ingenious defence of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, upon the ground that they were dealing with the fictitious world of wit, and ought not to be measured by the ordinary standards of morality, because they treated not of actual life. No one but himself could have written this; no one but himself could believe it. Besides the dramatists, he also loved the old humorists and moralists; was fond of quaker folios, because they led him into a quaint honest world; and had an especial regard for all *old* books. He had the spirit of an antiquary, not the grubbing patience, not the inordinate appreciation of minute points, which accompanies the antiquarian spirit. He was not a Cockle-top; he was not a Ritson. To discover that some obscure man was born on the 16th of May, and not, as generally supposed, on the 18th, inspired him with no thrill of delight, nor did it make him assume contemptuous airs towards the ignorant rest of mankind.

A book was not better in his eyes than all other books, because it was older and more illegible; but in that affectionate regard for the mysterious past, in that lingering over the fragments of the ruined edifice, in that endeavour to reanimate in his mind the times which had been, and were no more, he showed the antiquarian spirit in its true aspect. He loved to recal the scenes of his

boyhood, to live over again the emotions which had agitated his youthful heart; and in the same backward-looking spirit he threw himself into the bygone years of his country's life. It was no affectation in him; it was the bias of his mind. Without the strong pulse of hope, without the forward-looking speculations of philosophy, he was more prone to recal than to prophesy.* His very style was tinged with an archaic hue; and this, not as a matter of literary artifice, but because his thoughts themselves had that colour. His careless letters show it quite as plainly as his studied essays.

A great reader, he cared little for modern books; the only contemporary writings which interested him were those of his personal friends. Scott's novels had no attraction for him; but Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson he read over and over again. Shelley could not win a word from him. Byron moved him not. But how he fondled an old folio! how he hugged some time-hallowed quarto! Wisdom only spoke to him authoritatively when grey hairs gave it authority.

The feeling which lies at the bottom of our great admiration for old books, and which causes us to exaggerate their merits, has yet to be analysed. There cannot be a doubt that we are more struck by a shrewd remark in an ancient writer, than by a profound remark in a modern. Is not this the effect of *unconscious surprise*? Do we not, in reading an old treatise, sit down prepared to make all sorts of allowances, which we never accord to a modern? The modern writer speaks, or ought to speak, from the fulness of all time; his predecessors ought to have enriched him by the legacy of their wealth, and this makes us critical in our demands. But the ancient writer we read *as* ancient: his prosiness we forgive, his mistakes seem excusable, his very infirmities have something of the veneration due to age, while his beauties not only stand out prominent from the dull background, but surprise us with their existence. The other day we were looking over our Plato, and the passages marked by an approving pencil, though certainly often happy, and sometimes remarkable, were assuredly passages which in a modern author few pencils would have paused to indicate; moreover, compared with the quantity of unmarked passages, and its small *intrinsic* value, (apart from the charm of language and the *historical* value of these remnants of antiquity,) it seemed to us that the passages admired owed no little to the effect of contrast.†

* Compare his beautiful essay on New Year's Eve.

† No one, we hope, will misinterpret this into any disparagement of Plato; it is only saying, that read by the light which Plato himself helped to spread abroad, his works are less important to us than they were to those for whom he wrote them.

This led us into the train of thought expressed above. If it be just—if we do read ancient authors with a secret understanding that they had not the same advantages as moderns, we shall easily understand how the detection of great beauties in an old book leads the reader into an exaggerated estimate of its superiority. And this was Charles Lamb's feeling. He liked old books because he forgave their faults and admired their beauties; and he liked them because they were old. He liked the nonsense of Sir Thomas Browne (set off as it was by glorious glimpses of wisdom) better than any modern sense; 'it was old, quaint, and had a perfume of antiquity about it. This feeling is amusingly exhibited in a letter to Bernard Barton—the charming quaker poet—who wrote to him about a proposed edition of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' illustrated by Martin:—

'A splendid edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim!' he exclaims; 'why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cocked hat and staff transformed to a smart cocked beaver and a jemmy cane; his amice grey to the last Regent Street cut; and his painful palmer's pace to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacrilegious hand. Nothing can be done for B. but to reprint the old cuts in as homely, but good a style as possible. The Vanity Fair and the Pilgrims there—the lily-smoothness in his setting out countenance—the Christian idiocy (in a good sense) of his admiration of the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; the Lions *so truly allegorical and remote from any similitude to Pidcock's.*'

Here the unintentional imperfections of the old book are transmuted by affection into absolute merits; and so we may say of all other drawbacks which an unprejudiced eye might detect. It is worth noting that this thorough-going partizanship was carried by Lamb into his friendships. He did not love his friends in spite of their faults—he loved them, faults and all. While on the subject of his antiquarianism, we cannot resist one witticism he uttered, when his sonnet was rejected as not sufficiently delicate for Annual readers: 'Haag the age!' he exclaimed, '*I will write for antiquity!*' As a wind-up of this subject, let us give what he says on Burnet's History:—

'I am reading 'Burnet's Own Times.' Did you ever read that garrulous, pleasant history? He tells his story like an old man past political service, bragging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions, when his 'old cap was new.' Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness that actually gives the *momentum* to national actors. Quite the prattle of age and outlived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto relievo*. Himself a party man, he makes you a party man. None of the cursed philosophical Humeian

indifference, so cold and unnatural and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonian fine writing, so fine and composite. None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite, and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference. Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind; I can make the revolution present to me—the French revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far *from* me.'

As a humorist, Lamb takes a high place. His humour was essentially his own—the quaint, ludicrous expression of his own strange nature. It is not necessary to refer to his works in illustration, because his letters teem with it. Here is a passage we just stumbled on in a letter to Bernard Barton, in which the humour runs riot:—

'I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am *flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge —'s wig when the head is in it*; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher—an O! I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. 'Tis twelve o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, 'Will it?' I have not *volition enough left to dot my i's*, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub Street attic to let—not so much as a joint stool left in it; my hand writes, not I; *just as chickens run about a little, when their heads are off*. O for a vigorous fit of gout, of cholic, toothache!—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs; pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold,—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. *I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o'nights, but do not find any visible amendment!*'

The passages to which we have given the emphasis of italics are in the richest style of Lamb's quiet humour—a twinkling laugh peering through the sober gravity of style. Of his grave

humour there is an example in his letters which inexpressibly delights us. It is where, speaking of the Persian ambassador, who was then in London, the great 'lion' of the day, he says—'I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose Hill, at half-past six in the morning, 28th November; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are a sect almost extinct in Persia.' The splendid hoax of sending people out, on a dull, foggy November morning, to see the Persian worship the sun, and the droll seriousness of the conclusion he draws respecting the extinction of the race of fire-worshippers, are irresistibly ludicrous. Lamb did not jest merely with his intellect—his whole heart was in the joke. His perception of the ludicrous was not purely an intellectual perception, but carried with it the whole of his feelings. Thus, when his farce was hissed at Drury Lane, he joined in the hiss, and was among the loudest; and it was always a standing joke with him ever afterwards. He congratulated himself upon the fact of being free of the house, though the house had been pretty free with him.

'Hang 'em!' he wrote, 'how they hissed. It was not a hiss neither, it was a sort of frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring something like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us! that God should give his favourite children mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to praise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyænas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow-creatures desirous to please them.'

It was the same thorough-going enjoyment of a joke which made him submit to have his personal identity merged into that of the persecuted Guy Fawkes. One evening, it was the 5th of November, he was with some old friends, who, particularly struck with the large flapping brim of his round hat, pinned up the sides. Lamb made no objection, but stuck it on his head, and sauntered towards his home in the Temple. On his way, he was met by a party of young men, 'flushed with insolence and wine,' who exclaimed, 'a Guy! a veritable Guy! no man of straw!' and, making a chair of their hands, carried him in triumph into St. Paul's Church-yard, where they seated him on a post and left him, there to await the fagots of traditionary patriotism and juvenile anti-catholicism. Lamb quietly enjoyed the proceedings. It was an *historical* joke; it threw him, by a

humorous identification, back into the past he loved so well, and he always told the story with immense relish.

There was not only heart in Lamb's wit, there was also imagination; and hence its exquisite perfection. The wits and word-catchers of the present day are, unhappily, too *mechanical* in their efforts; they bring together ideas remote enough to raise a laugh by the suddenness of the collision; but these ideas have only remoteness as the primary quality for wit, and the juxtaposition is a mechanical process. Sydney Smith's famous witticisms have almost always some exquisite flavour of imagination or sterling wisdom, beyond the mere felicity of expression and juxtaposition of antagonistic ideas. Thus, descanting on the prodigies of railway travelling, he said, 'the early Scotchman, 'scratching himself in the mist of his mountain tops, may that 'very afternoon dine in Pall Mall.' There is a fine pictorial feeling in this joke which gives it an immense value; had he merely said, 'the Scotchman scratching himself in the morning may dine in London that very afternoon,' what a poor joke it would have been! One of Lamb's most imaginative touches of humour is where deploring that being no longer a clerk, he has no gratis pens and paper. The comparison of his banishment from the plenty of the India House with that of Adam from paradise—the ludicrous assimilation of ideas connected with Adam and the apple-stall 'in Mesopotamia,' are so wonderfully represented, that we scarcely know of any witticism to surpass it, while the delicate manner in which any irreverence is avoided, has made even strict persons enjoy its humour without misgivings. It would have made Sydney Smith roll with delight. Since his name has again been mentioned, let us notice Lamb's anticipation of the famous joke which Sydney Smith made to the Bishop of New Zealand, with respect to the civilities he would receive from his new parishioners, who would offer him luncheon, adding, 'there is *cold clergyman* on the *sideboard*.' Lamb, dissuading Manning from going to China, adds, 'some say they 'are cannibals, and then conceive a Tartar fellow *eating* my 'friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! . . . 'Tis terrible to be *weighed out at fivepence the pound*.'

Lamb's repartees were often brilliant, and were greatly heightened in effect by his stammer, which delayed and kept the mind in suspense for the joke which the eye plainly told you was coming. Many of them have been quoted; but they want the aid of his manner, as well as that of the circumstances which called them forth. Here is a story which has not yet been printed. On one occasion he was very inconsiderately invited to a party where the room was crowded with children. Their

noise and tricks plagued him not a little, and at supper, when toasts were flying to and fro, he rose to propose the health 'of the m-m-much ca-ca-calumniated g-g-good King Herod!'

In the letters we are constantly stumbling upon passages of grave humour, which we can imagine him uttering, as where he says, 'I sometimes think the lower notes of my voice resemble those of Mrs. Bland;' or where quoting a pretended passage in German, he erases it and says, 'the English meaning is, 'Avoid 'to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would 'avoid a fire or a precipice,' which I think is a sensible observation. *The Germans are certainly profounder than we.*' His writings are full of such sly hits. Here is a very ludicrous opening of a letter (it relates to a dog, to whom for some time he had been a perfect slave, and was forced at last to consign to the care of a friend):—

'Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? I should have asked if Mrs. P——e kept her rules, and was improving; but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing. Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up, it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot; and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time; but that was in *Hyder-Ally's* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth, (if he would let you,) and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways.'

The touch about shooting the children, and keeping the dog for scientific purposes, is admirable. Indeed, it is the peculiarity of all real humour, that it does not arise from words alone, but has intense meanings underneath the grotesque sound, and therefore the more we ponder on it the more we are amused. How different is the humour now current in our comic writers! Perhaps there never was before so much joking at any one period of our literary history, and yet how little of it is above worthlessness! Joking has become a trade. The cap and bells are assumed with deliberate calculation. Wit is manufactured, like

Sheffield hardware, at a fixed tariff. With dismal jocosity men drudge at jokes. Shall we wonder at the produce? Shall we wonder that men called upon to be facetious at so much per sheet, pestered by impatient editors for comic 'copy,' should, in the dearth of spontaneous humour, resort to any artifice to supply 'the demand?' When subjects do not suggest themselves, they must be invented. What invention is easier than to turn into ridicule everything which men hold sacred? It is not wit, it is parody, and of the vulgarest kind.

Charles Lamb, like most other wits, the most religious men included, was prone to play with sacred subjects: his very seriousness gave intensity to his perception of the contrast. But there was an implied reverence in his sportiveness which never shocked any but the most fastidious. You felt all the while that there was earnestness in him. He did not manufacture his jokes. On another point he is in striking contrast to the jokers of our day. He did not think it necessary to prowl about the disreputable haunts of London dissipation, nor to enter into the shambles of London civilization, to seek subjects for his mirth. He did not breathe the hot air of casinos and masked balls, nor the fetid air of 'back slums' and pothouses, to move our mirth. On his pages there are no stains of beer, no cinders of cigars, no distorted humour of slang. He cared only for London, yet as delicate a breath rises from his page as from a bank of violets. He neither herded with the fashionable nor with the reprobate. From human life in its eternal truth, and not its conventional vulgarities, he drew his pictures, and they are painted 'for all time.' Thus he excels his successors not less in the healthy pleasant tone of his writings than in the depth of wit and felicity of expression.

He was eminently a *genial* writer: Dickens is not more so. Amidst all the quips and sports of humour—all the exaggerations of fun—all the licensed riot of wit, you never lose sight of the kindly, loving, honest, enjoying nature of the writer. So distinctly is this personality impressed, and so loveable the personality, that few have read his works without forming an attachment to the man: in this also resembling Dickens. But ~~who~~ ever formed any attachment (on the mere grounds of their writings) to the writers we are contrasting him with? These writers, as far as the mere readers can judge, have no personality; they are joke manufacturers, having no sympathy with anything—no pity for anything—no *heartly* laugh at anything. They use the poor because of their dirt, rags, and misery; they *use* them as contrasts.

Lamb, in truth, belonged to the highest class of humorists: Cervantes, Molière, Sterne, and Jean Paul would have called

him brother; and, like them all, he made humour the safety-valve of a sad, earnest heart. It has been said that all true humour rests upon melancholy, and that without a keen sense of the contradictions and the wrongs which disturb the stream of life, no real humour is possible. Humour is not levity—not inane laughter. It does not result from a fortuitous juxtaposition of words or ideas, but from deep sense of the contrasts of life, and the subtle harmony which may unite the jarring discords. Thus is pathos inseparable from humour. There are tears in its smile; in its laughter there are convulsive sobs.

Charles Lamb was by nature of a serious and reflective turn; and the accidents of his life, acting upon a sensitive organization, made him peculiarly alive to the tragic under-currents which flowed beneath the grotesque and farcical incidents and characters passing before him. Little did the majority of those who saw this social, punning, gentle, frolicsome, stammering, quaint humorist, imagine the awful shadow which for ever rested upon his spirit, mingling with and deepening by contrast the brightness of its sunshine. Yes, in that queer-looking clerk—in the gentle-hearted Charles—in the delicate Elia, underneath the lightsome wit and playful fancy, there was shrouded a dark tragedy, such as would have broken many a robust spirit. The story is known but to few, and those few have hitherto, from obvious motives of delicacy, refrained from speaking of it. The time has now come, we believe, when the grave having closed over all whom it may concern, the story ought to be told as a noble example of unobtrusive heroism.

Lamb's parents were very poor. Lamb himself, at the time we speak of, being a mere clerk, and unable to afford them much assistance, the weight of their maintenance fell upon his sister, the well-known Mary Lamb. By her needle she contrived to support them. She had taken a young girl into the house as an apprentice, and things went on smoothly enough till the increasing infirmities of the old lady, and the incessant watching thereby rendered necessary, made great inroads upon Mary Lamb's health. Having in the earlier part of her life suffered temporary insanity from harassment, Mary's present state was alarming, and her brother went to Dr. Pitcairn in the morning to consult about her, but unhappily did not find him at home. On that very afternoon—it was the 22nd. Sept. 1796—while the family were preparing for dinner, Mary seized a knife which lay on the table, and making a rush at her little apprentice, pursued her round the room with fearful menaces. Her infirm old mother, with eager and terrified calls upon her to desist, attempted to interfere. With wild shrieks Mary turned upon her

mother, and stabbed her to the heart ! She then madly hurled the knives and forks about the room, one of which struck her helpless old father on the forehead. The shrieks of the girl, and her own wild cries, brought up the landlord of the house ; but it was too late ; he stood aghast at the terrible spectacle of the old woman lifeless on the chair, her daughter fiercely standing over her with the fatal knife still in her hand ; her father bleeding at the forehead, and weeping by the side of his murdered wife ; the girl cowering in a corner !

An inquest was held the next day, at which the jury, without hesitation, brought in the verdict of lunacy. Here there is a blank in our narrative. We do not know whether Mary Lamb was confined for any period in an asylum, and released on being pronounced sane, or whether Charles from the first undertook that watchful care of her which formed the heroism of his subsequent life. It is difficult to get at the details of an event which occurred fifty years ago, and which even at the time seems to have been carefully hushed up ; for in the account of the inquest reported in the ‘ Annual Register ’ of that year, from some inexplicable cause, *no name whatever is mentioned*, except that of Dr. Pitcairn. It merely says, ‘ the coroner’s jury sat on the body of an *old lady*, in the *neighbourhood* of Holborn.’ But that the matter was not wholly unknown is proved by the curious fact of the name being mentioned in the *index* to the ‘ Annual Register,’ (compiled in 1826—that is to say, thirty years after the account was originally published,) where it stands thus—‘ Murder of Mrs. Lamb by her insane daughter.’

This ghastly incident gave a new shape to all Lamb’s subsequent career. At that time he was in love—the only time he ever felt the passion—and it inspired ‘ a few sonnets of very delicate feeling and exquisite music ;’ but he felt that his sister demanded all his care, and to her he sacrificed love, marriage, everything. Like a brave, suffering, unselfish man, he, at twenty-one, renounced the dream of love for the stern austerity of duty :—

‘ And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That round his trunk and branches might have clung
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,*
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given a sister.
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers—
More than sufficient recompence.’

* It is Lamb whom Wordsworth is addressing.

If singleness of heart, and unshaken constancy of affection, could make a recompence for all he had renounced, then truly did Charles Lamb reap his reward. But we have only to put it to the reader's consideration, and he will at once acknowledge how noble a sacrifice it was which Lamb performed. We do not mean the mere renouncement of his hopes—it is not any one act—it is his whole life which we call heroic. To his sister he devoted himself, in the most absolute sense of the term; and that, in spite of recurring fits of insanity. Curiously enough, Mary Lamb was, as a friend of hers once said to us, 'the last woman in the world whom you could have suspected, under any circumstances, of becoming insane, so calm, so judicious, so rational was she;' and Hazlitt used to say, 'Mary Lamb is the only truly sensible woman I ever met with.' Nevertheless, she was at no time free from the danger of a relapse, and they never left home without her brother's taking a strait waistcoat with him!

No one will read this story without an increased tenderness towards Lamb, upon whose life and writings it sheds a flood of light. Perhaps the very extremity of his suffering, the very intensity of passion which had been revealed to him in this unhappy incident, may have led him to enter with such relish into the reckless horrors of our old English drama. Unquestionably, it must have led him to those deep reflections upon our moral nature, of which from time to time his writings give us glimpses. That he was somewhat morbid in self-scrutiny cannot be denied—perhaps this also was a result of that great moral shock he had received; and a curious instance of his self-condemnation is given in a letter to Bernard Barton:—

'There is Southey, whom I ought to have thanked a fortnight ago for a present of the 'Church Book.' I have never had courage to buckle myself in earnest to acknowledge it: yet I am accounted by some people a good man! How cheap that character is acquired! Pay your debts, don't borrow money, nor twist your kitten's neck off, nor disturb a congregation, &c.; and the business is done. I know things (for thoughts *are* things) of myself which would make every friend I have fly me as a plague patient. I once set a dog upon a crab's leg that was shoved out under a mass of sea-weeds—a pretty little feeler! Oh, pah! how sick I am of that. And a lie, a mean one, I once told. I stink in the midst of respect.'

How well he felt the 'uses of adversity,' the eloquent preachings of sorrow, may be seen in various passages, in none better than in *John Woodvil*—

'My spirits turn to fire, they mount so fast.
My joys are turbulent, my hopes show like fruition

These high and gusty relishes of life, sure
 Have no allayings of mortality in them.
 I am too hot now and o'er capable
 For the tedious processes and creeping wisdom
 Of human acts and enterprises of man.*
 I want some seasonings of adversity—
 Some strokes of the old mortifier, Calamity,
 To take those swellings down divines call Vanity.'

From what has gone before, it will be apparent that the serious side of human nature was not shut against Lamb's penetrating gaze, and that his pathos springs from the depths of real feeling. Hence his works will be enduring.

Another most important element in a writer's vitality, is style, and Lamb possessed it. Unlike that of all his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors, it is peculiarly his own: quaint, delicately picked, with a sweet simplicity, joined to an archaic and artificial air, which, however, only *seemed* artificial; singularly easy and idiomatic in its flow, and unencumbered by superfluous words—never rising to the height of eloquence, but never turbid with ambitious rhetoric; felicitous in illustration and in potent words; sounding the very depths of pathos with the simplest phrase, and seldom breaking up a sentence for the sake of an antithesis or an epigram. It has not force—it has not rapidity—it has not heat—but it is always luminous, always suited to the subject, and in tenderness and delicate gusto, has never perhaps been surpassed. As a sample of the gusto which he could infuse into language, we may recommend our readers to his famous *Dissertation on Roast Pig*.

If, from considering the general characteristics of the man, we descend to his particular works, we shall find no less matter for comment and applause. The single volume which contains these is, altogether, perhaps one of the most charming we could stand upon our shelves; it is a casket of gems of small size, but of the first water. It is not a book profoundly to influence the mind; it will make no epoch in a man's intellectual history; it will teach him nothing respecting his destiny, give him no clue wherewith to thread the labyrinth of doubt, furnish him with no great principles of action, open for him no new tracks of thought on which discoveries can be made. But it is, nevertheless, a book to be studied with profit, to be read, re-read, and loved. In the whole range of our literature, we can point to no book so purely charming. Lamb is the first of all our humorists, and the one most deserving of a place in our regard. Others may excel him in particular points, but, taken as a whole, he is incomparable.

Of his poems we will say but little. They have a personal interest which prevents their being wholly disregarded, but they have not much intrinsic value. The best is perhaps the tragedy of 'John Woodvil,' which, though feeble as a tragedy, is a sweet poem: an echo of the gentler music of the old dramatists, whom he loved so well. There is one splendid passage descriptive of forest enjoyments, which we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing:—

'To see the sun to bed, and to arise
Like some hot amourest with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop, and gaze, and turn, they know not why,
Like bashful youngers in society.'

Here is a bit which might have had a place in his specimens of the elder dramatists:—

'He is not of that sort
Which haunt my house, snorting the liquors,
And when their wisdoms are afloat with wine
Spend vows as fast as vapours, which go off
Even with the fumes, their fathers.'

But descriptive passages and poetical writing will not suffice to make a tragedy, and in the great requisites of a drama, 'John Woodvil' is deficient.

It is on the 'Essays of Elia' that Lamb's fame must rest. The foundation is strong enough to last for ever. There all moods are reflected; every chord is touched, and by a master spirit. Wit, humour, extravagance, quaintness, egotism, pathos, criticism, mental analysis, taste, reverie, fancy, are by turns exhibited; while the writing is generally exquisite. To read these essays is to retain for ever after a pleasant flavour lingering in the mind, as of some dreamy day in childhood. Who ever forgot Mrs. Battle, the pragmatic disciplinarian, at whist? Who does

not remember hospitable Captain Jackson, whose magnificent imagination transmuted poverty into splendour—a poor platter into Althea's horn, at whose table 'wine we had none, but the *sensation of wine was there*. Some kind of thin ale, I remember, 'British beverage,' he would say! 'Push about, my boys.' 'Drink to your sweethearts, girls.' At every meagre draught 'a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor 'were there, and none of the effects were wanting. You got 'flustered without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and 'reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian 'encouragements.'

In another style, how pensively beautiful are 'Blakesmoor,' 'Poor Relations,' 'The Superannuated Man,' 'New Year's Eve,' 'Witches, and other Night Fears!' How fine and subtle the criticisms on poets and painters! How pregnant the many observations carelessly thrown in, leading the mind to muse upon the perplexities of our nature! What Charles Lamb's readers may owe to him, beyond the mere delight, is not easily to be estimated; assuredly no mind, but the vulgar^{est}, can commune with his, and not feel itself strengthened and enlarged.

ART. III. (1.) *Congregational Independency, &c. &c.* By RALPH WARDLAW, D.D.

(2.) *The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament Unfolded.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL.D.

WE hail with much satisfaction the appearance, at this juncture, of these most valuable works; for the former of which, we are, at least, partially indebted to the enlightened zeal and liberality of the Committee of the Congregational Lecture; and for the latter, to the earnest faith of the Scottish Congregationalists in the great principles of their system, prompting them to engage the pen which of all others, perhaps, in that country, is best qualified to explain and defend them. Our gratitude is due to both of these bodies; and we doubt not that, in perusing the volume which is the fruit of its well-directed zeal, each of them will find its own reward. Our reason for the pleasure we have expressed at the appearance of these volumes, is this—We have long feared that many members of the congregational body, in South Britain, have but a defective knowledge of the great principles of their system, and consequently, but a feeble faith in them. We are not merely dissenters, but *avowed* congrega-

tionalists. Now, taking the inexpediency and unlawfulness of any such union between the church and the state, as is involved in the existence of a state-church—or the scriptural right of the church of Christ to be free from state control—not receiving, of course, state support;—taking these opinions as constituting the differentia of a dissenter, (and we think they are such,) we imagine that the great majority of the body, in England, are as good and enlightened dissenters as their brethren in the north. We fear, however, that a similar encomium cannot be passed upon them as congregationalists. While the general prevalence of episcopacy, in this country, has forced upon their attention some at least of the great points of difference between that system and their own, presbyterianism, having been till lately a comparative stranger, has attracted little regard; it is but little known; the points of difference between it and congregationalism are but obscurely perceived, and the scriptural grounds on which the latter system rests have not been generally and carefully examined. The consequence of all this is, that certain individuals, incapable of taking broad and comprehensive views of any subject, are unduly distressed by *incidental* evils which have grown up among us—though no such evils can justify the rejection of the system—and seem partly disposed to long for presbyterianism, or a modification of that system, as the heaven of rest and peace.

We hold this to be both unwise and improper. The evils which actually appear, both among congregationalists and presbyterians, may not be inseparable from either system, and, consequently, may not form a valid ground of rejection. Or, if it could be truly affirmed that certain, though different evils are inseparable from both, it might be so difficult to say on which side the scale preponderates that few wise men would regard any conclusion to which they might come, as constituting ‘*per se*’ a valid reason for rejecting one system and retaining the other.

The only legitimate inquiry for a protestant, and especially a protestant dissenter, is, ‘What saith the Scripture?’ Into the question, ‘Is episcopacy, or presbyterianism, or congregationalism best adapted to exclude evil, and to secure good?’ we have no right to go at all, until we have examined which of the systems, or whether either of them, rests on the authority of the New Testament. If, having conducted the examination, we should remain doubtful whether any decided testimony, in favour of either of them, is given by that volume, it might be lawful, and even expedient, were it needful to form a judgment of their comparative value, to examine their tendencies and results; but, in that case, our connexion with either of the systems must be

left to be determined by a variety of circumstances; it never could be an act of subjection to Divine authority.

It might possibly be thought by some, that the appearance of these works at a time when such strenuous efforts are put forth to unite the greater part at least of the whole evangelical fraternity into one visible body, is rather to be regretted as tending to obstruct the object at which the alliance aims. We cannot imagine that their publication will have such influence, nor can we think that the fear of any such possible result should have deprived the world of them. The Evangelical Alliance distinctly disclaims the intention of laying an embargo upon its members. While it warns those who belong to it that all theological discussions should be carried on in the spirit of the gospel, it leaves them free to embark in controversy when the interests of revealed truth may seem to them to require it. And this, we will add, is often the case. There exists in some minds, we admit, a strong prejudice against controversy, but we submit that it is a specially unfounded one. The *necessity* for controversy may be a subject of regret, but not controversy itself. The *spirit in which it has been sometimes conducted*, is also to be lamented; but controversy itself *may* not be a wrong thing. To restrain, or to reprobate it, were incomparably worse. When error stalks forth, shall it be permitted to commit its devastations unchecked? Common sense and common humanity say, 'No.' If the Evangelical Alliance had attempted to abridge the liberty of any of the various parties composing it to defend and propagate their distinguishing principles whenever they may think themselves called upon to do it, it would have entered upon a very absurd, unwarrantable, injurious, and objectionable course. *Absurd*, because it is impossible that it should have succeeded—*unwarrantable*, because it *ought not* to have succeeded, and, therefore, should not have made the attempt, (no independent man *would*—no responsible man *ought*—thus to hold his conscience in subjection to any other man, or any body of men—no, not for an hour)—*injurious and objectionable* both, because controversy, having proved itself to be a powerful means of unfolding and establishing truth, has laid the Christian church under a deep debt of gratitude; and because—assuming for the present that the subjects of controversy are those on which Divine revelation gives a decision or even instruction—the point in debate is, 'What is the mind of the one Head of the church, to whose authority every understanding and conscience should reverently bow?

Had the publications before us treated upon subjects in reference to which the New Testament, the law of the sovereign,

gives no authoritative decisions, the case would have been different; to our judgment and feelings incomparably so. Supposing the writers had delivered their opinion—on such ground as they might have had for forming an opinion of all—in favour of congregationalism, we should have said, ‘This is, after all, but the dictum of two very eminent men, having no power to bind the conscience. It wants altogether the elements of law. We may take it and act upon it, or reject it, according to the estimate we form of it. But, though by adopting it we might show respect to the judgment of men, we should manifest no subjection to the authority of God!’ But, if the New Testament has given an authoritative decision (or even instruction) we are bound, *first*, to examine what that decision is; and, *secondly*, to give it practical authority over both the understanding and the conscience.

On what are usually called doctrinal subjects, no one among us doubts that we are bound to make Divine revelation the rule of faith and practice. ‘What saith the scriptures?’ is here felt to be the first, the exclusive inquiry. We do not ask, ‘Is it reasonable to believe that the Divine, is united with the human, nature, in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ?’ We ask, simply, ‘What is inspired testimony on this point?’ And, having ascertained it to be that he is Immanuel—God with us—we give our faith to the testimony, and render to the great Being to whom it refers the worship which He both deserves and demands. Now, ought not this to be done in regard to points which relate to what are called church order and discipline? Conceding, as we ask an opponent to do for a moment, that the New Testament is not silent, ought he not to admit that the sole question is, ‘What does it say?—what does it teach us concerning the nature, for instance, of a Christian church—the persons of whom it should consist, its officers, mode of government?’ &c. And, supposing we gain the conviction that the teaching of the New Testament is in favour of congregationalism, as we had found it to be in favour of the Divinity of Christ, can any reason be assigned why its statements, in the former case, should be regarded as having less of the authority of law than in the latter?

In palliation of practical inattention to denominational differences among evangelical Christians, some have pleaded their subordinate character and importance. In all systems, it is alleged, there is a major and a minor. Each has its fundamental principles, which must be held, or the system itself is disregarded; but each contains, also, minor doctrines, which a person might even discard without disturbing his right to be considered a dis-

ciple of the system. The doctrines of the atonement and Divinity of Christ are fundamental principles of the Christian revelation. A person must believe them to be a Christian in the highest sense of the word; but he may be such without receiving the distinguishing tenets of congregationalism.

We believe there is great need for caution and discrimination here. We at once admit the existence of a major and a minor in revealed truth, and that all the questions concerning church order and government rank with the latter; we admit at once that faith in the distinguishing tenets of episcopacy, or presbyterianism, or congregationalism, is not *the* faith that transforms the character and justifies man before God. It is the belief of the *gospel* that secures these blessings, so that a man may be justified and born again, as every dissenter maintains, without being a congregationalist. We have as full a confidence of the final salvation of conscientious episcopalians, and presbyterians, as of that of the members of our own denomination. Unless we could frankly and cordially declare this, we should suspect the safety of our own state. But let us not be misunderstood; we believe *conscientiousness* to be in all cases essential to salvation. If there could be *unconscientious* faith in the fundamental principles of Christianity—a faith not resting upon personal conviction that God has testified to their truth—we more than doubt whether it would save its possessor. On the other hand, enlightened and upright faith in the essentials of Divine truth, though blended with error on subordinate points, may secure personal salvation, if the error *be held as truth*—as a *conceived* act of subjection to Divine authority. It has been said, indeed, that if a person sincerely believes the gospel, in the sense attached to the term by evangelical Christians, it is not of the smallest consequence whether he be an episcopalian, or a presbyterian, or a congregationalist. Now, if by this assertion nothing more be meant than that error on subordinate points—the result, it may be, of education, mistake, unconscious prejudice, &c.—not seriously impugning, in the case of this person, his conscientious regard to Divine authority, we might quietly allow it to pass. But if it be intended to convey the idea—as we fear is sometimes the case—that error, on subordinate points, whatever be its cause, even though that cause should be criminal inattention to inspired testimony, we would most pointedly contradict it. The error which does not endanger the safety of a man's state before God, must, if we may be allowed the expression, be *conscientious* error. If any opinion, on any subject of Divine revelation, how subordinate soever, be held in spite of conviction, the mind that holds it lacks conscientiousness. His alleged faith in essential

truth is not faith, but opinion or prejudice. At all events it indicates no subjection to Divine authority. Of all principles, conscientiousness is the most impartial. Its very nature forbids it to hold one principle of Divine revelation—to hold it as an integrant part of such revelation—and to reject another. ‘He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.’ Conscientiousness in essentials will constrain to conscientiousness in non-essentials. If it has no influence in regard to the latter, how can we believe in its operation in regard to the former?

There are one or two other views on this subject which may be, and, as we conceive, ought to be, taken. Assuming that Divine revelation is not silent concerning non-essentials—the basis, let it be understood, of our present argument—we would ask an individual contending that an implicit and practical regard to what it testifies is not essential to salvation—ask with earnestness, ‘Does it become a Christian man to inquire how much of that revelation he must believe in order to be saved?’ or ‘how much he may practically disregard, and disobey, without running the risk of damnation?’ Can a Christian man ask this? Is the language at all compatible with the spirit of filial love and filial obedience? We believe not. We believe that no person who could put such a question, can have felt the warm glow of gratitude to the Redeemer. Love is a free, generous principle, always prompting to go beyond the bounds of strict requirement. It never says, ‘How *little* can I give,’ but ‘*What* can I withhold?’ It is the good servant who never dreams of weighing the relative importance of her master’s commands—far less of disregarding any, even if they should appear to others trivial; but who invariably says, ‘My master has enjoined it, and that is enough for me.’ We can conceive of few things more selfish, more incompatible with the filial spirit, than a state of mind which could prompt a man to say, ‘My master has, indeed, given directions concerning the nature, order, government, &c., of a church, but he has not made a practical regard to those essential to salvation. I do not, therefore, feel it necessary to examine what they are!’ The man who could say this is a slave, not a child. Let the reader meditate upon the following statement by one of the writers whose works we are about to examine:—

‘Grateful love,’ says Dr. Wardlaw, ‘will be desirous to know *all* the will of the master who is the object of it. It will not be satisfied with knowing and doing the greater and more prominent parts of that will, but anxious to ascertain and to conform to it, in even the minutest points. It can never be a legitimate exercise or indication

of love, on the part either of child or servant, to make light of any intimation, how slight soever, of a parent's or a master's will. Could they,' (that is, the opponents,) 'make good the *ground*, that Christ has given no intimation of his will on the subjects in question, but has left them entirely open, they would be right; but *true love will not take that for granted*, without serious and solicitous inquiry.'—*Wardlaw's Congregational Independency*, p. 9.

The other view on this subject, which we would submit to the reader, is this—that as all revealed truth was made known to man for the sake, partly at least, of securing its moral influence upon his character, the person who rejects or fails to make himself acquainted with any portion of that truth, deprives himself, to the same extent, of the means of sanctification. While we maintain that the gospel is the great remedy for the moral maladies of man, we yet believe that every part of Divine revelation is armed with a measure of sanctifying power. If the New Testament contains any revelation at all—a point to be considered immediately—concerning the constitution, government, discipline, &c., of the church, it must surely have been made because such constitution, government, &c., are, in the view of Infinite Wisdom, best adapted to advance the great ends, to secure which, the church was called into existence. If its great head has instituted congregationalism as its mode of government, that mode must of course be best adapted to promote its spirituality and augmentation; and the man who, practically disregarding the law of his Lord, cuts himself off from an important means of benefiting himself and others. We are aware, it may be replied, that an episcopalian, or a presbyterian, may say the same. We grant it; we are perfectly willing that they should say it, relying as we do, with firmest confidence on the truth of the great general principle, that the revealed mode of church order, &c., whatever it be, must be the best mode; and that no body of Christians can abandon it without suffering injury.

It will, perhaps, be objected that eminently holy men are to be found in all evangelical denominations. We cheerfully admit the fact, and most sincerely rejoice in it. That it should be so, is in entire harmony with our previous statement, that the great principles of evangelical truth, form the main instrument in regenerating and sanctifying the souls of men. Still we must affirm, also, in harmony with our later statement, that the man who practically disregards what he considers these non-essential parts of Divine revelation—assuming them to be parts—deprives himself of a measure of sanctifying influence; and that how spiritually minded soever he may be, he would have been yet more so, all other circumstances being equal, if he had taken the

whole of the medicine which infinite mercy has provided for the moral maladies of man. It is to dishonour Divine truth, to affirm that so considerable a portion—if it be truth at all—is really destitute of all sanctifying power; in other words, that it has been revealed for no purpose.

Our great object, in the preceding remarks, has been not so much to make our readers congregationalists, though our grave conviction is, that the essential principles of that system are of Divine authority, as to impress the conviction that conscience is as much bound to pay implicit regard to Divine revelation when exhibiting the non-essential, as the essential principles of the Christian system. Could we but enthrone this conviction in the minds of believers at large, and so show them that whatever distinguishing tenets they hold—whether those of episcopacy, or presbyterianism, or congregationalism—ought to be held on the ground of sincere belief that they form integrant parts of Divine truth, so that the holding of them is really an act of subjection to Divine authority, we should feel that greater service was rendered to the cause of God than by the bare conversion of a few individuals, or even a multitude, to the faith of the principles of congregational dissenters.

To the latter object we cannot, of course, with our decided views, be indifferent; but we confess that our absorbing desire is to stimulate—we might say, if we were phrenologists—the *organ of conscientiousness*; to deepen the feeling in every member of the Christian body, that he must be faithful in that which is least, as well as in that which is greatest; that he must not be a churchman or a dissenter, a presbyterian or a congregationalist from birth or prejudice, but from conviction; that he must open the New Testament to ascertain what it teaches, and his mind to receive its revelations; and that he cannot reject a single sentiment which he sees to be a part of revelation, or even refuse to prosecute the inquiry whether it be so or not, lest he should be constrained to act as he does not wish to act, without seriously perilling the interests of the immortal soul. To convert a number of episcopalians or presbyterians, into congregationalists, may be a good work, but practically to convince the body of Christian people that the understanding and conscience are bound to subjection, on all subjects, when revelation speaks, is one incomparably better.

We are met, however, with the objection that on these subjects—the constitution, government, &c., of the Christian church—revelation does *not* speak; so that every church left, as it is said to be, without an inspired rule, is at liberty to arrange, and, indeed, must arrange, all these matters as it may deem most expedient. Or that, if the New Testament does describe the constitution

of the apostolical churches, it was only the constitution *for that time, and for existing circumstances.*

‘Because man is changeable,’ says Dr. Arnold, ‘the church is changeable; changeable not in its object, which is for every one and the same, but in its means for effecting that object; changeable in its details, because the same treatment cannot suit various diseases, various climates, various constitutional peculiarities, various external influences. The Scripture, then, which is the sole and direct authority for all the truths of the Christian religion, is not, in the same way, an authority for the constitution and rules of the Christian church; that is, it does not furnish direct authority, but guides us only by analogy.’

The reply to the latter objection—a reply as valid as it is distinct—is, that man is not changeable as to those relations and purposes which laid the foundation for the constitution and government of the apostolic churches.

‘Churches of Christ,’ says Dr. Wardlaw, ‘consisted everywhere of the same materials. They were composed of converted sinners, sinners saved by grace, renewed by Divine truth in the spirits of their minds, enlightened and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and separated from the world that lieth in the wicked one, to be a peculiar people unto God. Now, this being the case, the church being a body *per se*, an association of spiritual people, united on spiritual principles, for spiritual ends, altogether distinct from the kingdoms of this world, and entirely independent of them, it follows, that the same constitution, the same ordinances and laws, which suited it originally, must suit it always and everywhere. As no change of time, place, or circumstances, can alter the scriptural nature of a church of Christ, so no change of time, place, or circumstances, can ever render any change in its government and discipline *necessary*—nay, if we believe in the Divine adaptation of its original constitution, no such change can in any case be even *beneficial*.’—*Wardlaw’s Congregational Independency*, pp. 15, 16.

Thus the basis of Dr. Arnold’s argument is “a *petitio principii*.” Were it not so, the reasoning would prove too much. If, because man is changeable, the church must change its means of effecting its object, why not change its doctrines as well as its constitution and government, and so adopt a form of what might still bear the name of Christianity, better adapted, as it is conceived, to the improved condition of man in the nineteenth century!

To the first part of the objection (that we have no rule) overturning as it would do our previous argument, since conscience could not be bound where Christ has left it at liberty, Dr. Davidson dwells with much force and propriety upon the *à priori* argument. It is antecedently improbable, he says, that Christ

should have left a society so important as the church, without directions on this point; that human wisdom is incompetent to frame a code of laws, being liable to err even in temporal, and far more in spiritual concerns; that when the great ends of church government are considered, it cannot fail to appear of the utmost importance, that sufficient directions on this point should be given; as the credit of religion, the advancement of piety and holiness, the encouragement of the good and the restraint of the bad, so much depend upon a due administration of the laws, that a form of government was as necessary to the Christian as to the Jewish church.

We admit the force of the *à priori* argument, yet it should be remembered that we need it not. The question, 'has Divine revelation spoken on these points?' is not one of probability, but of fact—to be settled by an appeal to the New Testament itself. With a letter in our hand, it were the idlest thing in the world to speculate about its probable contents. Common sense would say, Read it, and see what they are. If I do, perhaps, some will be ready to say, 'I shall not find in it any revealed rule concerning the constitution, government, &c., of a church; or how comes it to pass, that so many different opinions on these points prevail in the world?' Might not a similar question be put, 'to borrow the words of a modern writer,' in reference to differences of opinion in relation to doctrinal subjects? If God has given a sufficiently distinct revelation of the person of Christ, for instance, how comes it to pass that some believe him to have been merely a man, and others, "God over all, blessed for evermore?" If in the latter case, difference of opinion does not imply defect in the revelation, neither does it in the former case suppose impenetrable obscurity in the rule. "But all *Christians* agree," we may be told, "in their views of the person of Christ; this is not accordingly a fair illustration." Take then, we reply, a case in which *Christians* differ in opinion; take the difference which exists between the Calvinists and Arminians, or between the Pædobaptists and the Antipædobaptists. Is the difference in either of these cases to be ascribed to a deficiency of clearness and fulness in the revelation? or to one or other of those various causes which may lead minds, on the whole conscientious, to embrace an erroneous opinion? I feel no hesitation in ascribing it to the latter source. I would shield the author of the Bible from the charge of having, like the Pagan oracles, veiled his communications in doubtfulness and ambiguity. Differences of opinion are to be ascribed to heedlessness, haste, prejudice, self-interest, &c., and other causes; operating, it may be, uncon-

sciously upon those who are subject to their influence, not to the darkness and uncertainty of Divine communications.

Some, we incline to think, are ready to doubt the existence of a rule, because they do not find it formally and systematically stated.

‘Such persons should recollect,’ says Dr. Davidson, ‘that the doctrines are stated in the same way. No system of theology is developed and arranged in due proportions. It has been left to the diligent research of Christians to collect the scattered statements, and to arrange them in their respective places, so as to form an harmonious body of doctrine.’

‘A *system* of ecclesiastical polity, logically propounded, would have been out of place.’—Vide *Ecclesiastical Polity*, p. 21.

‘It is a characteristic of the Divine word in general,’ adds Dr. Wardlaw, ‘that neither truths nor precepts come before us there in systematic order. There is no formal digest or classification of either doctrines or duties. For the wisest reasons, his people are left to gather both from a careful perusal of the entire document, and comparison of its several parts. It belongs to us, not to dispute the propriety of the method of instruction; but humbly and confidently assuming it, to seek that we may find.’

‘For my own part, I am satisfied that there is little real difficulty in the case, where these principles are in exercise. I am well aware, however, that Christian brethren of other denominations may say the same—nay, have said it, and will say it—in behalf of their respective systems of church order; and I have nothing to ask of my reader, but the calm and impartial exercise of a judgment that defers implicitly to divine authority, “trembling at God’s word.” If the result of the exercise of his judgment in such humble and candid investigation, shall be his arriving at a conclusion different from mine, I shall not think the less of him for this; but conceiving him to be entitled to the same charity on my part which I claim for myself on his, shall extend to him the right hand of fellowship, as one who, though differing from me as to the form or the act which our common Master requires, is rendering him the conscientious obedience and homage of a spirit as submissive as my own, to what it believes to be his will.’—*Wardlaw’s Congregational Independency*, pp. 7, 8.

The entire character of the preceding statements must have prepared the reader to anticipate our cordial sympathy in the determination of both our authors, to seek no guidance in their inquiries, but that of the New Testament. They are, indeed, shut up to this resolve. The law is only to be found in the statute book. There is no common law in the kingdom of Christ. The practice of the very earliest churches, after the apostolic age, can have no authority *per se*. At most, it could only be taken as

a commentary upon something doubtful in the book. If there be nothing doubtful *there*, what need have we of the commentary? If there *be*, of what avail is the commentary? It expresses the opinion of fallible men, while nothing short of an infallible opinion could clear up a supposed ambiguity in the statute book.

‘I am quite aware,’ says Dr. Wardlaw, ‘to what an extent appeal has been made by the abettors of different systems, to the history of the church, in the period immediately subsequent to the Apostolic: nor am I disposed to undervalue this line of argument in support of my own views, when regarded simply as corroborative of the deductions from the sacred record itself. I waive it, however, for two reasons: *First*, because my object is brevity and condensation; and *Secondly*, because I am anxious to maintain the impression on the reader’s mind, that there is no *need* for going beyond the New Testament. At all events, it is my determination not to go for any of my arguments out of the Bible. I shall take what I find there, and what I cannot find there I shall seek no where else. Were I ever so learned in antiquity, I should resist every inducement to make use of such materials in the present treatise, of which the one and only purpose is to find and to show in regard to the subject of it—what saith the Scripture? My motto therefore is, and I shall keep myself sternly to it—THE BIBLE, THE BIBLE ALONE.’—*Wardlaw*, pp. 2, 3.

‘It is the ecclesiastical polity of the *New Testament*,’ says Dr. Davidson, ‘which we seek to develop; not the ecclesiastical polity of the post-apostolic period. The fathers of the early church throw little light on the form of church government exhibited in the apostolic age. Indeed, it may be questioned, whether they do not tend to obscure and perplex it. It is certain that they cannot in any view be regarded as its legitimate expositors. As such their aid must be repudiated by the impartial historian. We are now concerned with the New Testament alone. What says *that book* on the subject of ecclesiastical polity? Is it silent respecting it, or does it speak so vaguely that nothing plain can be collected from its utterances? Or, again, does it contain sufficient directions for the regulation of social worship in all ages?’—pp. 1—3.

Having stated very justly that we must take Divine revelation in the manner in which God has been pleased to give it, Dr. Wardlaw proceeds to say that, in reference to the constitution and government of the church, we have, in the New Testament, this instruction in the form of *facts*, as well as precepts. The authoritative nature of the form is thus correctly stated by him :

‘What was actually done under apostolic direction, has the same force of authority with an express command to do it,—the force, that is, of the authority of Christ. As we cannot suppose the apostles

speaking in one way and acting in another, or anything to have been done under their eye, relative to the order of the churches, but what was according to their injunction,—*fact* becomes the same as *precept*—*example*, as *law*.—*Wardlaw*, p. 4.

It should be noticed, also, that conformity to the practices of the primitive churches is virtually enjoined by the apostle Paul. Writing to the Corinthian church, he says, in reference to certain persons who might not be disposed to defer to his judgment, ‘But if any man seem to be contentious, we have no such custom, neither the churches of God.’—1 Cor. xi. 16.

‘But,’ it has been objected, ‘if we insist upon a strict conformity to the practices of the first churches, we must follow out the principle in everything.’ We admit the legitimacy of the inference. Whatever custom can be shown to have prevailed among these churches, and to have prevailed among them as church ordinances, or as practices which were observed when they assembled as churches for religious worship, ought to be observed by the Christian body to the end of time. ‘Then,’ the objector will perhaps add, they must observe the ordinance of salutation, and the ordinance of feet-washing; for our Lord enjoined the disciples to wash one another’s feet, and Paul, the Romans to salute one another with a holy kiss. The obvious reply is, that these were not church ordinances,—not observances to be practised when they came together for religious purposes; and as a part of the instituted service. Both commands were addressed to believers in their private capacity. The former inculcated a principle essential to the Christian character—‘the principle of humble condescending love’—‘that no believer in Christ should ever feel it beneath him to perform the most condescending act of menial service to any one of his brethren; it being understood, of course, that the act is one which will conduce to his comfort and benefit.’ If the words of Christ enjoin an *act* at all, they merely enjoin it as indicating, in what was then an ordinary and acceptable manner, the lowly and loving spirit which all the followers of Christ should cherish. Where it has ceased, as in this country, both to be customary, and agreeable, it ceases, of course, to be binding even in *private life*. To speak of it as ever intended to be a church ordinance, is, as Dr. Wardlaw justly pronounces it, ‘absolute drivelling.’

And so with regard to mutual salutation. It is even worse than drivelling to suppose that the primitive Christians kissed one another—or were enjoined to do it as a church ordinance, or as a duty binding upon them in their public capacity. ‘The prevailing mode of friendly salutation varies in different countries and at different times. At Rome, and Corinth, in the days of

the apostle, it was a kiss upon the cheek ; now it is a shake of the hand. The injunction, ' Salute one another,' &c., seems to imply two things :—

' *First*, that Christians were by no means to neglect, in their intercourse with each other, the customary modes of expressing cordiality; and *secondly*, that, in doing this, they should bear in mind their character and profession. Their reciprocal salutation should be a holy kiss, and a kiss of love.' That is, as Dr. Wardlaw explains it, ' it should not be the expression of mere ordinary courtesy, or even of mere ordinary friendship, but that, as becometh *saints*, it should be the token of a sincere, fervent, and pure affection, in their spiritual relation. The idea that all that is addressed in the form of injunction to a collective body behoves to be done by that body in its collective capacity, is one which no man will maintain who is desirous to have or to keep a reputation for common understanding, as might easily be shown from analogous cases, were it worth the pains.'—*Wardlaw*, p. 23.

The community of goods which is said to have prevailed among the first churches, might seem to involve those of us who maintain that we are bound to follow their example, in more difficulty. It really does not, however. ' By a community of ' goods is to be understood—a universal renunciation of personal ' property, and the throwing of all that belonged unto individuals ' into a common stock.' Now, Dr. Wardlaw has shown by a power of argument which we are persuaded no candid man will even attempt to overturn, that, while no trace of the alleged practice can be found elsewhere, even in the church at Jerusalem, all that can be imagined to have taken place (*vide* Acts vi. 1 ; for otherwise, not the widows merely, but *all* would have needed the daily distribution) is that, in the peculiar circumstances in which the believers were then placed, such was the prevalence of mutual love and generous sympathy, that all, instead of selfish appropriation of what belonged to them, *held their property as a common good*—' ready to distribute, willing to communicate,'—each considering it as ' non sibi sed toti.' *Such* community of goods as this, we are prepared to contend, ought to be practised by all Christians, in similar circumstances, to the end of time.

We confess we prefer the method in which Dr. Wardlaw deals with the question, concerning the authoritative nature of the practices followed by the primitive churches, to the mode adopted by Dr. Davidson. The latter writer seems to imply that the precedents and precepts of apostolic men and times, relating to the *constitution*, *discipline*, and *management* of churches, should not be reckoned a complete model for all future times, and therefore implicitly copied ; and further, that churches, in the present

day, may make *new regulations, and change apostolic practices*, *vide* p. 24. Dr. Davidson appears to us—in his long, and, in some respects, valuable dissertation upon this point—to have unfortunately blended together two questions which are perfectly distinct—viz., ‘To what extent we have the guidance of apostolic precedent and example?’—and, ‘To what extent are we bound by it, when we have it?’ The former question is a question of fact, to be answered by an examination of the New Testament. The latter question is one not of fact, but obligation. It is one thing to show that the history of the apostolic churches does not supply us with precedents, and precepts, fixing the minutiae of Christian worship, for instance; and another, and a very different thing, to say that we are at liberty to *change* them. Where we have neither precept nor precedent, we are, of course, at liberty; where we have them, and to the degree in which we have them, we are bound. We might have regarded Dr. Davidson as merely intending to show that the regulations for Christian worship are not equally full and minute with those which were given for Jewish worship, were it not that he talks of *changing* apostolical practices, and virtually denies that they are to be implicitly copied. Actions in our personal relations being of no value but as indicative of states of mind, must, of course, vary according to circumstances; mutual salutation has thus given place to the reciprocal shake and pressure of the hand: but *church ordinances* never vary. They descend not to those minutiae which are susceptible of change. In relation to the constitution, government, and discipline of the church, whatever can be shown to have had the sanction of the apostolic churches universally, must be imperative upon us.

One caution we would tender to the reader; it is this: that in prosecuting his inquiries he must take care not to identify the two questions—viz., ‘Is a certain existing mode of church government a scriptural mode?’—and, ‘Do the Scriptures reveal *any* mode of government?’ Dr. Campbell, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, deals practically with the first question. The argument by which he rebukes the arrogant assumption of the episcopalian, is really this,—that all denominations have deprived themselves of a claim to the ‘*jus divinum*’—the episcopalians among the rest—by their departure from the *revealed* STANDARD.

‘I am satisfied’ (*vide* Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, Lect. 4, p. 81. London, 1834) ‘that no form of polity can plead such an exclusive charter, as that phrase, in its present acceptation, is understood to imply.’ ‘In regard to those polities *which obtain at present* in the different Christian sects, I own ingenuously, that I have not

found one, of all that I have examined, which can be said perfectly to coincide with the *model of the apostolic church*.'

That may be true for ought we care at present. Still there must be a model—a model capable of recognition; for the detection of non-coincidence with it, supposes its existence and its recognition, as certainly as the perception of agreement would do. Now the question we wish the reader to take under his special consideration is, 'What is the scriptural model of a church of Christ?' It might be true that episcopacy does not present it,—that presbyterianism does not present it;—that congregationalism does not present it: and yet, such model may exist in the New Testament; and the partial mistakes even of congregationalists—if they have committed mistakes—may furnish a reason, not for abandoning the investigation, (as some allege,) but for conducting it with increased care, and diligence, and candour, and more earnest prayer for Divine direction.

This is the precise work which the volumes of Drs. Davidson and Wardlaw seek to accomplish. Both writers inquire, 'What saith the Scripture?' Both acknowledge that, to its great general statements, at least, concerning the constitution and government of a Christian church, we are bound to conform, and both are worthy of all praise on that account.

The work of Dr. Wardlaw takes intentionally a somewhat less comprehensive range than that of his friend. It does not discuss some topics which are enlarged upon by Dr. Davidson; and it shuns certain minute points in the controversy between the contending parties, on which the plan of the latter gentleman allowed him to dilate. 'Let it be understood,' says Dr. Wardlaw, 'that I treat only of the great primary articles of distinction between the three prevailing forms of ecclesiastical government; the episcopalian, presbyterian, and independent, especially the two latter.'—(Preface, p. 8.) We imagine that Dr. Wardlaw's book will be more effective on this very account. It concentrates attention upon the very turning points of the controversy. It does not divert or fatigue it by bringing minor differences into the field. We need not say that the reasoning is forcible—the arguments well arranged—the style luminous and chaste,—for these are attributes which seem of necessity to distinguish all this eminent writer's publications; and it has given us very high satisfaction, to perceive that bodily malady is attended by no abatement of mental power. The intellect of the writer is as vigorous and unclouded as ever, the heart as gentle and loving. May it be long ere the pen, wielded so skilfully and usefully, shall fall from the hand of the writer!

Dr. Davidson's book will be especially valuable for the pur-

poses of reference. Were it not that the spirit of Carson's reply to Brown is so revolting to us, that we scarcely like to refer to it, we should be disposed to add, let the reader who wishes to find in a comparatively short compass, all that can be said in support of congregationalism, and especially in reply to its opponents, consult that work, together with the present by Drs. Wardlaw and Davidson, and he will not need to go further. We have felt, in reading the congregational lecture, that some of its discussions might possibly have been omitted, that one or two others would have borne compression, and that occasionally the arrangement of the matter might have been improved; but the book will prove a very valuable one, especially to those who wish to go into a full and minute examination of the controversy, even in its minor branches. Scarcely a single point in that controversy has been overlooked. The arguments we consider generally successful, and they are uniformly conducted in the spirit and manner of a Christian gentleman. In the very few remaining pages allotted to us, we will exhibit some of the main principles of both these volumes, interspersing the statements with a few remarks of our own.

At an early stage of the discussion, both writers examine the meaning of the term *ἐκκλησία*—a word of great importance in this controversy. By a copious induction of instances, they show that it is *constantly* employed, first, to denote a single congregation of believers; and secondly, the entire body of the redeemed. Presbyterians use it to denote a united body of congregations, maintaining the same faith and order, and rendering subjection to the same ecclesiastical discipline; in other words, a denomination. Now, it is of the greatest importance to remember, that no indisputable instance of the use of the term in this sense can be cited from the New Testament. By an indirect argument, only, is this alleged third meaning of the term attempted to be proved. In some of the cities in which the gospel was first preached, especially in Jerusalem, the number of converts was so great, that they must have formed themselves, it is said, into distinct churches, or congregations, each having its full complement of office-bearers. The church at Jerusalem can only mean the united body of churches.

The entire facts of the case are most carefully examined by our authors. It is impossible to lay their statements before the reader, but they prove, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the entire body of believers, resident in Jerusalem, continued one unbroken company, meeting together *habitually* for the worship of God, and the transaction of business, *in one place*.

We must pass over their admirable discussions concerning the

materials of which a Christian church should consist, and the officers by which it should be governed, to secure space for an explanation of the great points of difference between congregationalism and presbyterianism.

The former system gives to the body of church members direct control in the management of their ecclesiastical matters, by deciding nothing except in their presence, and with their concurrence. The latter system seeks not their concurrence, deciding everything by the office-bearers alone. Again, congregationalism vests every church or congregation with its office-bearers, with the full power of its own government. Presbyterianism practically denies this, by establishing a gradation of church courts, and by allowing an appeal from all the lower courts, to the highest, whose decision alone is final.

In justification of this practice, the only passage appealed to is the account of the deputation sent from Antioch to Jerusalem, (*vide* Acts xv,) on occasion of the controversy concerning circumcision. Now, to secure even apparent support to their system from this passage, presbyterians are compelled to suppose that Antioch, being an inferior court, and therefore unable to decide the controversy, appealed to the *superior* court at Jerusalem, whose decree, *issued in that character*, was binding, on that account, upon the whole Christian world. But to render the decree *binding* on *this* account, they must prove the existence of representatives, at this pretended council, from all the churches to which the decree could be authoritatively sent; for it is an established principle in their system, that the *superior* court has no right to enforce obedience upon the *inferior*, unless the latter appear in it by its representative. It is because the kirk session virtually sits in the presbytery—the presbytery in the synod, &c., that the former are bound to subjection to the latter. Can presbyterians *prove* that representatives were present even from Syria and Cilicia? Will they *pretend* that representatives were there from Britain? They will not. But how, otherwise, on their principles, can the decree be binding upon us?

Our brethren are involved in a somewhat curious dilemma. To justify their practice in taking this pretended council at Jerusalem as a model for church courts in the present day, they are constrained to deny that its decision was given by the spirit of inspiration; for imperative decisions by a court which *has* that spirit, cannot be thought to justify such decisions by a court which *has it not*. But, in denying this, they deny its authority to bind the conscience. For, in this case, the apostles, not acting in their inspired capacity, as presbyterians suppose, ‘*become as other men*.’ Their judgment ceases to be divine.’ We are

bound to test it by the word of God; for 'observe,' says Dr. Wardlaw, 'IT FORMS NO PART OF THAT WORD. The record of the decision, as a matter of fact, forms part of a divinely inspired narrative; *but the decree itself is not inspired*, and therefore *not divine*, nor *divinely obligatory*.'—p. 267.

Again, if the council at Jerusalem, though a superior, was yet an uninspired court, did not the brethren at Antioch commit the absurdity of appealing from the *superior* to an *inferior* tribunal? from Paul and Barnabas, inspired as they doubtless were, at Antioch, to Peter and James, uninspired, as they are said to have been, at Jerusalem? Was not that taking the worse for the better reason? It is manifest to us that the appeal was to them as *inspired* men, an appeal rendered necessary by the visit of 'the men from Judea.' Paul had taught at Antioch, that, in the case of Gentile believers, circumcision was *not* necessary. 'Peter and James,' said these men, 'teach, on the contrary, that it is necessary; and we are commissioned to teach the same doctrine at Antioch. Thus opposite decisions appeared to have been given 'by one and the same spirit;' and the object of the appeal to Jerusalem, says Dr. Wardlaw, 'was to ascertain whether the dictates of inspiration in Paul corresponded with the dictates of inspiration in the other apostles.' It involved a question of fact, and a question of doctrine, '*Is circumcision binding?*' and '*Is it affirmed to be so*, by legitimate authority, among you?' The former question could be answered, of course, by none but inspired men. To the determination of the latter, the church, as well as the apostles, were competent. Hence, the letter containing the reply to this appeal, emanated from the apostles and elders, and brethren or church.

In support of representative courts, and courts of review, this passage in the Acts is the only proof appealed to. Never, we think, was a great system laid upon so slender and insecure a basis. It is the Alps piled upon a nutshell. For this council at Jerusalem must have been either inspired or uninspired. If the latter, as presbyterians affirm, that is, if it is to be regarded as an ordinary church court, it follows, to the subversion of their system, that the private members of churches may sit and vote in such courts. If the *former*, there exists no scriptural authority for the holding of such courts.

One other point remains, to which we are anxious to direct the attention of our readers before we close our notice of these volumes. The title page of Dr. Davidson's volume announces his intention to indicate the points in which the ecclesiastical polity of the New Testament *differs from*, as well as *agrees with*, prevailing systems. With great propriety, therefore, and in an

admirable spirit, he refers to one important point in which—as both the arguments of Dr. Wardlaw and his own *seem* to show—the *practice* of congregationalists is not in unison with *that book*. Now, if we know our brethren, they will instantly and earnestly reply, ‘Show us *that*, and we will abjure it.’ We state the point, without saying more at present than that it appears to us worthy of the very gravest attention.

It has been proved, we think, that *one church only* (and in the congregational sense of the term) existed in Jerusalem. Indeed, Dr. Davidson affirms—and, as it appears, truly—that two ἐκκλησίαι are never specified as being in one city, or town, at the same time. The believers there may, indeed, have *occasionally* worshipped in separate bodies, but they *habitually* met together; and they never formed, he tells us, ‘*independent societies of believers.*’* Now, how is the case with us? Have we not, in each of our larger towns, many perfectly distinct congregational churches—as distinct from each other as though they were located in different towns? Such being the case, do not our arguments against presbyterianism recoil upon ourselves? How can we bruise the head of that system, without wounding our own? Let it not be said an enemy utters this. “Faithful are the wounds of a friend.” A wish to conceal faults is an ignoble state of mind. Let us rise to the dignity of desiring to amend them! If, on this point, or on any others, we are in the wrong, happy is it for us that nothing extraneous exists to prevent our returning to the right. Without consulting kings, or parlia-

* It is true we can conceive of believers so multiplying in a single city that their congregating in one place, even upon occasions, would be impracticable; in which case the principle of the primitive usage would seem to be, that each church should be made to embrace as large a locality as might consist with such congregating. The maxim of Primitive Independency in this respect appears to have been—unity to the farthest extent practicable; while the maxim of Modern Independency would almost seem to be—division to the farthest extent possible, or at least to the extent most consistent with each church having but one pastor, and with many having no pastor at all.

The departure of modern congregationalists from the primitive standard in this particular, has exposed them, as commonly happens, to the danger of further error. Ordination in the primitive church pertained ordinarily to the presbytery of the church by which the person to be ordained had been chosen. But the practice which restricts the preaching eldership of a church to one man, on the death or removal of that person, leaves no such office-bearer to ordain a successor. In this case, which is the common one in modern Independent Churches, two courses are open; the church may call in the official men of neighbouring churches to engage in the ordination of the minister they have chosen; or they may commit him at once to the discharge of his pastoral duties by services conducted wholly by themselves. For the former course there is scripture precedent. The Apostles, and other office-bearers, as Timothy and Titus, have been thus employed in ordaining elders in churches to which they did not themselves belong. But the other course—that which would require the people, not only to choose their minister but to ordain him, is *one for which no precedent can be adduced from the New Testament*.

ments, or bishops, or canons, or synods, or conferences, or unions, we can take the law of the kingdom into our hands, and rectify by its guidance any discrepancy in our practice—IF WE PLEASE. No power on earth can prevent, or gainsay us. Equally foolish and culpable must we then be, if every evil which may have crept in unawares among us be not as carefully sought out as the leaven by the Jews of old, and cast from us as an accursed thing. That such evils are to be found is to be expected, unless our churches have been guarded by miracle. We fear that the warm and generous current of brotherly love flows but languidly through the body; that churches, in the same locality, sometimes take but feeble interest in each other's proceedings and prosperity; we dare not suppose that, like congregations of Satan, they are alienated and hostile! If such faults exist, let no pastor, no deacon, no private member among us, dream of taking offence because we point them out. The enemy will proclaim them, if we keep silence. Besides, manly and robust piety is more fearful of *falling into faults*, than of *being told of them*. The more highly sanctified any Christian body becomes, the more sensitively will it shrink from the thought of being allowed to continue in neglect, and sin, without reproof.

How far existing evils may have resulted from a departure from what Dr. Davidson considers the practice of primitive churches; how far it may be possible to restore that practice among us; and, if it be so, what measures should be resorted to for that purpose—are questions upon which we at present can

No congregationalist will question the right of the church to exercise this power, if it be without a preaching elder to conduct such a service, and if the aid of such persons, or of such a person, from other churches, may not be readily obtained. But in our view, ordination by the people becomes admissible *only in such circumstances*. The only semblance of precedent in support of lay-ordination in the New Testament, is in the account of the ordination of deacons given in the Acts (vi. 3). But this is an ordination of *deacons*, not of pastors, and the evidence even here is, in our judgment, imaginary, not real. Nothing can be more clear than the distinction in this passage between the *election*, in which the people were the sole agents, and the appointment or *ordination* of the men chosen, in which the Apostles were to be, if not the sole, certainly the chief agents. That the people joined in the prayer of the Apostles as they implored the Divine blessing on the seven men thus chosen is readily admitted, and thus far, in ordinary cases, they may be said to be parties to the ordination of pastors, but, as we humbly think, no farther. In favour of ordination by unofficial persons, in the case either of pastors or deacons, there is nothing better than inferential reasoning to be adduced; and even this reasoning applies only to the extraordinary exigencies of the church, and not at all to her ordinary circumstances—to cases where the choice lies between dispensing with a mode of appointment, or dispensing with office altogether. Dr. Davidson's views on this point are, we believe, substantially our own; but in his care to expose error on the one hand, he has expressed himself so as to be liable to misconception on the other. To reduce ordination to a lay-service, because we have reduced our pastorate to one man, would be to allow one departure from primitive usage to generate another.—EDITOR.

say nothing. But we must not conclude this paper without saying, what our dying voice would echo, that not a single day should be suffered to elapse, ere the churches of our denomination in the same locality, concert measures for reviving the spirit of primitive times among us;—when ‘the multitude of believers were of one heart and one soul;’ when opposition, or rivalry, or coldness, was impossible; when, ‘if one member suffered, all the members suffered with it; if one member were honoured, all the members rejoiced with it.’

ART. IV.—(1.) *Ranthorpe*. By G. H. LEWES.

(2.) *Rose, Blanche, and Violet*. By G. H. LEWES.

THESE volumes merit distinction from the crowd of works of the same class, for they bear on them the evidences of thought, are designed to illustrate some important truth, or some general idea, and are replete with acute observation, and skilful analysis of motive and character. This may be particularly said of the first on our list. We had regretted that we had not taken occasion to notice ‘Ranthorpe’ at the time of its publication; now that a second work of the same description is announced by the author, we shall profit by the opportunity of placing them together, to speak of the prior as well as the present performance.

Mr. Lewes has very creditably distinguished himself by a History of Philosophy, written indeed, of necessity, in the briefest of manners, for it constitutes a portion of the series known as ‘Knight’s Weekly Volume,’ but written with great clearness, with distinctness of view, with the independence of one accustomed to think for himself, and with an elasticity of style not often found in works of that grave description. It was to be expected, therefore, if such a writer turned his pen to the more gentle craft of authorship; that we should still find the generalizations of the philosopher, and the analytic power of the metaphysician, appearing from time to time amidst the moving incidents and giddy passions which form the staple of a modern work of fiction.

We hardly know whether to view it as a subject of congratulation or regret, when a writer of such a character, in obedience to the popular taste, applies his talents in this direction. We lose, probably, some useful book, but, on the other hand, since novels *must* be written, and will be read, it is a great advantage that intelligent workmen should be employed in their construction.

If it be true, as some of the wisest of men have remarked, that there is nothing so much distinguishes one state of society from another as the form which the passion of love assumes, and the manner in which the relations between the two sexes are regarded, it is evident it can be a matter of no little importance how that passion and those relations are represented in works professing to deal with them. Certainly we have abundant proof of the mischievous consequences of an absurd, extravagant, and perverse representation of them. We are often called upon to sympathize with feelings which are utterly unworthy of our respect; with some passion which, whatever name it bear, is no other than a gross infatuation, or a culpable weakness. With many writers of romance, the sentiment of love can never be too capricious; it seems to be a maxim with them, that the more unreasonable, the truer the love. It can never be too overbearing or imperious, for it is their sole object to exalt its triumph. Though it may spring up in a day, in an hour, from a word, from a glance, it must yet endure for an eternity; the slightest incidents may give it birth, but time, and distance, and adverse habits, and gravest interests, are never to efface it. Confessed to be a folly, recognised by the sufferer himself as a madness, it is still to be permitted to rule supreme; the strongest-minded of men are to show their strength, in the strength only of their passion; it would be a weakness of character to abate the fervour of this insanity.

Far be it from any one who has dipped his pen in ink—though only for prosaic purposes—to speak slightly or irreverently of love. But it is not every passion which assumes this delectable name, which ought to share in the interest it naturally excites. Beautiful appellatives, and very tender language, are often thrown over feelings which call for nothing but reproof; by which process our sympathies are perverted, and our moral judgments led astray. There is one instance of this, which a painful and notorious case of assassination, lately the subject of considerable public attention, led us very gravely to reflect upon. We need not repeat the details; the case of Annette Meyers is still fresh in the memory of our readers.

We say that the habit of representing it as something praiseworthy and noble, to love on with constancy and fervour—*however unworthy the object of this attachment may be*—is calculated to produce, and daily does produce, most lamentable results. We maintain, however unromantic the opinion may be, that if an *unmarried* woman persists in loving a man who has proved himself a villain and a ruffian, as well by his conduct to herself as his crimes towards others, this is a passion simply to be reproved and discountenanced; it is a pernicious constancy; it is a

reprehensible devotion ; and if by reason of it she is led herself into outrage and crime; she must expect no commiseration or forgiveness on the plea of her perverse attachment. The love of woman, as it is one of the greatest boons of human life, so also should it be bestowed with *some* regard to reason, and the claims of virtue; and she who perseveres in her affection to a vicious man should be taught—not that she is setting an example of heroic constancy—but that she is encouraging a sentiment of the most immoral tendency, and both dangerous and disgraceful to herself.

The crime of Annette Meyers resulted from a passion of this description; a passion for a worthless, infamous man, and from the jealousy and rage which hence arose from his inconstancy, and the brutal insulting proposals he had made to her. She was not married to this man—no sentiment of matrimonial duty bound her to him—nor, from anything we hear, was marriage in her expectation. Yet the London papers, in commenting on this case, and urging the pardon of the criminal, insisted, amongst other reasons, on the *love* this woman had borne to the villain whom she murdered. One person, writing to the editor of the *Times*, exclaims with enthusiasm, ‘Oh, how she loved him!’ It was a love of a most debasing description—a passion it was her first duty to conquer. But the wretched girl is said to have been of ‘a romantic turn;’ she had studied probably in that school, where the constancy of a woman is more highly prized in proportion as the subject of it is the more worthless and despicable.

We were as glad to hear, as others, of the commutation of the sentence of Annette Meyers. We deplore a public execution, especially of a female. But we very greatly prefer the cautious and temperate charge of the Chief Baron, who tried the prisoner, to the strain of argument employed in her defence. The Chief Baron was affected to tears by the spectacle of the unhappy woman before him; but he saw no mitigating circumstance in the passion she had nourished for the murdered man, and would not himself hold out hopes of pardon. She should have deserted *him*, as soon as he had betrayed his real and infamous character, and been very happy that she could desert him. In such cases, we beg leave to tell all novelists and dealers in sentiment, that *inconstancy* is the true heroism; and that it is not wise, nor permissible, to let the passion endure, that it may explode in rage or crime, or fester into anguish.

But to return to Mr. Lewes. Although his ‘Ranthorpe’ has its due proportion of pages devoted to the master passion of romance, yet its main object is to show the dangers of another passion

almost as imperious over the smaller class whom it assails—the passion for literary fame. This he has done, if we may so describe it, not in an ideal, but a practical manner, following the young aspirant through all its stages—the juvenile and utterly inadequate attempt—the fortunate success which leads to ‘Lionism’ and downfall—and, finally, the strenuous and sustained effort which conducts him, not indeed to the eminence he had once dreamed of, but to a very respectable and enviable position in letters and the world. A great portion of this work, therefore, would hardly address itself, we should think, to the taste or feelings of ordinary novel readers. Its merit, too, consists more in didactic observations, and analyses of character and motive, than in the invention of stirring incidents. Several chapters are little else than short essays on some topic arising out of his narrative. Not that there is any scarcity of incidents: on the contrary, there is a redundancy, but they are told with brevity; nor is the curiosity of the reader ever kept long in suspense. A murder is so skilfully contrived as to throw the presumption of guilt upon the hero; we expect a long period of overwhelming disgrace and unmerited afflictions; but the next chapter clears up his innocence, and brings the real criminal to light. We, who are not covetous of that mental torture which is aptly described as putting our curiosity *upon the rack*, are thankful to Mr. Lewes for such speedy extrication of the difficulties he has conjured up. Whether those who are more devoted novel readers may not feel a little disappointment at this quick dispersion of their fictitious anxieties, is another question.

There are portions of the work, however, where the peculiar powers of the novelist are strikingly displayed. The character of Sir Frederick Hawbucke is admirably developed. The medical student, Henry Cavendish, is also a fine fellow; and the scenes in which he appears are graphically portrayed.

We are first introduced to Ranthorpe, as he stands at a book-stall in London—a poor attorney’s clerk, devoured with a passion for literary fame. He is resolved to distinguish himself as a poet; in short, to win honour, wealth, and renown, by the magic of his pen. How true it is, as our author observes, that, although this state of mind may be the forerunner of a future life of disappointment and distress, yet it is not itself the miserable condition which, to a spectator, it may appear to be. He cannot see the mind within. That pallid aspect and threadbare attire remind one of the gloomy-looking house of the wealthy Jew of Damascus. The dark and dilapidated walls threaten speedy ruin; but within, all is glistening with gold and jewels, and the proprietor walks on velvet, and diets like an emperor.

‘Few sights are more saddening than that of a young spirit struggling in vain against overwhelming obstacles—unheeded, unassisted, without friends, without position, and without advisers. But this sight, though sad to the casual spectator, has another aspect to him who looks deeper. Underneath those thwarted hopes, that wild ambition, there breathes a free spirit of energetic action; and this activity is a fountain of delight, as activity always is. We who see the struggling boy, and calmly measure the immensity of the barriers which shut him from success, we may deem him unhappy, because we foresee that he will be so. But we do not feel the raptures of his reveries—the delight in creation—the transports of anticipated success—transports more vividly felt at that period when criticism has not detected weakness, when experience has not chilled flushed confidence with its cold misgivings.’—p. 14.

Our young aspirant writes his volume of poetry; he calls it ‘Poems of the Affections.’ He is dying to get it published. But Ranthorpe, who is never described as a genius of a very high order, is at present quite incapable, though he little deems so, of producing anything truly original. A youth at this early age, as Mr. Lewes acutely observes, ‘confounds the excitement awakened in him by great works, with the excitement awakened by self-developed ideas and self-experienced feelings, which imperiously demand utterance.’ When, therefore, he carries these ‘Poems of the Affections’ to the bookseller, he is dismayed to find that this awful functionary, on whom his fate seems to hang, refuses to publish them except at the author’s expense, a condition the poor attorney’s clerk can by no means comply with. He tries other booksellers, but meets with the same, or a more churlish answer. ‘I shall die unknown,’ he says to Isola, a beautiful girl with whom he is in love; ‘I shall die unrecorded and unread. Oh, if the poems *could* but appear, they would be sure to succeed; I know it—feel it. But these ignorant booksellers, thinking only of pounds, shillings, and pence, know nothing of poetry, and care nothing about it.’

He next sends some of his poems to the magazines; but, by one after the other, they are refused. He is still convinced that the fault lies in any one but himself. ‘It was notorious that all the best books had been refused by booksellers; all the best poems at first condemned by critics. The conclusion was obviously in favour of the excellence of all refused works; they were too good for the age.’

An introduction to a person of the name of Wynton, whom the same passion for literary fame had brought at this time into a lamentable state of poverty, has, however, some effect in discouraging the young poet. After a visit to this gentleman, he

returns home one evening fully resolved to renounce literature. He is shown an advertisement of the forthcoming number of some magazine, amongst the contents of which he reads, '*The Poet's Heart, by Percy Ranthorpe.*' It is enough to overthrow his new-formed resolution:—

'Look here, father!' he exclaims, 'look here!'

'What?—what?'

'See, read that; I am on the way to fame.'

'Such is the poet's nature; the first glimpse of success suffices to arouse all his energies, to excite anew all his old delusions, to restore all his passionate aspirations. He may be baffled, he may be discouraged; but in the storm of his despair a breath will turn him.'

He now gets some steady employment as a critic in one of the newspapers, and is introduced to a circle of literary men. 'People talk,' says Mr. Lewes, 'of the envy and jealousy of authors; but it is a vulgar error. I firmly believe that no author, unless a man of the meanest and most envious disposition, ever envied the success of another. Authors are an imaginative and sympathetic race. They gladly associate with each other. They take a keen interest in each other's projects.' Mr. Lewes may be right—we hope he is—but the little specimen which immediately follows, of the conversation of a knot of literary men, gives no very great impression of their amiability.

'Does any one know how the new play went off on Thursday?' asked Joyce.

'What, haven't you seen the *'Exterminator?'*' asked Pungent.

'No.'

'No? then do so; you know I am devoted to the drama, pen and pencil-case.' Then in his blandest tone, Pungent added, 'I think I have settled the author.'

'Quite right!' said Bourne, vehemently; 'such trash! but it's just like the managers to bring out this stuff. What annoyed me was to see a parcel of stupid fellows—friends of the author—who went purposely to applaud. For my part, I went to hiss; and hiss I did.'

'That was kind,' quietly suggested Rixalton.

'It was conscientious. I foresaw what it would be; else how could a manager have been induced to produce it? Managers have an abstract horror of good plays; their ignoble souls delight only in trash.'

'How can that be?' asked Joyce.

'How it can be I don't know; but it is.'

His powers being now more matured, and his pen more practised, he publishes a volume of poems called '*Dreams of Youth*,' which have the good fortune to succeed with the public. Ran-

thorpe becomes a *lion*. We pretend to no initiation into the laws which govern the fashionable world; we should have thought it would require something more than the success of a slight volume of poems to introduce an unconnected youth into the upper circles of society; but this may be an error on our part. At all events, we see our attorney's clerk now mingling in the society of lords and ladies, admired no less for the beauty of his person, than for his celebrity as a poet. The effect which gratified vanity and luxurious indulgence have upon his mind and character, is admirably described. He grows cool towards, and finally deserts, that beautiful Isola, to whom we have hinted he was early attached and betrothed. We wish we had room to extract the scene in which he breaks his engagement with her; it is highly dramatic, in the best sense of the word. For this inconstancy, he is himself punished by falling into the snares of an accomplished coquette, one Florence Wilmington, the daughter of a nobleman, who brings him to her feet, and leaves him prostrate there.

'The fascinations which daily tempted his soul, and finished by subduing it, *were* fascinations to him. To those born to splendour—to those even who had known the ease and comfort of moderate incomes—the things which affected Ranthorpe would have had little attraction. But he had been poor, and was suddenly plunged into society where every one was rich; he had been a miserable attorney's clerk at a salary of ten shillings a week, and was suddenly elevated to the society where his family—nay, where his former master would not have been admitted on any sort of plea.

'It is necessary to remember this if one would understand the sort of intoxicated vanity which filled him, as he lounged into the large and splendid rooms, or rolled along in the luxurious equipages of his friends. The respect which footmen and hall porters (those incarnations of fat insolence) invariably paid the man, in whose face a little time ago they would have slammed the door, pleased him no less than the flattery of the drawing-room. The sensations which he felt as he was driven through the parks, seated beside some dandy, or some lady of fashion, it is impossible to describe. He gazed upon the foot passengers with a serene good nature. He was sure they must be envying him. Yet he had no carriage; his genius alone gave him the seat he occupied.'

That genius was not likely to be fostered by such a mode of life, and still his pen was his only real support. He could not *work*, and this keen appetite for enjoyment was awakened in him. The heroism of his career was gone.

'Wretched youth! he had lost an author's courage to endure poverty and neglect, to live unnoticed, unflattered, unappreciated; because he had lost that conception of his mission which makes martyr-

dom a glory. Poverty, then, for the first time, appeared in all its terrors. He had lived upon eight-pence a day, and had been rich upon it. He now lived as a prodigal, and dreaded the inevitable termination of his career.'

We regret that we cannot follow any further the career of Ranthorpe. It is throughout instructive, and delineated with a firm and masterly hand. We wish, too, that we could extract a long passage we had marked for quotation, where the talent of the writer is more signally displayed, and where, in the character of Sir Frederick Hawbucke, the sort of morality which constitutes what the world is pleased to call the *man of honour*, is very strikingly exemplified. But our space is restricted, and we must devote the few remaining pages to the last work of Mr. Lewes.

Three young ladies are waiting for us—*Rose, Blanche, and Violet*. No lack of love-making here. Indeed, to our taste, there is something too much of this. An author who has three heroines to get married and settled in life must have courtship enough upon his hands. But why did he increase the responsibilities of his literary paternity to so fearful an extent? Mr. Lewes, in the present story, has aimed more directly at the applause of that audience—not the most fastidious—which a circulating library gathers round itself, and, doubtless, he will succeed in obtaining it. His page is always lively, often witty, never dull. *Rose* is always amusing; *Blanche* is always engaging; *Violet* is always admirable. Many and various are the cavaliers which three such heroines must, of course, draw around them; and if no one of these rivets the attention very strongly, they are all in their turn capable of interesting us for the space of time they are permitted to appear upon the scene; for variety and a quick succession of objects seem to be the law of the piece.

With all this, however, the author has still a grave purpose to accomplish—a general and important truth to illustrate. He says in his preface—

'From life itself I draw one great moral, which I may be permitted to say is illustrated in various ways by the present work, and it is this:—

'Strength of will is the quality most needing cultivation in mankind. * * * No one will accuse me of depreciating intellect. But we have had too many dithyrambs in honour of mere intelligence, and the older I grow, the clearer I see that intellect is *not* the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant knowledge, after all, is not the greatest thing in life; it is not the 'be-all and the end-all here.' The moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual

nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes—but it is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us. Strength of character seldom, if ever, astonishes; goodness, lovingness, and quiet self-sacrifice, are worth all the talents in the world.'

As it would be impossible for us to give any outline of the plot of this fiction, our best course will be to make a few extracts, showing how he has illustrated this want of will—this *moral weakness*, which, perhaps, occasions a greater amount of error and misery in the world than any other single *cause* that could be mentioned.

Mr. Meredith Vyner, the father of these three young ladies, is a man of fortune and a scholar; he occupies his leisure with a commentary on Horace, whom he is perpetually quoting on all occasions, and to all sorts of people. We are introduced to him in a state of profound affliction for the death of his wife, but he soon marries again, and gives to his daughters a step-mother very little older than themselves. In this second Mrs. Vyner the author has perfectly succeeded, in what was undoubtedly his intention, in producing the 'most disagreeable impression possible upon the reader. This artful woman, and most consummate of hypocrites, contrives, by merely playing on the weakness of her husband, to convert a man naturally kind into a harsh and cruel parent. An instance of *his* weakness will cross our path in our detail of the culpable vacillations of a still more conspicuous exemplar of this moral disease.

'CECIL CHAMBERLAYNE was a social favourite. He had considerable vivacity, which sometimes amounted to wit, and always passed for it. He drew well, composed well, sang well, dressed well, rode well, wrote charming verses and agreeable prose, played the piano and the guitar, and waltzed to perfection; in a word, was a *cavalier accompli*. * * * * *

'Lively, good-natured, and accomplished, he was a great favourite with most people, and, indeed, the very attractiveness of his manners had been the obstacle to his advancement in life. His time and talents, instead of being devoted to any honourable or useful pursuit, were frittered away in the endless nothings which society demanded, and he had reached the age of seven-and-twenty, without fortune and without a profession. He flattered himself that he should be made consul somewhere, by one among his powerful friends, or that some sinecure would fall in his way; and on this hope he refrained from applying himself to the study of any profession, and only thought of sustaining his reputation as an amusing fellow. Meanwhile his small patrimony had dwindled down to the interest of four thousand pounds, which was preserved only because he could not touch the capital—a misfortune which he had frequently declaimed against, and to which he now owed the means of keeping a decent coat upon his back.'

Cecil Chamberlayne is first captivated with the peculiar charms, the bold bearing and noble character of Violet. He is winning his way in her regards when the following lamentable scene takes place:—

‘Cecil and Violet, in stopping to pick many flowers, had been left so far behind the others that they determined to take a shorter cut to the house, through a meadow lying alongside of the shrubbery. They had not gone many steps across the meadow before a bull seemed to resent their intrusion. He began tearing up the ground and tossing about his head in anger.

‘‘I don’t like the look of that animal,’ said Cecil; ‘let us return.’

‘She only laughed, and said—

‘Return! no, no; he won’t interfere with us. Besides, when you live in the country you must take your choice, either never to enter a field where there are cattle, or never to turn aside from your path, should the field be full of bulls. I made my choice long ago.’

‘This was said with a sort of mock heroic air which quite set Cecil’s misgivings aside. He thought she must certainly be perfectly aware the bull was harmless, or she would not have spoken in that tone; and, above all, would not have so completely disregarded what seemed to him rather formidable demonstrations on the part of the animal. They continued, therefore, to walk leisurely along the meadow, the bull bellowing at them; and following at a little distance. He was evidently lashing himself into the stupid rage peculiar to his kind, and Shot showed considerable alarm.

‘For God’s sake, Miss Vyner! let us away from this,’ said Cecil, agitated.

‘He doesn’t like Shot’s appearance here,’ she calmly replied, as the dog slunk through the iron hurdles which fenced off the shrubbery.

‘She turned round to watch the bull, and her heart beat as she saw him close his dull fierce eye—the certain sign that he was about to make a rush. ●

‘Cecil saw it too, and placing his hand upon the iron hurdle vaulted on the other side, obeying the rapid suggestion of danger as quickly as it was suggested.

‘No sooner was his own safety accomplished, than almost in the same instant that his feet touched the ground, the defenceless position of Violet rushed horribly across his mind.

‘He vaulted back again to rush to her succour; but he was too late. His hesitation had not lasted two seconds, but they were two irrevocable seconds; during which Violet, partly out of bravado and contempt of the cowardice of her lover, and partly out of that virile energy and promptitude which on all occasions made her front the danger and subdue it, sprang forwards at the animal about to rush, and with her riding-whip cut him sharply twice across the nose.

Startled by this attack, and stinging with acute pain, the nose being his most sensitive part, the brute ran off, bellowing, tail in air.

‘He had already relinquished the fight when Cecil came up. The coincidence was cruel. He felt it so. Violet, pale and trembling, passed her hand, across her brow, but turning from Cecil, called to her dog.

‘‘Shot! Shot! come here, you foolish fellow. He wont hurt you!’’

‘This speech was crushing. Cecil felt he had slunk away from danger like the dog.’

Violet was too generous to expose him to ^{the} ridicule by any mention of the subject to others, but her nascent love for Cecil was from that moment changed to something very like contempt. His affection for her vanished also as rapidly, and he wondered he had preferred her haughty attractions to the gentler beauty and more genial character of Blanche. The heart of Blanche, it seems, was already half won; he had no difficulty in completing the conquest. Mr. Meredith Vyner, we have said, was a man of fortune, but the large estate he possessed was entailed, and his present wife was not likely to encourage him in any effort of liberality towards his daughters. We have seen the amount of property Cecil possessed. He had been calculating evidently on the portion of the young ladies.

Blanche had another admirer in the person of Captain Heath, an old friend of the family; but as he was at the age of thirty-five, which, in such a story, is being an old man, it was not thought possible he could be in love. Captain Heath had penetrated the character of Cecil Chamberlayne, and resolved to try him. He invites him to a game of billiards, and the following conversation ensues:—

‘‘Have you ever played with Violet?’’ asked Captain Heath. ‘She is a wonderful hand. But then she does everything well. (I doubt whether I can make this cannon—yes, there it is!) What a splendid creature she is! Isn’t she?’

‘‘Splendid, indeed! They are all three lovely girls, though in such different styles.’’

‘‘(How stands the game? Seven—love:—good.) What a sad thing it is, though, to think such girls should be absolutely without fortune. (Good stroke!)’

‘Cecil was chalking his cue when this bomb fell at his feet; he suspended that operation, and said—

‘‘What do you mean by their having no fortune?’’

‘‘Why the estate is entailed; and Vyner, who is already greatly in debt, will neither have saved any money to leave them when he dies, nor be able to give them anything but their *trousseaux* when they marry.’

‘ ‘The devil!’

‘ ‘(That’s a teasing stroke : one of the worst losing hazards. You must take care.)’

‘ This last remark, though applied to the game, was too applicable to Cecil’s own condition for him not to wince. The Captain’s eye was upon him.

‘ ‘What a shame!’ exclaimed Cecil, ‘ for a man with an entailed estate to make no provision for his children. It’s positively monstrous!’

‘ ‘Horrible, indeed!’

‘ ‘Why what is to become of them at his death?’

‘ ‘They will be penniless,’ gravely replied the Captain, as he sent the red ball whizzing into the pocket.

‘ ‘I wonder he is not ashamed to look them in the face,’ said Cecil, duly impressed with the enormity.

‘ ‘He trusts, I suppose, to their marrying rich men,’ carelessly added the Captain. (Game! I win everything!)

‘ Cecil declined to play any longer. He went up into his own room, and locked himself in, there to review his situation, the aspect of which the recent intelligence had wonderfully altered.’

The first effect of this disagreeable intelligence is to induce him to draw back in his addresses, and he makes Blanche very miserable that day, by leading *Rose* down to dinner, and engaging himself the whole of the time in conversation with her. But it was the very blemish of his character that he could not be long under the steady influence of any one set of motives. He loved too much to be thoroughly prudential, and not enough to root out habits of indolence and luxury. He began to suspect Captain Heath’s attachment to Blanche, and therefore to doubt the veracity of the information he had given him. He was resolved not to be the dupe of the captain’s manoeuvre; he was sincerely touched to see the grief of Blanche; and influenced by this mixture of motives, he rushes into an engagement which, a few hours before, seemed an act of madness. ‘ Can you contrive,’ he says, to Blanche, ‘ to slip away unobserved, and meet me in the shrubbery? I have something of the deepest importance to communicate.’

‘ She trembled, but it was with delight as she whispered, ‘ Yes.’

‘ Her consent enchanted him. He was in a fever of impatience for her to retire. He cursed the lagging time for its slowness; and with a thrill of delight, found himself in the open air, about to hear from Blanche’s own lips that which her eyes had so frequently expressed.

‘ *In a few minutes all this impatience and delight subsided.* He had gained his point. Blanche had consented to meet him; and he had contrived to come to the rendezvous without awakening any suspicion.

Now he began to consider seriously the object of that meeting. He was calm now; and grew calmer the more he pondered.

‘‘What an ass I have been!’’ he thought. ‘What could induce me to forget myself so far! She will come, expecting to hear me declare myself. But I can’t marry her. I can’t offer her beggary in return for her love. If Heath should have told the truth——

‘‘Can I invent something of importance to communicate instead of my love? Let me see. That will look so odd—to make an assignation for any other purpose than *the* one! But she doesn’t come. Can she be hesitating? I wish her fears would get the better.’

‘‘She won’t come. That will release me from ~~the~~ difficulty. It is the best thing that could happen.’’

If Blanche had made her appearance at this moment, the probability is, our author tells us, that Cecil would have made some shuffling excuse or other. But the natural timidity of the young girl made her delay: she kept him waiting half an hour. This piqued him. After coming to the determination that he had acted with consummate folly in making the assignation, he next began to get uneasy at the idea of her not keeping it. He waited for her with impatience; and when she came, at last, ‘his heart leapt as he beheld her.’ The declaration was made, at once, in a mutual embrace.

An elopement follows; and after some other sad vacillations, Cecil marries Blanche. He next, as in due order of things, writes a submissive and deprecatory letter to the father. And here comes in the promised instance of the fatal weakness of Mr. Meredith Vyner, and the detestable skill with which his wife plays upon it—

‘‘So you have had a letter from your son-in-law?’’ she said, as she entered.

‘He handed it to her. She read it slowly. On looking into his face as she returned it to him, *she saw that he had forgiven them.*

‘‘A very clever epistle,’’ she said—‘very clever. And of course you grant the pardon. They know that very well. They were quite sure of that when they ran away, otherwise Cecil would not have been such a fool; but he knew your weakness—knew how easily you were to be managed, and was quite sure that *I* should never oppose him.’

‘Meredith took a pinch of snuff, angrily.

‘‘Shall we have them to live with us? I dare say that is what they expect; and perhaps it would be the best. Or do you intend making them an allowance?’’

‘Meredith Vyner took three pinches, rapidly.

‘Do you know, dear, I think perhaps it would be as well not to relent at once, because it will be such a precedent. Keep them waiting a little. They will be all the more grateful when it does come.’

‘‘And *who* said it was to come at all?’’ asked the indignant Vyner.

‘ ‘I took that for granted.’

‘ ‘Yes, yes, of course, for granted. Everybody seems to take things in my house *for granted*. I’m not to be considered. My wishes are not to be consulted. And yet I believe I am master here ; I may be wrong—but I fancy this house is mine.’

‘ His wife smiled inwardly, as she added, ‘ And your children’s.’

‘ ‘How, my children’s?’ he sharply asked. “ It is none of theirs; it will not even be theirs at my death. Theirs, indeed!’

‘ Mrs. Meredith Vyner knew perfectly well the effect to be produced by her apparently careless phrases, and played upon her husband’s mind with a certainty of touch highly creditable to her skill.

‘ ‘I am surprised, my dear Mary, to hear you talk so. For granted, indeed! No; it shall not be for granted—*it shall not be at all*.’

And he forthwith writes a short and cruel letter in reply, (not forgetting, however, a quotation of Horace,) in which he closes all further correspondence.

We shall not pursue any further the sad history of the newly-married pair. Something we have been able to intimate of the character of Violet and Blanche—the one so high-minded, the other so tender and affectionate. Our last extract should, therefore, in justice, be devoted to the third heroine, Rose. She is, more than any other, the life of the book, by her continual cheerfulness, vivacity, and wit. But she, too, is capable of a moment of strange *weakness*.

The heart of Rose has been won by a certain Julius St. John, who possesses the most admirable qualities of heart and head, but is devoid of personal attractions—nay, is pronounced to be decidedly ugly. This ugliness, of which he is perfectly conscious, makes him very diffident in his advances to the beautiful Rose. She, from time to time, lets fall a gentle hint that the beauty of the mind, of the soul, is the only charm she prizes. Thereupon, at last, he ventures to speak, or rather to write ; and he devises the following expedient, whereby she may silently answer the declaration he has made :—

‘ ‘If your heart tells you that you ^{could} be happy with me—if it tells you that the devotion of my life would make up for all the superior attractions, mental and physical, in which I am deficient—then, as you come down to dinner to-day, bring in your hand the volume of ‘Leopardi,’ and place it on the table. By that token which can have no significance to others, I shall learn that I am not scorned. If your heart does not speak in my favour, the mere omission of this will tell me too plainly, but in the least cruel manner, that I have made a sad mistake.’

So Rose had, at length, brought her diffident lover to the point she wished to bring him ; yet she goes down to dinner,

and does *not* take the volume of Leopardi with her. The author does what he can to explain this sad piece of wilfulness on the part of his favourite Rose, but evidently her good genius had deserted her. When she sees the effect the absence of the volume has upon Julius, she repents—she determines to bring down the Leopardi in the evening. But it is too late. When she enters the drawing-room in the evening, she finds that Julius had left the house; that he had returned home soon after dinner. On the next day, she learns that he had left for London, and, soon after, that he has set forth upon his travels on the Continent.

She was cruelly punished for her piece of needless coquetry. But it was not possible that the author could leave her in affliction. After some time, Julius St. John returns from the Continent. Their first meeting is exceeding cold and constrained, but he soon manifests that his affections are still given to Rose. This time she behaves bravely:—

‘In a few minutes, Rose came down; a volume was in her hand, and it caught the eye of her lover as soon as she appeared. She was very agitated, but shook him by the hand as if nothing particular was about to transpire. She tried to join in the conversation, but could never finish a sentence.

‘Mrs. Vyner left the room shortly afterwards, and then Rose suddenly remembered that papa had bought a new and rare edition of Horace, which she was sure Mr. St. John would like to see.

‘Julius expressed enthusiastic eagerness.

‘Vyner thought he could lay his hand on it in a minute, and trotted away to his study for that purpose.

‘No sooner had he left the room, than Rose, blushing and trembling, said—

‘‘Here is a book—I meant to give it to you—before you left the hall—that night.’

‘She could say no more. He snatched the volume from her hand: it was ‘Leopardi.’ A thrill of rapture ran through his whole being; and in a voice choked with emotion, he said—

‘‘Rose,—dearest Rose,—is this—is this the answer to my—to my letter?’

‘‘It is.’’

We need not say more. To some of our gravest readers, publications of this nature may present views of human life not exactly of their own circle—phases of humanity, which, when pervaded, as in this instance, by a sound moral tendency, even religion should prepare us to study only with more wisdom and profit.

ART. V. (1.) *Mind and Matter.* By J. G. MILLINGEN, M.D.

(2.) *Illustrations of Instinct, deduced from the habits of British Animals.* By JONATHAN COUCH, F.L.S.

(3.) *Observations on Natural History.* By the Rev. LEONARD JENYNS, M.A., F.L.S.

(4.) *On Instinct.* By ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

(5.) *Wild Sports in the Highlands.* By Mr. ST. JOHN.

MIND and Matter—these are two terms full of importance, the one expressive of the inner world of thought and consciousness, the other of all in the universe that is external and cognisable by the senses. Yet though full of importance, and though they have formed the subject of infinite speculation, how little do we know of either! How little do we know of their real essences; or whether indeed they be distinct in their qualities, or only modifications of one principle. Hence in this vague state of our knowledge have arisen various sects, each supporting their peculiar theories or notions on the subject. The idealists, for instance, maintain, that all matter is the product of mind. The realists or materialists again suppose that mind is the product of matter; that thought and all mental manifestations, are produced by certain combinations and actions of organized matter; while a third party maintain that mind and matter are identical, are attributes of one essence, forms of one being, manifestations of one idea. Our common notions of the subject admit the existence both of mind and matter, and in the case of organized beings suppose an intimate and mysterious union of both—that body is animated matter, and mind incorporated spirit. This system has been termed dualism. We are said to apprehend the existence of mind through consciousness, that indescribable something within us, which assures us of existence—the power to will, to act, and to comprehend. We become aware of the existence of matter by means of our sensual perceptions; that is, that something external to us impresses our senses and imparts to the mind certain ideas of existences without us. It is true this knowledge which we are supposed to acquire of externals, may give us no real idea of the essential nature of matter, no more than we can conceive of the nature of spirit from our consciousness and our mental manifestations. We receive our ideas of external things not as they actually exist, but as the senses shape them to the mind, and a very little investigation into these sensations will show us how deceptive, if we may use the expression, these impressions are. Thus, in the case of vision, it depends entirely on the nearness or distance of the object,

whether we are impressed with awe of its magnitude, or wonder at its littleness; a grain of sand and a fixed star, to the uninitiated, might thus be placed on a parallel as to their apparent size, and the same will hold with regard to the other senses. In fact, there is neither colour, nor sound, nor flavour, nor odour, existing *per se* in external objects, these sensations being all the conjoint product of external stimuli acting upon the sensorium. When we begin to inquire minutely into the nature of objects apparently of the most solid, and durable, and impenetrable structure, we are surprised to find to what impalpable and evanescent elements we can trace them. One is startled when informed for the first time, that the hard and resisting granite rock before him is made up of at least a third part of the colourless air of the atmosphere; and the uninitiated would not readily credit that such a rock, by the application of heat, might be entirely converted into as pure and impalpable a vapour as the surrounding air. But we need not go farther for an extreme change in the quality and apparent form of matter, than what takes place in a piece of solid ice converted into high pressure steam. From such considerations as these, there are not wanting some who assume that we have no proof of the existence of matter at all, and look on all our so-called sensual impressions as having no existences but in the mind itself. These are the pure idealists;* but there is another party who admit the existence of something external, some agencies that act on the senses, certain unknown forces, or powers, that exhibit all the phenomena usually assigned to matter.† Now, in our complete ignorance of the essential character of matter, it is of little consequence what we call it by; it is sufficient for us to know that there is something external to the mind, something which impresses our senses, and conveys to us our notions of an external world and surrounding universe. The Protean forms which this something assumes, its infinite combinations, extreme divisibility, and the hidden nature of its ultimate and essential condition, are no logical grounds for denying its existence, and 'matter, as a mere term long in use, is just as good a name to call it by as any other.

If, however, we suppose with the materialist, that matter does exist, under such conditions as is generally taken for granted and allowed, we think it may be made abundantly evident that, according to the materialists' own showing, this matter cannot be the originator or producer of the phenomena manifested in the world of organic life. The common doctrine regarding matter, whether conceived as existing in its simplest atomic form,

* Berkley. Hume.

† Boscovitch, Hutton, &c.

or as combined in masses, is that of a substance having extension in length, breadth, and thickness, but inert and incapable of originating any action of itself, unless impelled by forces independent of it. Acting continually under the influence of these forces, it is said to obey certain laws, and whether, in immense masses, it rolls in certain well-defined orbits around suns as centres, or whether it is seen making the no less wonderful and complex circuit of individual organised existences, living upon the surface of such masses, it is still only plastic and obedient matter moulded by an active and intelligent principle. On the generally established idea of the nature of matter we cannot conceive it acting of itself. It may appear to repel and attract; to combine and separate; to move with incalculable velocity, or remain at rest, but still it is nothing more than the mere medium of active agencies. Nor is it of consequence in the argument whether these agencies be general, as the so-called laws of attraction, expansion, chemical action, and all those which appear to regulate inorganic matter, or the more singular and special agencies of organic life which preside over the development and existence of plants and animals. If we cannot conceive these material atoms acting of themselves in the inorganic world, still less can we suppose them, in any aggregate form of organism which they might be made to assume, producing of themselves the phenomena of life—living action and thought. However startling, then, it might be to our common-sense convictions, there might be less logical inconsistency in pushing our convictions to the extreme point that nothing existed but mind or spirit, than to affirm with the materialists that matter constituted mind. But there are in fact no grounds for assuming either extreme. The extent of our knowledge leads us not into the essential nature either of mind or matter; neither is this a point to which the human intellect seems capable ever of leading us. We must in this, as in other departments of science, pause at a limit beyond which we cannot go. All that remains for us is the investigation of phenomena, as far as cognisable by the intellect; and the assumption of the terms mind and matter, as the exponents of two distinct sets of phenomena, need not tend to prejudice anything regarding their actual nature.

Whatever may be the essence of material nature, its final purpose and use appears to be—a medium to communicate impressions from the Great Author of Nature to his creatures. The world and the physical universe is, as it were, a magnificent picture, held up and rendered cognisable by us through the medium of our bodily senses, by which means the mind is informed and trained. It is, in fact, a great model school for

tutoring the infant intellect. Our minds, 'formed after the image of the Deity,' are thus, by means of their corporeal organs, adapted to meet him as it were half way, and so become imbued with the elementary principles and conditions of existence, by reading and experiencing them in the physical creation around. Nothing can show this more beautifully than the exact relation which the organs of sense in their scope and number bear to the general qualities of bodies. Thus, form, colour, elasticity, odour, flavour, qualities and properties common to material bodies, correspond to the respective functions of the five senses; and it will be found, that in order to form a complete estimate of the properties of any given object, all these five senses are requisite to complete the investigation. But it is said our senses continually deceive us. Be it so. Though they do not reveal to us the essential nature of matter, the impressions conveyed are always what were designed and intended; to us, relatively, they are indeed truths and realities. It is of little consequence to us, in our present condition, to know what matter essentially is; it is sufficient to know that its infinite combinations and forms are the manifestations of the Great Mind that wields it. On gazing on a lovely landscape, what is it to us though a scientific examination can detect in its composition only carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, and a few other elements, and that its colour and form exist only in our own mind? Does not the artist please and instruct us much in the same fashion? A few coloured powders mixed up with a little oil, the gross and inert matter, without form or beauty, become on the canvass, when vivified by his will and intellect, a new creation of waving trees, green meadows, and running waters; or it may be, a group of beings apparently animated, and raising in the spectator the most pleasing or the most agonizing sympathies. Does not the author, with his pen dipped in a little black ink, do the same? conveying to our minds pictures of actions long ago performed, or awakening emotions of tenderness and pity, arousing us to patriotism, or informing our intellect with the phenomena of science. Or it may be the poet creates his wondrous epic. Such a little world of character and incident as Homer has transmitted to us from the earliest period, and which ever remains fresh and life-like, while many similar scenes of actual life have passed away and are forgotten.

Hitherto, we believe, speculations on mind and matter have been kept too much apart. The pure metaphysicians have narrowed their subject by *à priori* dogmas on the constitution of the human mind, and have neglected the light which physiological discoveries are calculated to throw upon psychical phenomena. The investigation of psychical manifestations in the descending

scale of animal existence—a subject also too much neglected, and hitherto left almost entirely in the hands of anecdote-mongers,—might, if pursued in a philosophical spirit, be found a means of illustrating and enlarging our knowledge of the human mind. And thus a *comparative psychology* might do for this department of science what comparative anatomy has done for the physiology of life.

We have been disappointed on perusing the work placed at the head of this article. Its imposing title led us to expect more than we have found in its pages. We have also been disappointed in the preliminary and philosophical part of Mr. Couch's otherwise interesting volume. The short pamphlet on instinct by the Archbishop of Dublin, leads us to regret that he did not follow out the subject more in detail with his usual acumen.

The other two works, especially the very interesting volume of Mr. St. John, contain that sort of materials of which we cannot have too much—authentic and unbiassed statements of the habits and instincts of the lower animals taken fresh from nature.

In the following pages we have endeavoured to clear the way a little, in the consideration of the psychical manifestations of the chain of living being subordinate to that of man; to trace the emotional and instinctive faculties from their first dawnings in the lowest tribes, up to the same faculties as they exist in the higher animals and in man—and to point out wherein the psychical endowments of the lower animals coincide with similar endowments of man, as also where they appear to differ, and at last fall short of the constitution of the human intellect. We shall find that this general similarity of design in the constitution of the lower animals so much akin to man's nature in some respects, yet differing so widely in others, constitutes one of the strongest excitements to the study of zoology; while the beauty of form, the varied motions, and the enlivening sounds of the innumerable creatures that swarm on earth and in the air, have, in all ages, irresistibly claimed the attentions of the most ordinary observer.

How curious to the inquiring mind—how exciting to the sympathies, are those innumerable swarms, happy in the enjoyment of living existence.

‘Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenished, and all these at thy command,
To come and play before thee? Knowest thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly. With these
Find pastime.’

MILTON.

Speculations on animal psychology, or what is commonly included in the term, instinct, though numerous, have not hitherto

been very precise or systematic. We have abundance of anecdotes and observations it is true, some of a very equivocal and loose kind, while many that are highly interesting and instructive are given without much attention to systematic arrangement. Indeed, the chief object of writers on animal instinct appears to have been a desire to define the nature and cause of this faculty, and this more in a dogmatic manner, than by a patient induction from facts. Hence have arisen the various theories of instinct, a few of the most prominent of which may be here enumerated.

Some have supposed the animal to be a mere machine or automaton, continually actuated by the direct impulse of the Creator,* or, according to others, by his intermediate and delegated agents.†

Others look upon instinct as a peculiar faculty, *sui generis*, an innate propensity independent of experience, tuition, or external agencies.

While a third party suppose that all instinctive actions are the result of an intelligence similar in kind to human reason.‡

Now it appears, to us that the term instinct, which is used to comprehend the whole train of animal manifestations, is an unfortunate one, and that the great error hitherto, in speculations on this subject, has arisen from narrowing and circumscribing the animal faculties, and in endeavouring to range under one class a variety of phenomena which are widely different.

This may be exemplified by a glance at the principal animal functions. In all animals, from the highest to the lowest in the scale of being, we find an apparatus of life, more or less complicated, and a series of vital actions going on, slowly and silently, but of which operations the animal itself is entirely unconscious. Of this nature are the processes of digestion, circulation, and assimilation, which proceed in an uninterrupted course, independent of the will, and without any effort on the part of the individual. Now, if we were to suppose a being of another nature, to whom an animal structure was new and unknown, to look upon all these curious performances and nice adjustments, would he not be inclined to attribute them to the directing will of the animal? Suppose that the object contemplated had just suffered a fracture of one of the bones. This would appear at first sight an irreparable accident to such a beholder. But in a short time, when he saw the vessels around the broken bone assume a new activity, some pouring out lymph, others commencing the formation of new

* Descartes, Hartly, Mason Good. Lord Brougham seems inclined to favour this opinion in his "Dialogues on Instinct."

† Hutchison, Kirby, Hancock.

‡ Pythagoras, Plato, Helvetius, Condillac, Smellie, Darwin, Hume.

arteries and veins, to join together and make up the lacerated ones; and others, again, carrying the earthy substance of bone which had been suitably prepared in the assimilating vessels, to the dis severed edges of the fractured bone, and in process of time accurately cementing the two ends together, so as to render it as firm and useful as before;—seeing all this, would he not be inclined to suppose that the whole was performed under the deliberate guidance of an intelligent mind? And yet how fallacious would be his conclusion; for all the while the patient was unconscious of any such complicated operations going on, and knew not, perhaps, that he had either arteries, or veins, or a digestive and assimilative apparatus within him.

Now, the similarity between the simple instinctive actions of animals and their ordinary organic functions is so great as to lead us to suppose that both sets of operations are arranged upon similar plans, though these may not be identical, and that both are carried on without the forethought or the consciousness of the animal. Thus the young bee, on the day that it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey and form wax, and build up its hexagonal cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kinds, and many species, at certain seasons, excited by some internal impulse, take their migratory flight to other countries. The insect, which never experienced a parent's care or a mother's example, labours assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring which it, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toil all summer, and lay up stores for winter, without ever having experienced the severity of such a season, or being in any sensible way aware of its approach. We know that such actions are the result of involuntary and unreflective impulses, because we often find them performed in vain. Sir Joseph Banks had a tame beaver which was allowed to range at liberty in a ditch about his grounds, and was at all seasons liberally supplied with food. One day about the end of autumn, it was discovered in the ditch, very busily engaged in attempting to construct a dam after the manner of its companions in a state of nature. This was evidently the blind impulse of its instinctive feelings, for a moment's exercise of the lowest degree of reflection must have shown it that such labour, under the circumstances in which it was placed, was altogether superfluous.*

A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tame and reconciled to its food. At the period of its natural migra-

* Professor Pictet's Travels in Great Britain.

tion, it became exceedingly restless and sleepless; it beat its head against the cage in many vain efforts to escape, and on examination its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature. A bee, which can fly homewards, one or two miles, in a straight line to its hive, with extreme accuracy, if it happens to enter an open window in a room, will exhaust all its efforts in attempting to get out at the opposite window which is closed down, but never pauses to think of retracing its flight a little way backwards, so as to fly out at the opening at which it had entered. We often observe a dog, when going to sleep on the floor, turn himself several times round before he lies down, and this is just one of the lingering instincts which he has retained; while in his wild state, he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes. An acute observer of animal habits* has remarked, that a jackdaw, which, for want of its usual place of abode, had for its nest made choice of a rabbit hole, was often sorely perplexed in what way to get the long sticks of which its nest was to be formed, drawn within the narrow entrance. Again and again did it attempt to pull in the piece of stick, while it held it in the middle in its bill, and it was only after a series of vain efforts that, by mere chance, it at last accomplished its object, by happening to seize it near one end instead of the centre. In this case it appeared to the observer, that the building instincts of this bird were complete and perfect within a certain range, but without the limits of this circle it had no deliberative foresight to guide its actions.

Such examples as these, and they might be greatly multiplied, sufficiently illustrate the nature of what may strictly be called the instincts or innate faculties of animals. In their nature, as well as in their uses, they seem to be, as it were, an extension of the vital actions† subservient to the physical life of the individual, and to the propagation of the species. In the case of the inner or vital actions, certain relations appear to be established between the organic structure and the various substances, as food, air, &c., which are the stimuli of life. A similar relation appears to be established in the instinctive circle, embracing, however, a wider range and comprehending the influence of the senses.

But we also observe in animals other manifestations of a higher order, such as a faculty of deliberation; a power of choosing and rejecting; memory, and an aptitude of profiting by experience; and, to a certain extent, a forethought capable of employing means to particular ends. These endowments, however, though varied to suit the wants of different species and families, are yet all confined within a certain circumscribed and unvarying sphere.

* Waterton's Essays on Natural History, Second Series.

† Virey on Instinct.

Within a certain circle of relations, an animal's perceptions and powers of action are complete, and, perhaps, more perfect than those of man; but beyond the limits of this circle all is blank; hence, we find animals exhibiting a wonderful sagacity in some actions, while their stupidity in others is equally apparent. But before entering into an examination of these higher endowments of animals, to which we consider the term instinct has been improperly applied, it may not be uninteresting to take a brief survey of the psychical manifestations which are observable in the various grades of animal existence.

The ordinary phenomena of instinct, as existing coeval with the animal's birth, and exercised by it as a matter of course, just as its heart beats and its lungs inspire air, were never perhaps more picturesquely and accurately described than in the well-known experiment of Galen. Dissecting some goats great with young, and finding a brisk embryo in one of them, he loosed it from the matrix,

'And snatching it away,' he writes, 'before it saw its dam, I brought it into a certain room, having many vessels full—some of wine, some of oil, some of honey, some of milk or some other liquor, and others—not a few—filled with all sorts of grain, as also, with several fruits, and there laid it. This embryo we saw, first of all, getting up on its feet, and walking as if it had heard that its legs were given to it for that purpose; next, shaking and cleansing its surface, and, moreover, scratching its side with one of its feet. Then we saw it smelling to every one of these things that were set in the room, and when it had smelt to them all, it supped up the milk; whereupon we all for admiration cried out, seeing clearly the truth of what Hippocrates saith,—that the natures and actions of animals are not taught, but of instinct. Hereupon I nourished and reared this kid, and observed it afterwards not only to eat milk, but some other things that stood by it; and the time when this kid was taken out of the womb being about the vernal equinox, after some two months we brought unto it the tender sprouts of shrubs and plants; and it again smelling to all of them instantly, refused some, but was pleased to taste others; and after it had tasted, began to eat of such as are the usual food of goats. Perchance,' adds the narrator, 'this may seem a small thing, but what I shall now relate is great. For, eating the leaves and tender sprouts, it swallowed them down, and then a while after that it began to chew the cud, which all that saw cried out again with admiration, being astonished at the instincts and natural faculties of animals. For it was a great thing that when the creature was hungry, it should take in the food by the mouth, and chew it with its teeth; but that it should bring up again into the mouth that which it had swallowed down into its first stomach, and chewing it there a long time, it should grind and smooth it—afterwards swallow it again, not into the same stomach, but into another, seemed to us wonderful indeed.'—*Translated by Ray.*

Here we have the usual definition of the instinctive faculty² put into admirable action. Thus, by instinct is understood that innate impulse by which animals perform all those operations necessary for their limited sphere of existence in the fittest and most direct manner, without instruction, experience, or forethought, and which is perfect from the first, and cannot, beyond a very limited degree, be improved in the individual, while it admits of no progressive extension in the species. This latter part of the definition requires, however, some qualification; for, according to the experiments of Mr. Young, on setter dogs,* he found that certain acquired habits in the parents, or perhaps what would be a more correct statement, certain native instincts highly brought out by long training, could be transmitted to the offspring—so that the young of such dogs were found to be expert setters without any training whatever. This purely instinctive faculty is exercised by animals in all that regards their physical existence—in their feeding habits, nest-building, migrations, and rearing of their progeny. All classes of animals possess instinctive faculties in a greater or less degree, from the simple polype, that spreads out its arms to entangle its minute prey floating around it in the water, to the mammalian young, which seizes with its mouth the nipple of its mother. So that thus the first efforts of the child to feed itself are of a strictly instinctive nature. Among some of the lower divisions of the animal kingdom we find the instinctive endowments very simple, corresponding to their simple organic structure, such as the zoophytes, and even the more complicated molluscous tribes. In the class of insects and birds, we find, however, the instinctive faculties numerous and highly developed—hence their curious nest-building propensities, their metamorphoses, and migrations. In the higher classes of animals, again, where, as we shall afterwards find, a deliberative faculty appears to prevail, the extent of the purely instinctive endowments is much less than in birds or insects. And in man the primary instincts are still more circumscribed.

The lower animals are susceptible of emotions and passions similar to those of man. In both they seem strictly innate or instinctive. No man can create or obliterate one single passion or emotion, though he can control and regulate them. In animals, some one or more of the passions are implanted in particular species, corresponding to the requirements of their habits and modes of life. Thus, we would in vain look for the ferocity of a carnivorous animal in the gentle grass-feeding deer or sheep. Yet, notwithstanding this arrangement, we find pecu-

* Philosoph. Transact.

liarities and extremes of disposition among individuals of the same species, just as we find different tempers among mankind.* A surly dog or a good-natured one, is of familiar occurrence. We often meet with a vicious horse, that no kindness will subdue, or one who is pleased and sullen by fits, and even a revengeful one. We can discriminate such, even by their features and expression: the snarling upper lip of the dog, showing his teeth, or the hanging under lip of the horse, the overhanging eyebrow, the hollow eye, the unsteady ear, are all well known signs to be avoided. Cowper's description of the different tempers of his three hares is familiar to every one. One became tame after a while of gentle treatment, another would never tame at all, while the third was gentle and confident from the very first.

But the individual passions and emotions may all be separately traced in animals, and are in many instances very remarkably indicated. The feeling of attachment is almost universal. Thus, horses that have been accustomed to feed in company, lose their appetite and fall off in flesh, when confined in a solitary stable. The separation of two long and fondly attached animals has even caused death. Not only does this attachment take place between individuals of the same species, but we sometimes find strange bonds of friendship cemented between animals of very incongruous habits. The devotion of dogs to their master is proverbial, and many touching stories are on record of this devotion being continued to the dead corpse, or even to the grave of the departed. The emotions of joy and grief are very apparent in animals, perhaps merely physical states in many, but in dogs evidently a mental affection arising from obvious causes. Hope or expectation is manifested in the pointer, which eagerly watches the preparations of his master for the field, and evidently anticipates the pleasure of the coming sport. Horses, too, especially hunters and war-horses, show by their gestures an anticipation of the pleasures of the field, or of the parade. Fear is indicated as unequivocally by many animals. Besides the universal dread of their particular enemies, they show a fear of strange objects, and of punishment. They also show surprise and wonder at the sight of unexpected or unaccustomed objects. Dogs can be frightened just like credulous and unthinking children. Immediately after caressing a dog in your usual attitude, if you turn your coat tails over your head, as boys frequently do, the same dog will instantly take the alarm, and run away. Cows are also readily frightened and rendered

* They who suppose that animals have not their differences of dispositions as well as man, know very little of animal life.—SOUTHEY.

restive with any unusual change of dress in those who milk them. Both these circumstances afford a good illustration of the limited range of the endowments of even the most sagacious animals. Anger, in all its grades, is abundantly manifested by the lower animals. It seems to be an endowment given for their self-defence, and is to be distinguished from a naturally good or bad disposition of the individual. Jealousy is a passion by no means unfrequent, and is manifested among pet animals, when one is taken notice of to the exclusion of the others.

Revenge is not unknown to the breasts of the inferior creation. We shall not here instance the well-known, though apocryphal story of the elephant in Bagdad, which, in revenge for a prick on his proboscis from the needle of a tailor, went and filled his trunk with muddy water, which he squirted over his assailant and his fine work; but we shall give a less equivocal one, which we are assured happened nearer home:—‘The shepherd of Mr. Cameron Scorebreck, Isle of Skye, had two bitches that had pups at the same time. The mothers were on the best of terms, and alternately suckled the young puppies of both litters in the absence of either mother. After a time the puppies of one of the litters were drowned, as being useless. The mother on returning and perceiving her dead puppies, appeared to be in great distress: she took them up in her mouth one by one, and carried them beside the fire; but when she found that they were really dead, she went and broke the necks of the other bitch’s puppies, as if in revenge for the loss of her own.’* Pity or sympathy is not unknown to animals, although in many instances, as we shall afterwards more particularly notice, they look on the death or physical sufferings of their fellows with unconcern. When sea-gulls or crows are shot dead, the rest of the flock linger around, and seem to wail over the loss of their companions. They do this even to the neglect of their own preservation; and thus many of the same flock may be shot in succession. Ants are said, by Kirby and by Huber, to show commiseration for their fellows wounded in their frequent battles. Pride, vanity, and love of approbation are very strongly developed in some animals. The peacock affords a notable example of vanity in displaying its gaudy plumage, and the turkey-cock struts about puffing and swelling his blue gills for hours together, evidently actuated by self-esteem. Birds seem peculiarly alive to external show. The Satin and Spotted Bower birds of New Holland, as described by Gould,† delight in collecting all sorts of gay and glittering ornaments, with which they decorate their bowers, and which can be for no manner of use but show,

* Witness Newspaper, Feb. 1843.

† The Birds of New Holland.

just as an old lady in this country collects china and shells and crystals for her drawing-room.

Most animals are fond of being caressed, and a dog evidently shows a feeling of shame, or a consciousness of having committed a fault, when he comes to be reproved. Cunning and deceit are by no means uncommon practices among animals. To many, such resources are essential for their preservation from their enemies. The fox is proverbial for his cunning resources; but with him these are so varied, and so often contrived for the particular circumstances of the case, that we cannot suppose them to be merely instances of simple instinct, but to be the result of deliberation. All must have observed how beetles and other insects, when arrested in their course, suddenly coil their bodies up and counterfeit death. In this state they will remain immovable till the danger appears over, when they will rise and scamper off, thinking, no doubt, or rather putting into action the thought of the poet—

‘That he who feigns and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
While he who is in battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again.’

Some animals even assume a masquerade dress to conceal themselves. A small crustacean (*macropodia phalangium*) found on our sea-shores, thus curiously sticks all over its body and limbs the small fronds of a fucus, so that, to the most inquisitive eye, it can scarcely be distinguished from a sea-weed.

Many species of animals associate together, and live in communities. Here, too, we find a series of no less curious adaptations than those necessary for individual life. The communities of bees, of ants, of beavers, and many others, where each individual contributes his powers for the common good, are well-known examples of such sociable instincts. We know of no Lycurgus who has treated of the polity of animals, and yet they exhibit, on a most perfect and harmoniously arranged scale, many of the models of human governments. The community of bees is an example of a pure monarchy, unrestrained by any checks on power, yet never deviating into despotism on the one hand, or anarchy on the other. Some years ago, while our gracious Queen was making a royal progress through her northern dominions, we witnessed a no less interesting sight, of the progress of a queen-bee, in the glass hive of an ingenious friend, and lover of nature, at his country retreat. The hive was of that construction which opened from behind, and showed the whole economy within. In a few minutes the queen made her appearance from the lower part of the hive. Her elongated

body and tapering abdomen at once distinguished her. She moved along slowly, now and then pausing to deposit an egg in one of the empty combs; and it was most interesting to perceive how she was constantly accompanied by nearly a dozen of bees that formed a circle around her, with their heads invariably turned towards her. This guard was relieved at frequent intervals, so that as she walked forward, a new group immediately took the place of the old, and these having returned again, resumed the labours in which they had been previously engaged. Her approach always seemed to give pleasure, which was indicated by a quivering movement of the wings. The labourers, in whatever way occupied, immediately forsook their work, and came to pay homage to their queen, by forming a guard around her person. Every other part of the hive, meanwhile, presented a busy scene. Many bees were seen moving their bodies with a tremulous motion, by which thin and minute films of wax were shaken from their scaly sides. Others were ready to take up this wax and knead it into matter proper for constructing cells. Frequent arrivals of bees from the field brought pollen on their thighs for the young grubs, and honey, which they deposited in the cells. All was activity, order, and peaceful industry. None were idle but the drones, who seemed to stroll about like gentlemen.

‘So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.’

HENRY V.

Who that has witnessed the dismay and confusion of a hive when the queen bee was missing, but must think of the similar feelings of a community of loyal men on the loss of their sovereign, or of an army of soldiers when deprived of their leader. The community of ants is of a republican character, but not an un-mixed democracy, for they are divided into castes. There are soldier ants and common workers. And alas! for animal morals, we must allow that there are slaves—yes, black ants or slaves taken in war and compelled to do all the drudgery! The association of beavers is of a more equable and milder cast. They seem to be all on an equality, for we are not aware that there is even a president of this republic. Each one performs his duty and keeps his time, just as the separate teeth of the revolving wheels of a machine meet and turn into each other in their appointed order.

Like men, animals evidently entertain a feeling of respect for superior endowments, either of prowess or discernment. They look up to a leader, and follow and obey him. The strongest

and swiftest wild horse leads the troop—the largest male buffaloes are always in the van when danger is to be apprehended; and it has been observed in mountain pastures, where there are large flocks of sheep, that on the approach of any foe, the whole of these timid animals form into a compact phalanx, where the females and young take the centre, and the rams with their formidable horns guard the front. Among migrating birds the strongest always lead; and it is a remarkable fact, that the first arrivals of such birds very generally consist of males only. Every one must have observed the soldier-like marshalling of a flock of wild swans or geese as they pursue their flight far up in the blue twilight sky, in two unequal lines meeting in an angle, where one leader for a time takes the van, and then falling back into the rear, is succeeded by another. Many animals associate together for the purpose of more effectually hunting down their prey. Such are packs of wolves, jackalls, dogs. These animals, when pursuing very swift-footed prey, disperse themselves into troops or divisions. One division gives full chase, while another slowly comes up in the rear, and is ready to run on when the strength of their fellows is exhausted. Two or three divisions in this way take their turn till their victims are run down. Among flocks of herbivorous animals, a sentinel is always placed on either flank, to give notice of danger. This is a very curious arrangement, in use among most animals that congregate together. The notice of danger is communicated in various ways—a loud snorting noise is uttered by the horse—various shrill quick notes and screams are made use of by birds—the rabbit, which is a mute animal, thumps violently two or three times on the ground with its hind legs. It would be interesting to ascertain what are the qualifications of such sentinels—in what routine they take up their position, whether they are made choice of promiscuously out of the common mass, or selected from some peculiar adaptation in them for the post. In a matter of such importance to the community, it might seem not improbable but that the choice devolved on some leader of superior merit—yet we are inclined to think that no choice is made at all, but that the appropriate individual at once assumes the post for which he is suited, prompted by his innate predisposition thereto. In short, the arrangement in the great majority of cases must be a simple instinctive impulse; for the deliberative assumption of such an onerous and fatiguing duty would imply a degree of moral restraint and consideration which we have no grounds for believing to exist among the inferior animals. In a wagon train of three horses deep we may often see an illustration of this spontaneous and self-imposed watchfulness. As they proceed

along, whenever danger is to be apprehended, the ears of the front horses will be found turned forwards, those of the hind pair, on the contrary, are turned backwards, while those of the middle horses remain in their usual position of careless security.* Many animals seem to congregate together purely for the sake of sociality. Thus we find clouds of winged insects sporting together in intricate mazes in the evening sunset. Birds even of different species feed together in flocks. Sea-gulls fly far inland to feed together in our newly-ploughed fields. Crows both fly out in companies and return in the same social bands at twilight. And certain rocks and precipitous islands rising up in the ocean form the peculiar habitats of several species of aquatic fowl.

‘ Nor wanting here to entertain the thought,
Creatures that in communities exist,
Less as might seem for general guardianship
Than by participation of delight
And a strict love of fellowship combined.
What other spirit can it be that prompts
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?
More obviously the self-same influence rules
The feathered kinds, the fieldfare’s pensive flock,
The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from afar,
Hovering above their inland solitudes,
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call
Up though the trenches of the long drawn vales
Their voyage was begun. Nor is its power

* Mr. St. John, an accurate observer, has the following remarks:—‘When a flock of geese has fixed on a field of new-sown grain to feed on, before alighting they make numerous circular flights round and round it, and the least suspicious object prevents their pitching. Supposing that all is right and they do alight, the whole flock for the space of a minute or two remains motionless, with erect head and neck reconnoitring the country round. They then, at a given signal from one of the largest birds, disperse into open order, and commence feeding in a tolerably regular line. They now appear to have made up their minds that all is safe, and are contented with leaving one sentry, who either stands on some elevated part of the field, or walks slowly with the rest—never, however, venturing to pick up a single grain of corn, his whole energies being employed in watching. When the sentry thinks that he has performed a fair share of duty, he gives the nearest bird to him a sharp peck. I have seen them sometimes pull out a handful of feathers if the first hint is not immediately attended to, at the same time uttering a querulous kind of cry. This bird then takes up the watch with neck perfectly upright, and in due time makes some other bird relieve guard. On the least appearance of an enemy the sentinel gives an alarm, and the whole flock invariably run up to him, and for a moment or two stand still in a crowd, and then take flight—at first in a confused mass, but this is soon changed into a beautiful wedge-like rank, which they keep till about to alight again.’ Of a flock of swans feeding in a lake, he on another occasion says, ‘I observed that frequently all their heads were under the water at once, excepting one—but invariably one bird kept his head and neck perfectly erect, and carefully watched on every side to prevent their being taken by surprise. When he wanted to feed, he touched any passer by, who immediately relieved him in his guard, and he in his turn called on some other swan to take his place as sentinel.’—*Wild Sports in the Highlands.*

Unfelt among the sedentary fowl,
 That seek yon pool and there prolong their stay
 In silent congress, or together roused
 Take flight, while with their clang the air resounds.'

WORDSWORTH.

A flock of animals is actuated by one unanimous impulse. Birds rise together from the ground, wheel in simultaneous phalanx in the air, and alight again all at the same time, like a band of well-trained soldiers moved by one governing voice. Flocks of quadrupeds do the same. Where one sheep leaps, all follow; where one pauses and hesitates, all make a full stop. There is no individuality of purpose or of action. A crowd of human beings act in the same way if they allow the first suggestion of blind impulse to sway them; but how differently do reflecting men act, where each has an individual opinion, judgment, taste, and feeling!

Animals have undoubtedly the means of communicating with each other by sounds and natural signs, so as to express that limited range of desires and emotions with which their natures are endowed. 'Does the hen-mother,' says Sir H. Davy, 'see the shadow of a kite on the ground, or hear his scream in the air, she immediately utters a shrill suppressed cry.*' The chickens, though produced from the egg that day, and searching around her with glee and animation for the food which her feet were providing for them, instantly appear as if thunder-struck—those close to her crouch down and hide themselves in the straw, those further off, without moving from the place, remain prostrate; the hen looks upwards with a watchful eye—nor do they resume their feeding till called again by the chuck of their mother, and warned that the danger is over. Here we have two distinct sounds, 'a shrill suppressed cry,' and a familiar 'chuck,' each of which answers all the purpose of the best constructed language expressive of so many ideas; and yet in this case, it is evident that it could not have been taught or communicated according to our ideas of rational instruction. The impulsive relation between the cry and the subsequent muscular actions was innate, and it was so even in regard to the mother, for we have frequently witnessed the same interesting scene where a pigeon or other harmless bird flying over head was the cause of the alarm, and not a hawk. Thus showing, as in many other instances, that instinctive promptings are not infallible, but are liable to the contingencies of errors in sensations and perceptions which we know to take place with rational beings. Birds have various call notes. The chuck, or short tick, which many employ to call together their young—the whirr of the

* Koe-ut-Koet, is the sound uttered by the hen-turkey.

partridge to rally her numerous brood scattered among the long grass, as well as the more liquid *whit* of the quail—the solitary call note of female birds—the melodious songs of the males,—are all well known and readily distinguishable. The early crowing of the domestic cock seems to be intended to rouse his community from their slumbers to go forth to their feeding ground. Perhaps it is not unfrequently used also as a challenge to his rivals in neighbouring flocks. The same shrill clarion is also heard to sound whenever the sun peeps out from the last lingering mass of the heavy rain cloud—a summons for the flock of domestic poultry which had run under cover during the shower, to come forth again to the open and sunny fields. With what a watchful activity does this patriarch mount up to the highest pinnacle which he can find, and with what a sage and unerring eye does he scan the heavens before he makes this glad announcement, so cheering to his train, and to all the villagers around! The bleat of the ewe, and the responsive call of the absent lamb, the lowings of cattle, the neighing of horses, are all sounds indicative of their feelings, their wants, or their enjoyments. Most of these sounds are simple, and incapable of being much varied; they are, in general, not produced by the tongue or lips, or corresponding organs, but are generated in the throat, or the back part of the palate, and in the windpipe, and thus differ materially from the articulate language of man. Dogs, besides their own instinctive language, evidently come by habit to understand certain spoken words. Every dog starts up when his own name is mentioned, even in the most cursory manner. Shepherds have only to give a few plain directions in words, without even gestures, and their dogs accurately obey.* Dogs that have been trained to pull the bell-rope and other little offices, will do so simply by directing them in words. Though they have no powers of articulation superior to other animals, yet they will express their emotions by whining, howling, or

* We quote the following from Mr. St. John:—‘A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me, in the middle of a sentence concerning something else—‘I’m thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes.’ Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and leaping through the open window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the byre where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his look out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation, that we could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, and as if determined not to be made a fool of again.’

cheerfully barking, in a manner and with an expression not to be misunderstood. The orang-outang, with apparently all the organs of speech well developed, yet can utter nothing beyond a scream or a chatter. The nearest approach to language is among birds. The raven, the jackdaw, the magpie, and parrots, can imitate a few words with surprising similitude. They seem also to have a degree of intelligence approaching even to that of the dog and the elephant, yet we believe that the greater part of the accounts which we have of their sayings and doings are misconceptions of the too credulous narrators.

Besides these sounds, animals have the means of communicating with each other by certain natural signs and expressions of the features. We often see two strange dogs come up to each other on a road, the one eyeing the other's motions and gestures with the utmost eagerness. If the snarl of ill-nature, or the fierce eye, be perceptible in either, then an attitude of warfare is instantly assumed. If, on the contrary, a mild expression be exhibited, then the most friendly intercourse ensues, and after a few preliminary communications both walk off together, or they mutually separate. The same occurs in horses, cattle, birds, and many insects. Some animals of different species have a rooted aversion to the presence of each other, and this is remarkably strong in species that are nearly allied. The horse hates the ass with a repugnant hatred—the orang-outang shows a contempt and loathing of monkeys. The curve of the back, and the raising of the hair like bristles—a peculiar motion of the tail, and the position and movements of the external ear—the rustling and erection of the feathers of birds, and the flapping of the wings—are all indicative of passions and emotions. Often there is a flushing of the vessels of the head and eyes, and a blue suffusion of blood occurs in the crest of the turkey and domestic cock, while some animals when excited emit peculiar odours.

Weeping and laughter are said to be exclusively human expressions for their respective emotions. That dogs, monkeys, and some other animals, by their whinings express grief or disappointment is very evident, though it is doubtful whether they shed tears. That animals experience the emotion of grief or wounded affection from loss of companions, has, as already stated, been abundantly confirmed by experience. Many animals, too, express a joyous feeling by chattering and antic gambols; they also play tricks and enjoy the sport, but true laughter, arising from associations of the ludicrous, is peculiar to man.

That animals are affected by musical sounds, and even have a

taste for melody, is also well ascertained. Many birds delight to spend the spring days of their loves in perpetual songs. Many song-birds can be readily taught melodious airs, and the American mocking-bird imitates every strain it hears. Dogs, though they do not in general show a musical taste, are yet powerfully agitated by certain low notes frequently sounded. On these occasions they howl with prolonged vehemence. The cows of Switzerland are said to be driven to and from their mountain pastures with greater facility, if certain well known airs be chanted. The common seal is said to be attracted by musical strains. How such a taste should be possessed by an animal in its natural state, accustomed only to the monotonous roar of the ocean, it is not easy to conceive. It is certain that the horse is very susceptible of impressions from musical sounds. War-horses that have been accustomed to martial music never forget it, so that, when afterwards degraded to more menial labours, they have been known, at the sound of the trumpet, to start up from the depression of age and of toil, and to exhibit something of the spirit of their pristine vigour.

The effects of music are often very conspicuous in idiotic persons, where in some cases there are no greater manifestations of rational powers than in many brutes. In a person of this description we have observed the marked distinction which grave or gay tones produced on his system. On slow and solemn music being performed, he would bend his quivering body backwards and forwards, and listen to the strains with a silent ardour. When quick notes succeeded, he screamed, and got into an ecstasy of delight.

These, then, are the psychical phenomena which we would be disposed to class under the denomination of instincts or innate propensities. They are more or less common to all animals, and are shared also to a certain extent by man. Of the real nature or ultimate cause of the instinctive impulse, we are, of course, as profoundly ignorant as we are of the cause of mental phenomena. All that we can pretend to discriminate is its mode of action, and wherein it agrees or differs with the rational and premeditated acts of man. But even with regard to this, our means of information are extremely limited.

That the instinctive actions of animals cannot be the result of experience, or of imitation, or training, we think must appear evident from the illustrations already given. The fact of these actions being perfect at birth is sufficient to refute this theory. It no doubt has been maintained that the experience of animals commences even before birth, and the instance of the foetus sucking in the uterus has been so stated,* but this can be no

* Darwin's Zoonomia.

proof of such a theory; for, granting this fact to be true, the fœtus must commence to suck at some definite period, and this, too, without the aid of example or precept. The other theory, that the instinct of animals is the Divine energy directly and continually exerted, is liable to this obvious objection; that instinctive action is not invariably correct and perfect, but that it is liable to all those contingencies which we see take place occasionally among all the relative and reciprocal actions of living beings. Thus many instances are continually occurring where instinctive actions are exercised in vain, or under circumstances where they are of no use to the animal; in some cases, the instinctive impulse is at fault, as when certain insects deposit their eggs in a species of fungus, mistaking it for a piece of putrid flesh.

We may conceive an animal, then, to be an organism curiously constructed to work out a certain preconceived idea of the designer. All that we are enabled to conceive of the animal sensorium is, that it has been constituted with a series of tendencies and impulses corresponding to the particular sphere of the animal's actions and habits. External influences, acting chiefly, though perhaps not entirely, through the medium of the senses, serve as stimuli to this sensorium, and excite the animal organs to the performance of the corresponding specific actions; that all this is accomplished independently of any effort of willingness or of consciousness on the part of the animal, is presumed from many analogous actions recognised in the human system, and now pretty satisfactorily explained by the phenomena of the reflex actions of certain parts of the nervous system. The instinctive acts of the infant, too, before it has acquired consciousness, such as sucking, and some others, sufficiently illustrate the mode of action of the instinctive endowments of animals. There can be no doubt that the high degree of perfection of some one or more of the senses, is one chief means of regulating the actions of animals. We can form no idea of that intense degree of smell for instance, which enables the dog to scent out his master's footsteps amid a thousand other strangers; nor that odour of honeyed plants which, perceived by the bee, irresistibly impels it into the fields in search of their sweets. Animals appear also to have sensations from the hot, or cold, or moist currents of the air—from its electricity, and it may be, its magnetic circuits, which may guide and direct their otherwise inexplicable flights at periodic seasons of the year, and at particular times of the day. Besides this, there are internal changes going on in their own bodies, arising from food, temperature, pregnancy, age, and many other causes, all which having their definite relations to their sensorium, impress and stimulate the

nervous system. Still there is much which we cannot in the remotest degree account for—the hexagonal workmanship of the bee, and the curious and invariable architecture of many other insects—the anticipated provision of insects for future young—the anomaly of the cuckoo's nidification, and a hundred other things surpassing human knowledge.

According to Newton—

‘The instinct of brutes and insects can be the effect of nothing else than the wisdom and skill of a powerful ever-living agent, who being in all places, is more able by his will to move their bodies within this boundless uniform sensorium, and thereby to form and reform the parts of the universe, than we are by our wills to move the parts of our own bodies. And yet we are not to consider the world as the body of God, or the several parts thereof as the parts of God. He is an uniform being, void of parts and organs, and thus are his creatures subordinate to them, and subservient to his will, and he is no more the soul of them than the soul of man is the soul of the species of things carried through the organs of sense into the place of its sensation, where it perceives them by means of its immediate presence, without the intervention of any third thing.’*

But in many animals, especially in those of the higher classes, we perceive a series of actions which from their nature we cannot but suppose are the result of deliberation and reflection, and these we shall now consider.

A young greyhound, guided at first by its instinctive promptings, follows every footstep of the hare, and runs exactly in the track of all its doublings; but when the same greyhound becomes old and experienced, he cunningly crosses by a short cut in order to gain upon and intercept his prey. Now, here we have an example of deliberative action superseding instinctive. A crow instinctively picks the animal out of a sea shell when it happens to be so protruded from the shell as to allow of its being seized hold of; but when the crow takes the same shell when the animal has shut itself up, and flying high into the air lets it drop on a rock in order to break the protecting cover of its hidden prey, the latter action is said to be deliberative, or rational. Squirrels instinctively hoard up nuts and seeds for a winter supply; when these seeds begin to germinate, the animal gnaws off the young buds to prevent their further growth, and this is said to be a rational act. Now, in many such cases, it must be confessed it becomes a matter of difficulty to draw a line of demarcation between simple instincts and supposed deliberative acts, or to know exactly where one ends and the other begins. In the two latter cases, for instance, it may be doubted

* Newton's Optics.

whether the acts reckoned deliberative may not be just as much instinctive as the others. We find that many animals are endowed with a variety of instincts, which they exercise as it were in succession, or at intervals and under particular circumstances. This is well exemplified in the various evasive expedients to which the hare resorts, when hard pressed by the greyhound—in the various distinct properties which training and domestication brings out in the dog, supposing that our so-called varieties all belong to one species, as also in the supplementary resources with which the bee and various other animals are furnished when any unusual circumstance comes in the way of their ordinary constructive labours. But on the other hand there are numerous actions of animals performed under circumstances to which their ordinary instincts could have had no relation. We have seen a cat that of its own accord found out a plan of leaping upon a shelf, and then deliberately pressing its foot on the latch of a door, open it, and enter the apartment within. A dog that had accompanied its master to a military review became so frightened at the reports of the musketry, that he ran home alone, and finding the gate shut, pulled violently at the bell with his mouth till the servant came and gave him admittance. The Rev. Mr. Caunter relates an anecdote highly to the credit of the fidelity of that most sagacious of brutes, the elephant, which occurred in Ceylon. (*Oriental Annual*, 1834.) The keeper of this noble animal having occasion to go on some message, left his infant child on the ground, and in charge of the elephant. Some soldiers who were passing resolved to put the animal's fidelity to the test; they accordingly offered him some tempting fruit to induce him to move from his charge, finding this would not do, they approached nearer, and still holding out the fruit they attempted to snatch at the child, while its guardian's head was partly averted. Nothing, however, could corrupt his vigilance, or make him move from his charge till the return of the keeper, when he calmly stepped forward and took the fruit which had been laid down at some distance from him. But we need not multiply examples of this kind; they must be familiar to all who have paid attention to the actions and habits of those animals reckoned the most sagacious.

The faculty of memory is possessed by animals to a considerable extent. That is, impressions of external things made through the senses are readily recalled when the same or similar objects are again presented before them. But it is extremely questionable whether they have the power of abstract thought, or have any approach to the ideal or imaginative faculty of man. Brutes would seem to be impressed by matter only—they un-

doubtedly form associations, but these are not as in man, chains of ideas—but of sensual impressions. A dog recollects a former flogging at the sight of the whip which inflicted it, but can we suppose that he could be made to recollect it by any other means? A horse, on coming to a road leading to a house where he had formerly been well fed, immediately turns into it, or at least makes an effort to do so; but if he passes near the same house in a different direction, where there is no road to excite his memory, he shows no desire to deflect from his onward course. Yet there are facts which would almost lead us to doubt the accuracy of this general proposition. A dog had been long an inmate of a family one of whose members left the paternal roof, and established himself in a home at the distance of twenty miles. From the frequent intercourse between the two establishments, the dog, which was rather a favourite, sometimes lived at one of these, and sometimes at the other. It was observed, that when neglected, or, perhaps, occasionally rather ill-treated at one of his homes, he would of himself depart, and though the principal part of the way was through a lonely moor, jog solitarily on till he arrived at the end of his journey.

Now it is difficult to account for those deliberate journeys in any other way, than that the animal had an abstract idea of a home at both ends of his long and dreary ramble. We shall give one more instance of what appears abstract recollection, in a canine animal. A bitch belonging to Mr. Walker, near Cere, in Fife, had produced several litters of young, which were always destroyed by drowning. On a subsequent occasion, the animal was observed to steal away with food to a considerable distance, always taking different routes, in order to elude detection. At last her retreat was discovered, and her young found in a hole of an old quarry, at the distance of two or three miles from the farm-house. The poor animal had evidently fallen on this expedient to preserve and rear her young in secret.

The Poet thus describes the dreaming process of the dog:—

'Et canis in somnis leporis vestigia latrat.'

Which is thus paraphrased by the author of the Seasons:—

*'And in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog with the vacant greyhound lies
Outstretched and sleeping. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till wakened by the wasp
They starting snap.'*

It is doubtful, however, whether these starts and twitches of the limbs, and convulsive barkings may not arise merely from

the usual muscular activity not being entirely set at rest by sleep, independent altogether of the stimulus of dreaming, for the same startings and mutterings occur in human beings, sometimes without any accompanying mental impressions. Then in the case of the dog, there is the 'wasp' or the housefly irritating him by an actual stimulus. If we allow that animals dream—that is, that they have mental ideas without the stimuli of external sensual impressions, we must grant them the faculty of abstraction. Yet if this faculty exists, it must be to a very limited extent. How feeble the associations of a dog, or other animal, compared to those so beautifully traced by the poet.

'There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave,
Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touched within us, and the heart replies,
How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet; now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!
With easy force, it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept. Whenever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs
And with it all its pleasures and its pains,
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes
That in a few short moments, I retrace
(As in a map, the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.'

COWPER.

Frederick Cuvier remarks, 'that whatever in animals may be said to belong to intelligence, in no degree approaches the intelligence of man; while their purely instinctive actions are, as far as they go, complete and perfect.' Yet the intelligence of an animal within the sphere of its particular circle is generally very acute and accurate, however obtuse he may be beyond the line of his endowments. Some one or more of the senses are very acute, and of the information which these communicate he generally makes a correct use.*

F. Cuvier is disposed to attribute the highest degree of intelligence among animals to the orang-outang, but he seems to think that this intelligence is confined to the young animal, and that when it grows up it becomes stupid. The one on which this naturalist made his observations delighted to climb trees, and if

* 'The inferior animals have not, strictly speaking, that *analogon rationis* which is commonly assigned them. We shall find in animals that the body always acts upon the mind by means of impulses, and that these impulses are ruled by instinct, and, as it were, by the innate law of nature manifested in them, as in other laws of nature, by the phenomena to which they give rise.'—Baron Feuchterliben, *Med. Psychol.*

any person manifested an intention to mount the tree he had ascended, for the purpose of catching him, he immediately shook it with all his might, in order to alarm the individual who was approaching him. When shut into a room, he soon opened the door, and if he could not reach the lock, for he was quite young, he mounted on a chair, in order to get at it. When he was refused any object which he was anxious to obtain, he knocked his head upon the ground like a froward child, and would actually injure himself, that he might excite the greater interest and compassion. The only animal of this species that we have had an opportunity of observing was also a young one, about three years of age. Its look and general deportment, however, had more of the gravity of an old man than the volatility of a child. Its eyes were sparkling and expressive, and it seemed to notice everything that occurred around it. It manifested a degree of attachment to its keeper, watching his movements like a child. It examined a ring on the finger of a visitor, looked with curiosity on a watch, and started when a door was suddenly shut with all the nervous sensibility of a fine lady. It frequently covered and uncovered its face with the corner of its blanket, as if playing at bo-peep with its visitors, and on one occasion slyly took up a basin of milk, which was intended for another, and drank off its contents. It looked upon a monkey in the same room with apparent disdain, and avoided coming in contact with it; but on an ichneumon, a quadruped which it had never seen before, being introduced, it immediately showed decided marks of curiosity. At first, it was afraid to approach the animal, but gazed on it from a distance—at last, it came nearer, but as a means of precaution against any attack, it took a small light chair and pushed this between it and the animal. When it ascertained that the creature was perfectly harmless, it laid aside all further precaution, and examined it, and seemed greatly pleased with its motions. Its grave and sedate manners, perhaps, were the effects of a cold climate, and this may likewise be the reason why, according to Cuvier, old animals of the same species lose their intelligence in this country. Its usual mode of walking was a semi-upright position, assisting the motion of its hinder extremities by pressing the knuckles of the fore-arm on the ground. It seemed quite alive to instruction, for a few lessons taught it the use of a spoon in feeding. No one that has watched the looks and gestures of a dog, as he gazes on his master and seems to anticipate his wishes, can hesitate as to his intelligence. Lord Bacon has called man the divinity of the dog, and certainly he looks up to man's superior endowments with something of that analogous confidence with which man looks up to the Deity.

‘Take an example of a dog,’ says Bacon, ‘and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain.’*

Wordsworth, in his touching tribute to a favourite dog, almost assigns him a human feeling of affection:—

‘For love that comes whenever life or sense
Are given by God, in thee was most intense.
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy which did thee bind
Not only to us men but to thy kind;
Yea, for thy fellow brutes in thee we saw
A soul of love—love’s intellectual law.
Hence, if we wept it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And therefore shalt thine be an honoured name.’

Yet, though thus sublimed by imagination, the mental endowments of the brute are of the ‘earth, earthly.’ His intelligence and feelings are confined to what sense informs him of material objects alone; and even of these, as we have said, his circle is extremely limited and finite, while man’s circle of relations is boundless as the extent of matter, and his intellect pierces into the infinite.

With respect to any moral feelings among animals, we perceive a total blank. The only law with them is the sway of the strong over the weak. Yet, on the whole, how beautifully is this sway tempered and restrained to single and evanescent acts. There is no wholesale or continued tyranny, no premeditated acts of aggression.

‘The creatures see, of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind,
With them no strife can last, they live
In peace and peace of mind.’—WORDSWORTH.

In feeding, a strong animal pushes away a weaker, but the weaker immediately succumbs, and in a few minutes, perhaps, comes unmolested in for his share. How beautifully is this illustrated in a herd of cattle feeding, or in a flock of birds. The rear rank of pigeons, for instance, fly over their fellows and take, for a few minutes, the best part of the feeding-ground, and these give way in their turn, and are succeeded by another troop from the rear. Mr. Moffat, in his interesting ‘Memoirs on Africa,’ gives an amusing account of the lordly way in which the old lion helps himself to the best part of his prey before he allows his cubs to fill their eager jaws with a mouthful—but has he not a fatherly right to do so, seeing that he has watched the whole

* Bacon’s Essays.

night long with his glaring eyes beside the fountain, till he could pounce upon the thirsty deer that had come there to drink. Besides, probably he thinks, with other provident fathers, that the sooner he can teach the young cubs to cater for themselves so much the better. Not unfrequently, however, we see this selfish exclusiveness give way to generosity. Thus, the domestic cock, when he finds a particularly choice morsel, chucks his harem and dependents around him. It is a beautiful trait, also, to notice, that in every case where the young are concerned, the parental disinterestedness and kindness are fully exhibited. Crows would seem to have some glimmering of the nature of right and wrong—at all events, of the nature of *meum et tuum*. A community of rooks in the nest-building season have been seen to fall upon any notorious thief who has pilfered sticks from the nest of others, and punished him not only in his person but by demolishing his nest and taking from him his ill-gotten store of materials. Although Rob Roy's rule is a pretty general one—

‘That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,’

yet dogs and cats both know very well when they have committed a theft, and even anticipate and avoid punishment for many hours afterwards. Cattle, too, that have a longing eye towards a corn-field, are well aware when they snatch a hasty mouthful that they are doing something wrong. All this, however, may be so far attributed to the habit of simple association of the metaphysicians—the recollection of punishment following certain acts—without supposing any abstract moral consciousness of wrong.

Many animals seem to have little sympathy for the sufferings of their fellows—they look with an unconcerned eye on their death, and when disasters threaten, they seek only their individual safety. Yet, on the other hand, as we have already stated, many exhibit a decided sympathy for their companions, and become greatly agitated and affected at witnessing their violent death. We suspect that, as a general rule among species which congregate together, this latter expression of sympathy is prevalent. One circumstance, however, in the conduct of animals has often struck us as very unaccountable, and at variance with the general instinctive benevolence of animal nature, and that is the treatment of their sick, puny, and dying members. The fact that a herd of deer shun their wounded companions has passed into a proverb; but more than that, cattle as well as deer will attack a sick companion and butt at him, in many instances till they have produced his death. Birds do the same: they are frequently seen

to peck at and torment in various ways a sick member, and seldom give over till he dies. We have frequently witnessed proceedings of this kind among herds of domestic cattle—among mountain sheep, and especially among flocks of wild fowl—a persecuted bird of this kind we once caught which had been driven from the society of its fellows, and on examining it, we found its flesh greatly wasted, and its skin infested with vermin. These indications of unkindness and gratuitous cruelty among animals for a long time appeared to us strange and anomalous, till further consideration suggested what we deem a very probable explanation. The true cause of this persecution lies not in any premeditated or intended cruelty, but in an instinctive impulse which nature has implanted in order to check and eradicate diseases by the summary death of the first cases that appear. When we consider that epidemic diseases are of frequent occurrence among flocks and herds of animals, and that such diseases may and often are introduced by single individuals, such summary precautions will appear very fit and obvious. That this instinctive resource is sometimes applied in cases which might not turn out contagious or in any way generally hurtful to the community, is no reason for denying the existence of such a general preservative impulse. We have no doubt that the smell of the diseased animal first awakens the disgust of his fellows, and that this disgust, by further exciting them to put the sufferer to death, thus checks in the bud many causes of the spread of contagious maladies. It is a well-known fact, too, that horses, cattle, and, we believe, deer, and other herbivorous animals, very readily smell any effused blood or dead carcase, and become immediately agitated and take to flight. Now, may not this be an instinct in their natures to guard them from scenes of slaughter caused by their carnivorous foes? While, on the other hand, the smell of blood is grateful and exciting to animals of prey.

It has often been remarked how very seldom we see the dead bodies of any kind of animals that live in a state of nature. Of the multitudes of wild animals in our forests, and moors, and fields, many must die even daily, and yet how few persons can tell you that they have ever come upon their bodies. It is true many living beings are always ready to prey upon such carcases, but still, in the case of the larger animals, this cause could not in most instances account for their absence. Mr. Charles Darwin, when in South America, met in some of the lonely valleys of that vast continent heaps of bones, which, on examination, proved to be those of the lhama, a species of camel common in those regions. From this and other facts, he was led to conclude that these animals, on the approach of age and disease, retired to those

solitary places to die in peace. May not one cause of their retiring be to escape the annoyances which invalids are constantly exposed to from their fellows? and may not most animals thus be compelled to retire to die in holes and caverns removed from common view? Fishes also appear to have the same instincts. In certain hollow places of our firths and littoral bays, extensive masses of fish-bones are found accumulated, which have thus been brought together evidently by sickly fishes resorting to these hollows. Besides thus escaping from the assaults of their more hardy companions, they find in these hollows smoother water, and a degree of shelter for their feeble and decaying bodies.

Lastly. One of the strongest feelings of animals is that of affection for their offspring, and indeed so intense is this impulse among the greater number, that it may be said to exceed the care which they employ for their own preservation, or the indulgence of their own appetites. Among insects and some other of the inferior tribes, the care and solicitude of providing for their young engrosses the better half of their existence, for they labour during the prime of life to provide a comfortable nest and proper food for their offspring, which they are never destined to see, death overtaking them before they can enjoy the pleasure of beholding their future family. Many timid animals that shrink from danger while they are single and alone, become bold and pugnacious when surrounded by their young. Thus, the domestic hen will face any danger and encounter any foe in order to protect her brood of chickens; and the lark and linnet will allow themselves to be taken in their nest rather than desert the young which lie protected under their wings. Even those animals whose general nature is characterised by savage and unrelenting fierceness, are gentle, and tender, and affectionate to their young. The grim lion fondles with paternal softness his playful cubs; and the savage bear has been known to interpose her own body between the deadly musket and her helpless offspring. But this feeling in animals lasts only for a season. After they have nourished and brought up their young, these go out from their parents, all further ties between them are broken up, and they know each other no more. How different is this from human connexions! The fond mother watches over the long and helpless period of infancy—instils into early childhood lessons of wisdom and virtue, and feels her hopes and affections increase with every year that brings an increase of reason. Nor are such family ties severed but with death. The child, on its part, returns the care and affection of its parents, and when old age and second childhood come upon them, the children then feel it their greatest

happiness to repay in acts of kindness and attention the debt of gratitude which is justly due. What a moral beauty is thus thrown over the common instinctive affections, and how greatly superior appears man's nature to that of the mere brute!

We have thus endeavoured to analyse and illustrate the psychical endowments of animals, and to classify, under separate heads, phenomena which are too often indiscriminately comprehended under the general term of instinct.

We have shown that there are certain vital or organic functions, common to all organized beings, which display a series of adaptations and mutual relations between the organized structure and the material stimuli of life, incessantly in operation independent of the will or consciousness of the animal.

That superadded to this, and subservient to the vital operations and habits of the animal, there are certain impulses or instincts, which are perfect at birth, independent of experience, susceptible of little modification or improvement, and which are also exercised independent of the control and without the consciousness of the animal.

That animals, especially the higher orders, possess also deliberative powers, by which they can reason, to a certain extent and within a certain limit, on information conveyed to them through the senses, and thus shape their actions accordingly.

That the sensoriums of animals, in the case of their deliberative faculties, seem to be excited to action only by means of material impressions received from objects directly before them, or from certain objects calling up the memory of former impressions, and that the presumption is, they are incapable of forming purely abstract ideas.

That animals are susceptible of emotions and passions similar to those of man.

That definite instincts regulate their social intercourse, and not moral feeling, or a sense of right and wrong.

That they have sounds expressive of desires and passions, the only intelligence which they have to communicate, but no proper faculty of articulate speech.

These conclusions are deduced from observations of psychical phenomena alone. And if we test them with what is known regarding the physical structure of the nervous system of the various classes of animals, we shall find a considerable coincidence of structural arrangement, corresponding to the probable and supposed functions of the different parts of the nervous system.

Thus, in the radiated and mollusious classes of animals, where instinctive action is extremely limited, we find a ganglionic system alone existing, suited to carry on the organic functions.

In the class of insects, again, we find superadded to the ganglionic system a nervous centre developed, where the nerves of the organs of special sense have their seat or origin—in short, that portion of the brain where physiologists are inclined to place the sensorium of the instinctive faculties. As we advance higher to the vertebrated classes, where deliberative actions are also found along with instincts, we have superadded to the lower part of the brain a cerebrum or upper part, supposed to be the seat of the rational faculties.

How similar, then, to a certain extent, are the endowments of animals to those of man, yet how suddenly they stop short at a certain point, and advance no further. They seem to be adapted for the present form of life, and nothing more. ‘The spirit of man goeth upward, the spirit of the beast goeth downwards to the earth.’ One race succeeds another, but they accumulate nothing and transmit nothing. Myriads on myriads have existed—the earth, the waters, and the air teem with millions of animated beings, with forms varying from the simplest and minutest globule up to the massive and complicated structure of the elephant—yet the earth receives again the mouldering fabrics, and not a relic of them remains. As regards the mere necessities of man, a very limited number of species, it may be concluded, would have sufficed. Yet the myriads of organic beings cannot have been formed in vain. They must subserve some important though unfathomable purpose in the great chain of existence. But even as a matter of human enjoyment, how dull and monotonous would be the lone and solitary earth if unenlivened by their light forms, flitting motions, and ever-recurring and ever-varied sounds! How desolate would be the fields—how melancholy the forest woods—how heart-chilling the awful silence of the summer air, were there no happy and cheering sounds to respond to and cheer the heart of man!

ART. VI.—*Now and Then*. By SAMUEL WARREN.

THE productions of Mr. Warren’s pen have now, for a considerable time, enjoyed an unusual degree of popular favour. Making his first acknowledged essay in the pages of a well-known leading periodical, he has availed himself to good purpose of the vantage ground thus afforded him; and, by his subsequent successes as a writer of fiction, has confirmed the justness of the opinion formed of his capabilities by the acute and enterprising individual with whose name that publication has been so long identified.

His own account of this step, which proved the initiative one in his road to popularity, (given in his Preface to the fifth edition of the 'Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician,') is interesting to those who, like ourselves, sympathize with the early struggles, not of literary aspirants only, but of all who have by their own efforts to achieve the position for which they know themselves to be fitted; and who have to contend with difficulties even in the attaining that point of advantage, whence alone their powers can effectually be brought to bear upon the original object of their just ambition, and, wanting which, their best efforts must be unsuccessful—their finest powers worse than useless. Archimedes himself could not move the earth without this pre-requisite of a point to stand upon. Such, to compare small things with great, was exactly Mr. Warren's position, and the magazine above alluded to has eminently been his '*locus standi*.'

The first chapter of the Diary was, he tells us, offered successively to three of the principal magazines in London, and was in each instance returned to him, with an intimation that it was not of a character likely to interest the public. The great Northern Magazine then occurred to him; and, in a fit of despair, he left his thrice 'rejected addresses' at the publisher's, with a strong suspicion that he should never see or hear anything more of them. The insertion of his paper next month, and a request that he would continue the series, formed a most agreeable termination of his anxieties, and certainly proved the foundation of his literary fortunes. These papers continued to appear for a space of seven years, from 1830 to 1837, have since gone through five editions of their publication in a separate form, *suffered*, we believe, French and German translations, and, further, have been stereotyped in America: a very satisfactory amount of fame for a collection of short tales. Mr. Warren's next attempt was a novel—'Ten Thousand a Year:' this attracted more attention than did his former sketches, to which, as a whole, it was superior; but whether its subsequent circulation has been equally extensive we are not informed. His last appearance before the public is in the work whose title we have placed at the head of our paper, and which, we believe, reached a second edition in the course of two or three weeks.

That Mr. Warren's earlier productions display ability, and possess considerable merit, we cordially admit. Indeed, the almost universal favour with which they have been received sufficiently indicates that this is the case; for, though we are not prepared to take our literary creed from the *vox populi*, (which

is sometimes raised in acclamation of works whose highest merit is that of belonging to the milk-and-water school,) we would yet render to it all fitting homage. The multitude, though it may not be very discriminating in its opinion, is not, after all, wont to bestow its award where there does not exist merit of some kind or other. The writer who has secured the suffrages of so extensive a circle of readers as Mr. Warren has done, undoubtedly possesses *power*; and power we make a point of treating with proper respect; always, like good citizens of the republic of letters, reserving to ourselves the right of deciding what may or may not be comprehended in the term proper.

But, while admitting that Mr. Warren's merits as a writer were obvious, we never lost sight of the fact that his demerits were equally so. We never found ourselves able to give an unqualified assent to the plaudits which he earned: to us they appeared indiscriminate, and in excess. We wore 'our rue with a difference,' and frequently regretted that so promising a writer had no literary friend who would do him the service of pointing out the errors alike of judgment and taste, which he habitually committed; and who might, if possible, lead him to bestow upon his mind that discipline and education which it appeared to us so greatly to require. His lively narration, stirring incident, frequent energy and facility of composition, together with many touches of true pathos, that stirred up our sympathies with those various 'forms of human woe' with which it was his good pleasure to deal, could not but make a favourable impression upon us. But, coupled with these excellences, he exhibited more faults than it was ever before our chance to meet in such good company; and marvellous is it to us that the world made up its mind to shut its eyes to them. We could not say, 'Oh, how *one* ugly trick has spoiled the sweetest and the best,' for Mr. Warren had a variety of ways in which he contrived to lower the tone of his compositions. And, though it may require some moral courage to find fault, where most, if not all, have agreed to praise, we must briefly allude to the defects of these much admired papers, which, in our judgment, detracted so greatly from their merits. We certainly see no reason why the abilities of a writer, however respectable they may be, should screen from due censure, faults of so obtrusive and prevalent a character as are those we are about to notice: faults which are, in many instances, so inwrought into the very texture of the story, that to get rid of them would require that it should be re-written throughout. Our own opinion is, that the glaring offences of a highly-endowed writer deserve a severer castigation than would be adjudged to his less able neighbours; nor do we doubt

that Mr. Warren's school days will furnish him with a fact most apposite to our rigid sentence—namely, that the cleverest lad generally secures for himself the lion's share of that *striking* criticism dispensed by pedagogues.

Violent, exaggerated feeling, morbid sentimentalism, a want of refinement, both in style and conception—nay, at times an absolute air of vulgarity, and much choice bathos, are the sins which we have to charge upon these tales, really clever though they must be considered, in the main. We saw in them, when they first came under our notice, much indication of talent; but that maturity of *it*, which would alone have justified the popular opinion of them, was wanting. They evidenced a crudeness of mind and feeling—not merely a defective manifestation of them. Not only were ideas, which, treated with delicacy and taste, would have told well, spoiled in their elaboration by some coarse touch or other, but some of these ideas themselves betrayed, as we thought, structural defects in the writer's mind—a complete ignorance as to the true mode of acting upon the emotions of his readers. Hence his tragedy at times becomes melodrama—a thing for the gallery. His pathetic scenes acquire a strong tinge of the ludicrous. We hope we are not more hard-hearted than our neighbours, but truth compels us to own that we have often laughed, where we ought to have cried, in the 'Diary.' Nor, seeing how much fainting-fits, shrieks, hysterics, and sal-volatile, go to the composition of the 'Physician's' moving scenes, shall we, we trust, be counted as utterly out of the pale of civilization for having occasionally received our author's extravagances very much in the spirit of the stolid, and particularly ill-mannered, Mr. Burchell, of whom it is recorded, that he sat in the corner, 'and cried, Fudge!' Now, for a man of Mr. Warren's abilities to rely so much on these vulgar elements of tragedy, to use such quantities of such very 'raw material,' in its manufacture, was intolerable; and we have the less patience with it, because, on other occasions, he evinces that he can stir the passions in a legitimate way: a circumstance, that perhaps demonstrates the correctness of our opinion, that he laboured under some defect as to the power of appreciating the difference between right and wrong in matters of taste. But not only is this mode of exciting the emotions poor in the extreme, in a literary point of view; it has the further disadvantage of not being true to nature. Educated persons, and Mr. Warren's tales chiefly refer to such, are not usually the subjects of uncontrolled feeling. They *do not* go promptly into fits and hysterics, when suffering in 'mind, body, and estate;' and especially, not in groups, as he, in the extreme liberality with which he dispenses

these affections, represents them as doing. There is something supremely ridiculous in the idea of three persons (see the tale, 'Mother and Son') being found all senseless on the floor together; not suffocated by charcoal, which would have been unexceptionable, but having had their feelings greatly shocked! Nor is a scene in the 'Thunder-struck,' in which the curtain falls upon the following *tableau*, less meritorious, '*pour rire*:' Miss P——, cataleptic; her mother fainted; Mr. N——, her lover, after a burst of delirium, fallen down senseless; another lady on the verge of hysterics; and the nurse crying violently! A scene which irresistibly recalls the well known one in Sheridan's 'Critic,' in which everybody points his weapon at everybody else! Again, in the 'Baronet's Bride,' (which is a fine example of this false taste,) there is a passage to match these, which we wish we had space to transcribe; it is inimitable, in its way. The insane baronet, after 'howling in a terrific manner,' in an elm tree, falls down; is brought home apparently dead; his wife is totally insensible, having fallen into a succession of swoons after the madman had made his escape; Lady Julia is 'shrieking in violent hysterics;' and, 'in short, it seemed not impossible that she might lose her reason, and Sir Henry and Lady Anne their lives'—

'Make the gruel thick and slab!'

The 'Physician' may think that in thus highly colouring his scenes, he is laying on pure carmine; but, alas, it turns out to be, what to geologists, and graziers, is known as mere 'ruddle!' Indeed, the liberal way in which Mr. Warren dispenses his horrors, is provoking—to laughter, as well as vexation; and we are sure he will forgive us, if we parallel it from our personal experience, and say how pleasantly it has reminded us of the interminable romances which we were wont to weave in our early days, (we should rather say nights, for in their construction we cheated ourselves of many an hour of sweet, childish sleep,) and whose super-eminently tragic and pathetic character was accomplished after this same fashion, by accumulating upon the heads of the actors therein all the horrors, both of body and mind, which our not unfertile brains could suggest; seasoning the whole with great plenty of shrieks, groans, fainting-fits, and 'gleams of madness.' Sal-volatile was then to us a thing unknown, else had our hecatomb undoubtedly received its due libation of this pathetic and pungent drug. We can assure him, our own small souls were greatly moved thereby; as we doubt not have been many, lodged in greater bodies, by his romancing, of the same pattern. Nor have we the slightest doubt that our

respective fictions, each highly successful in their very different spheres, were indebted for this point of interest to one common source—a dash of the vulgar appetite for the horrible! In one respect we surpassed Mr. Warren, for when our stock of evils was utterly used up, we killed our patients, performing their death and obsequies with great unction; and then brought them to life again, next day, ready to go through a fresh course of our tragedies. We must be excused adverting to this, on account of the comfort and encouragement we derived from seeing a similar style of fiction meet with so much success; it made us think so much better of our own, which was, to speak candidly, very affecting. While it further helps to ascertain the character of those offences against taste which prevented our estimating Mr. Warren so highly as we believe most people did; namely, that they were sad juvenilities. Now, far be it from us to say, that in tales of sorrow it is utterly inadmissible to represent the giving way, under severe pressure, of the powers both of mind and body. In weak, ill-regulated minds, nothing is more common; and even in those of superior mould, a moment of physical weakness, or over-mastering agony, acting upon exhausted energies, and nerves too long in a state of tension, may occasionally overpower the firm spirit and unshaken will. Thus far it is true to nature. But in the first case, little or no sympathy is excited: the second, as we have said, but rarely occurs; and, we would add, by its *rarity* produces that effect which Mr. Warren, mistaking the true means of moving the passions, so often tries to accomplish by its lavish introduction. Whenever he is at a loss to intensify the interest, he is sure to resort to a shriek or groan! or possibly to the introduction of some image absolutely repulsive—as that of Miss Dudleigh making her own shroud, in the ‘Ruined Merchant;’ or, in ‘Rich and Poor,’ the child playing with its father’s body, upon which the chill of death has already past—a thing which we are persuaded is no less unnatural, than it is horrible. There is an unhealthy tone about such fiction. It is productive of a morbid excitement. And him we must deem very far from being a master of his art who not only uses his instruments amiss, but is also evidently ignorant as to what are his proper tools. Criticism, as hard, searching, and *common-sensical* as that which Coleridge tells us Bowyer was wont to bestow upon the poetry of Christ’s Hospital, would have been invaluable to Mr. Warren in his earlier days. We always thought him worth it, and he would have stood it well. He would not have ‘been snuffed out by an article.’

And yet, spite of the marvellous lack of judgment and taste exhibited in these tales—judgment in the selection, taste in the

handling of his subjects—we must repeat, that the ability which they display is unquestionable. The interest with which they are read, both by indiscriminate admirers and those who, like ourselves, find many causes of offence in them, affords satisfactory evidence on this point. There must be some buoyant materials to float so much of a nature that does not usually swim. Had it been otherwise, we should not have penned our remarks. Had Mr. Warren been a man of inferior powers, his defects, both of mind and manner, might have quietly sunk into oblivion together. But he is not so; and it has often been to us matter of astonishment that in him so much that was able should have been linked to so much that was puerile. Ability, and the various qualities essential for its manifestation, are usually better balanced, than we see them in his early and very successful productions.

* The air of truth with which he has contrived to invest these creations of his fancy has, we conceive, had much to do with their success; and some rather ludicrous circumstances have testified to the writer's skill in this matter. The story of the lady who died while dressing for a ball (one not to our taste) was, we have been told, published as a 'morality' by some religious society. While an instance, still more flattering, occurred some years ago to ourselves, in the person of an old attached humble friend of our family, who called upon us, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that she and an invalid lady, upon whom she was in attendance, had been beguiling their tediousness with the 'Passages from the Diary of a late Physician,' which, in their innocence, and literally in all sadness, they had received as most melancholy verities; and, consequently, had nearly broken their compassionate hearts over so moving a recital of human misery. Laughing in her sorrowful face, we endeavoured, for some time in vain, to afford her oppressed feelings the relief of which they appeared to stand in need, by stating the fictional character of the work. At last, we made some impression; and then the softer feelings of commiseration for her afflicted fellow mortals were rapidly chased away by anger at the 'imposition' which she deemed had been practised by its writer upon the public; and she presently quitted the house, leaving us in fits of laughter at the revenge which she proposed taking upon him—which, glowing with indignation, she announced to be that of 'exposing' him wherever she went!

There is one point on which we have much pleasure in doing justice to Mr. Warren, and that is, that when his tales have a moral, and most of them have, it is a good one. We believe their design is to promote virtue, and even religion; though we

do not always agree with him as to the means with which he endeavours to further these ends. We willingly concede to him that which he claims, the having meant well; but this without altering our opinion as to the objectionable character of one or two of these tales. There are vices, degrading alike in their nature and consequences, of which, in the pages of the novelist, it 'were a shame even to speak,' though it be to warn mankind from their commission. Against these there stands an eternal record, that such 'God will judge;' and there would we leave it. The writer stands confidently on his moral end—to render vice hateful. We doubt it not; while we are equally confident that in detailing such horrors, he has sinned, not only against taste, but against the delicacy of moral feeling. Let such subjects be left veiled in their own dishonour! May we, while at this ungenial duty of fault-finding, also remark, that in his desire, as we presume, to support his assumed character of physician, the writer occasionally trenches too much upon the reserve with which medical facts and details are usually treated in society.

Mr. Warren's next production, 'Ten Thousand a Year,' is a work of higher pretensions than his 'Diary,' and, spite of its numerous and striking imperfections, is upon the whole an improvement upon its predecessor. The idea of it is happily chosen. Ten thousand pounds a year, though a sum which your schemer adds to his income by a slip of the pen, (we speak that which we know,) is an important *responsibility*; and taking this view of it, it may well furnish matter, not only of vivid interest, but serious thought, to a mind that does not content itself with the mere surface of things. And thus is it handled in the volumes before us. The moving the passions of his reader is still the writer's main object; and we are bound to say that here it is generally legitimately effected, and by the absence of the rant and extravagance which did him such good service on his first appearance as a candidate for literary favour. It, however, bears the trace of those peculiarities of mind and manner upon which we have already animadverted. There are the same indications of a want of refinement, both in the conception and handling of his subject: nay, an absolute tinge of vulgarity is communicated both to persons and things, where evidently nothing could be further from his *intention* than the investing them with such an attribute. Some of these might be distinctly pointed out; and we may instance, among others, the extraordinary expressions which he puts into the mouths of the ladies of the Aubrey family, whom he wishes to represent as patterns of everything that is refined and excellent among the higher classes of the English gentry: expressions that Mr.

Warren must know are never heard from the lips even of women of his own, the middle class, and which are, indeed, only suited to the vocabulary of our unpolished friend Mrs. Gamp, to whose 'Gracious heavenlies!' the 'Goodness!' 'Gracious!' and 'Gracious mercy's' of Mrs. and Miss Aubrey bear a strong family resemblance. We know he does not intend to make the Aubreys vulgar, so that the only explanation of his having done so that presents itself to us is one not very complimentary to the author—namely, that he could not help it. Other faults of this nature are less easily demonstrated, but the reader is sensible of them as he proceeds by a sudden grating feeling, like the scratch of a coarse pencil, and by the tone of the picture when completed. He *feels* that the scene is, in part, vulgarly conceived. The earlier chapters that relate to the Aubreys may afford instances of this; which is, perhaps, most apparent when Mr. Warren lays his scenes in high life, to which he is somewhat addicted. Nor are his designedly vulgar groups free, as we think, from this air of vulgarity. He really appears to have almost a *con amore* talent for vulgar scolding; he pours it out in such torrents. We are overdone with coarseness; which, appropriate as it may be to the sort of characters brought forward, we would yet willingly have excused. We care not to have finished drawings of such disagreeable objects. His frequent awkward, gossiping sort of familiar style, must also range under this head of want of refinement. It is disfigured by affected quaintnesses and obsolete phrases, and is a great drawback upon the merits of the work. An occasional quaint, or even homely expression, we are well aware, may give strength and energy to composition; nor are we such precisians as totally to interdict the use of such. But the author of 'Ten Thousand a Year' avails himself too liberally of their services; and his 'sure enoughts,' 'to be sure,' '*flustered*,' 'flurried,' 'quoth,' (which last most inappropriately ushers in many of the speeches of an elegant young lady,) 'hath,' 'I protest,' 'I declare,' and that everlasting '*inkling*,' which seems to be always on duty, certainly add neither vigour nor delicacy to his style. Some of these words are vulgar anywhere; others are only tolerable in very colloquial intercourse; and we can but assign one of two reasons for their constant introduction: either that it is of set purpose, in which case bad taste must stand responsible for them; or that it is done without thought, which leads us to the conclusion that phrases of this character most naturally present themselves to Mr. Warren's mind. And here we would repeat that it is his merits that make us so (he will think) hypercritical. Had he less claim upon our attention, we

should be less intolerant of his, to us, intolerable literary offences. But the work certainly shows considerable progress in that discipline and education of his mind, taste, and feeling, which we have pointed out as wanting in the 'Diary.' It is too well known to render any sketch of its design and working out requisite here; our remarks are made upon the supposition of its being familiar to our reader.

As a work of art, we consider Gammon decidedly the finest and most finished of his productions. His character is well conceived, and its development is worked out with equal strength and precision. He is a most harmonious whole; there are no inconsistencies about him. The concentration of thought and energy which he brings to bear upon his ends, and the unswerving steadiness with which those ends are pursued, are, as a mere intellectual manifestation, beautiful. He is a man all head, without any heart to mar its operations; for even his love for Kate Aubrey is ingeniously woven into his plans, so as in his design to bear its part in the accomplishment of his purpose. Mere cleverness might suffice to create that detestable animal Titmouse, who excites in us mere loathing; a Gammon requires and evinces qualities of a much higher order, and him we regard with a kind of respectful horror. His delineation is an exquisite specimen of morbid anatomy; an elaborate and inimitable illustration of Hamlet's—

‘A man may smile, and smile, and smile—and be a villain.’

Mr. Warren has shown much judgment in making him an exhibition of what we may style pure wickedness. One coarse, repulsive feature would have spoiled all. His conversation with Aubrey, who calls upon Gammon at his chambers, is highly characteristic; as is also the exceeding cool way in which, towards the close of the tale, when fortune was turning against them, he deposits upon Mr. Quirk's shoulders all the blame of the villainies which he, Gammon, had originally suggested to that gentleman. In short, we are ashamed to say, we like Gammon—speaking artistically: like John Foster's little friend, Sarah Saunders, who, when asked which character she liked best in Montgomery's 'World before the Flood,' answered simply, and very naturally, 'Satan.'

The writer, we imagine, will value himself upon his Titmouse, who may, for anything we know, be very true to nature. Our own impression is, that he degenerates into caricature; but we must honestly confess, that our want of acquaintance with gentlemen of his class must render our judgment in the matter of little value. Yet were they so deplorably ignorant of the usual

elements of a common education as he is represented to be, we fancy we should have had documentary evidence to that effect in those interesting slips of paper which we from time to time receive from our tradesmen; and the nature of which may be understood by their being ordered, not as in a 'certain house' to 'lie upon the table,' but, in all well-regulated families, to be paid immediately. In a word, the practical objection presents itself, how, if he were so utterly uneducated, could Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse make out a bill? However, we will take Mr. Warren's word for the truthfulness to nature of his hero, while we add an expression of the little satisfaction we derive from an introduction to such a libel upon humanity, such an essence of everything mean and bad. Nor can we think its merit of a *very* high order, with how much soever minuteness and fidelity it may be done, to place before us repulsive objects of so low and vulgar a type. The same remark may apply to his whole crew; his Tag-rags and others, whose manners and morals are upon a par; designed, we presume, as foils for the goodness and worth of others, but who, even for that purpose, needed not surely to be drawn at full length. Nay, some of them might have been thrown overboard altogether with great advantage to Mr. Warren's reputation as an artist; for in the artist we require judgment in the selection, as well as skill in the delineation of his subject. We could also well have dispensed with another unaccountable freak of Mr. Warren's fancy which pervades 'Ten Thousand a Year;' that of inventing names for his *dramatis personæ*, such as Tagrag, Dismal-horror, Blood-suck, and so on. We must say we never saw this done with less wit, while some of them are really offensive. Names of this sort should not only be descriptive of the individual or his occupation, but carry with them the appearance of real surnames, otherwise they become very poor humour indeed. Walter Scott is supreme in this kind of agreeable pleasantries; and after his we cannot tolerate Mr. Warren's very lamentable attempts at being droll in this way. We may remark, generally, that both 'in wit and humour' do we consider him wanting; while the indulgence of this same propensity may show how unconscious he is of these deficiencies. In Aubrey, the writer's design is to present to us that 'spectacle worthy of the gods,' a good man struggling with adversity. His character is a pleasing embodiment of high moral feeling and Christian principle, severely tried, but bravely standing the test. His misfortunes, and the manly pious fortitude with which they are sustained, afford a theme for the exercise of Mr. Warren's best powers, and he has treated it with much beauty and *real* pathos; though, in connexion with the Aubreys, we might say that it

would have been quite as well if the writer had not been so frequently *telling* us that they are good and estimable. It is the duty of the novelist to let his readers *see* what his characters are.

'Ten Thousand a Year' we always thought would have been improved by compression: it seemed to us needlessly *spun out*. Events and persons, no ways essential to the story, are introduced; and its detail, as is often the case with Mr. Warren, is rather tiresome. It bears the impress of a strong professional bias, and the writer's legal lore is skilfully worked up in the development of the plot. To us, however, it appears somewhat redundant; and though amusing, as we have heard, to those 'learned in the law,' must, we should suppose, have the same effect on the mind of unprofessional readers generally. They would have been content with fewer particulars of that which to them is, in a great degree, unintelligible. His subordinate characters are of very various merit. Some of them, as we have before observed, might well have been dispensed with; others would have sufficed had they been merely sketched in. His men of business are good; sound, clear-headed, real. His humour is not much to our taste. If he could have found in his heart to excise a considerable portion of the broad farce which disfigures this composition, we believe the work would have borne the operation well; nor would it have been attended, in surgical phrase, by any loss of substance! Mr. Warren gives frequent and distinct utterance to his political and ecclesiastical views in the course of this tale. We never object to any man's doing this; and with reference to the jesting style in which he occasionally does it, would only remark, that the merits of the jest, in all such cases, will be decided upon according as the reader may or may not sympathize with the opinions of the writer. We usually consider, as a very good joke for us, that which, against us, we at once pronounce to be miserably poor. The general merits of the novel are, perhaps, best evidenced by the interest with which the reader, passing hastily, possibly impatiently, over its various tediousness, pursues the main design of the story, which presents to us many scenes and passages of real excellence. We may add, he gives us too much of himself in it, telling us his own impression of characters and circumstances brought forward in it, in that gossiping sort of style to which we have already alluded.

We fear we may have been thought to dwell somewhat ungraciously upon the faults of the compositions, which, thus far, we have been considering, to the neglect of their better qualities. But the position which we have taken, that of placing ourselves somewhat in opposition to the current opinion passed upon them,

has made it imperative upon us to state the grounds of our dissent. And this we have done the more freely, on account of the pleasanter duty in reserve for us, the introduction to our readers of Mr. Warren's last and very recent work: a work which fully bears out our original impression, that he was capable of better things than those then tendered to us; of more equal efforts, more sustained excellence; that he *needed* not have offended the taste and tried the patience of his readers so unsparingly:—a work that almost compels us to conclude that, in the remarks, depreciatory of the former creations of his genius, which we have been under the necessity of making, Mr. Warren will himself, in these his more mature days, coincide; for we cannot suppose that the mind to which we owe 'Now and Then' can be satisfied with the 'Diary' and 'Ten Thousand a Year.' We are pleased to find that Mr. Warren's own good sense has, at last, done for him that which the critical tribe are to blame for not having pressed upon his attention in the earlier stage of his literary career. It has sobered his judgment, trained and educated his mind and feelings, refined his taste; and the result is, a work *worthy* of his reputation; one of which the pathos is pure, the interest vivid, the design elevated and noble; while the whole is delivered, with but few and slight exceptions, in a style *worthy* of it, equally chaste and expressive.

We must briefly sketch the story, the time of which is a century ago, and the opening chapter lays before us the groundwork of the subsequent events. In the village of Milverstoke is the cottage and small freehold inheritance of Adam Ayliffe, in whose family it had been for several generations. He was once a substantial yeoman; but having become surety for a friend, who was afterwards a defaulter, the half of his patrimony, together with his savings, has been sacrificed to pay the sum for which he was responsible; and in his old age, he, together with his son Adam, are driven to day labour for subsistence. The son imprudently marries; and, though things for a time go on tolerably well in their straitened circumstances, when illness of various kinds makes its appearance among them, their condition becomes painful and embarrassing, and involves the parting with a further portion of land. Lord Milverstoke has been the purchaser of it; and his agent, Oxley, an unworthy person, to whose sole management his lord's affairs are entrusted, takes advantage of the present distressed state of the little family to press, in so unfeeling, insulting a manner, his wish for the whole, cottage included, that young Ayliffe, in a moment of extreme provocation, lays hands upon, and literally flings him out of the house. This very natural expression of resentment, of course, does him

no good, as he soon finds out. The old man past labour, his daughter-in-law in broken health, become a heavy burden on the sole exertions of young Adam. One by one, the chief articles of their furniture, even to the old oaken-cased clock that had so long ticked in the corner, are sacrificed to their necessities; and young Ayliffe's spirits and temper begin to fail him under this heavy pressure of misfortune, brought upon them, as he reminds his wife with some bitterness, by the 'charitable deed' which his father had done in giving security for another. And, as thousands of troubled human hearts have done, he asks, 'Who can make me believe that that is just?'

Sorely does the good old man grieve over the change which suffering is thus gradually working upon his son, and with simple piety lament it to his daughter-in-law.

'With me,' said he, 'my son will not now hold talk, nor scarcely listen to me, with the duty which he oweth to an old father, who hath ever striven to teach him aright. But, Sarah, be not thou guided by him herein. It is a spirit undevout and rebellious, and which may be grievously chastised by God. Never said I before, Sarah, be not guided by thy husband—but now do I; for when thus he speaks, it is not he, but Satan through him; and God deliver my son and thy husband Adam from this peril to his soul.'

Oxley's resentment deprives young Ayliffe of the situation of schoolmaster, which the vicar of Milverstoke, Mr. Hylton, (who is a fine specimen of Christian charity, courage, and energy,) had endeavoured to procure for him; and the increasing distresses of his family at length lead him to his first departure from strict rectitude—the accepting, from one who offered it for the purpose of ensnaring him, of a hare, obtained, of course, by poaching. His wife's distressing condition, needing invigorating diet, which he had no means of procuring for her, alone induces him to the commission of what is no less opposed to his own sense of what is right, than to that of his father. Overpowered by this, and the representations of his false friend as to the harmlessness of taking game, he carries it home with many misgivings, and a sort of foreboding that mischief will come of it. Here, in this one venial offence, as it will be deemed, originate the young man's after troubles, even to the perilling of his life, and the endurance of twenty years' shame and misery as a convict. And well—and with a morality that stands out finely in contrast with the more lax notions of right and wrong, which a long period of ease and luxury has tended to impress upon the minds even of Christian men—does the writer illustrate and demonstrate, from this beginning, the danger that may accrue, even to those worldly circumstances sought to be mitigated by it, from any, though it

be the slightest deviation from the right. We may*, perhaps, expect to be told, in the present day, that the moral here drawn out by Mr. Warren fails, because the taking a hare, or bird, is a very slight moral offence, if it indeed be one at all. But with the abstract question of whether game laws are good ones or not, (upon which this objection is founded,) it will be perceived the *moralist* has nothing to do, so far as obedience to them is concerned. That with which he has to deal is this: that it is not the *fitness* of laws which binds them upon the conscience, but the simple circumstance of their being enacted by competent authority; and from obedience to such, so long as they impose nothing contrary to the clearly revealed law of God, there is no release for a Christian man, short of their repeal by the same authority that imposed them; the essence of the immorality of non-submission to law, lying, not in the intrinsic sinfulness of the forbidden thing only, but in its being *forbidden*, whereby a thing innocent in itself becomes crime: '*by the law* is the knowledge of sin.' So was it in Eden; it was not the fruit, but the disobedience. And so is it here; human law (within the limits above mentioned) being a transcript, however faint, of supreme, eternal law, while submission to it is alike founded in nature, reason, and revelation. Much do we commend the excellence, both as to subject and handling, of Mr. Warren's illustration of this important point of morality, one in which, *as we know*, some of us come short. Nor is it improbable, that where precept may have failed to impress a right view of this matter, some may gain a glimpse of the truth from the vivid and logical illustration of it afforded by the fictitious character of Adam Ayliffe; who, like Christian and Hopeful, turning into Bye-path Meadow, finds out that that which appeared to him only as an innocent divergence from the straight, rough track, finally brings him to a very different point from the one originally in view—even to Doubting Castle and the custody of the Giant Despair.

Great is the old man's sorrow and indignation when Adam brings in the ill-omened gift. He sternly rebukes his son, and, determined to have nothing to do with so dangerous a present, carries the hare away from the cottage, and buries it out of sight, much doubting, as he soothes his son's perturbed feelings, that they have not heard the last of it. And so it proves. His false friend had given him the hare in order to get half the penalty arising from his conviction as a poacher; and he is, accordingly, apprehended next morning upon this charge, carried before the justice, and, not denying the having had the hare in his possession, (the precise offence of which he is accused,) is of course subjected to the usual penalty, a fine of five pounds, with the

alternative of going to prison for three months. Young Adam has not five farthings; and Oxley, the steward, chancing to be present, offers to pay the fine for him, on condition of the old man's selling his cottage to Lord Milverstoke: an offer which is rejected with some vehemence, under the sudden impression that he must have had some hand in bringing the prisoner into his present trouble. Hylton finally does this good office for his humble friend, kindly reproving him for the error which he has committed, and informing him that, in all probability, he has by it deprived himself of another situation as schoolmaster in an adjacent county, which he, Hylton, was on the point of securing for him, but which is scarcely likely to be conferred upon a 'convicted poacher.'

This second blow falls upon the unfortunate family, and very cheerless is their condition that snowy, dreary Christmas. Great is the festivity, and profuse the entertainment in the Castle, but little is there in the poor cottage for keeping festival, save old Adam's pure and upright heart, amid privation and sorrow 'preventing' the early dawn, in thankful commemoration of Him whose birth was, as upon that day, made known to the 'shepherds keeping watch over their flocks *by night*.' But the rejoicing at the Castle is speedily turned into mourning. That very week, Lord Alkmond, the only son of Lord Milverstoke, having not long before left his father's table, is found murdered in the wood; and young Ayliffe, who, just as the bleeding body is discovered, had rushed into his own cottage, with horror in his countenance and blood upon his garments, is arrested as the murderer. Vainly he protests his innocence. He was seen running from the body, and his agitation and blood-stained clothes complete the presumptive evidence against him. He is committed for trial; and here the deep, sustained, and tragic interest of the story may be said to begin. We shall transfer a few passages to our own pages, in order to give some idea of the tone of this beautiful fiction, and of the manner in which Mr. Warren can *now* handle a subject, not only of pure pathos, but, at times, high dramatic interest; while fully aware of the very inadequate idea conveyed by detached passages of a narration of its character.

Young Ayliffe is lodged in gaol; and, on the evening after, Hylton, who, from knowledge of his character and training, can scarce believe him guilty, goes to visit the miserable father. Him he finds, by the dim firelight, upon his knees, the food which had been placed by him early in the morning untouched, and his whole frame near sinking. Mr. Hylton assists him to rise, and then occurs a scene which we transcribe for the purpose of placing old Ayliffe fully before the reader:—

‘After a while, he pointed with a shaking finger to a distant part of the room. Mr. Hylton asked him what he meant. ‘A light, a light, sir!’ said he. Mr. Hylton lit a small candle which stood on a shelf over the fireplace; and on going with it to the spot to which old Aylyffe had pointed, beheld an object sufficiently startling: a thick oaken walking stick, which had been brought in by his son on the evening of his capture; and, alas, there were upon it evident marks of blood!

‘This is dreadful, Aylyffe—dreadful, indeed!’ said Mr. Hylton, laying it down with a silent shudder; and neither he nor the old man spoke for some time, each actuated by conflicting emotions.

‘It is strange: hath not the cottage been searched?’ said Mr. Hylton.

‘The old man shook his head: ‘No, sir,’ said he, in a feeble tone; ‘that stick hath lain there ever since he came in; and’—he paused, and added, with a long-drawn sigh, ‘but for that book,’ pointing to the Bible which lay on the table beside him, ‘that bloody witness had not been here now.’

‘Mr. Hylton was silent! *He was a magistrate*, and his duty was painful, but plain. ‘Aylyffe,’ said he, gloomily, ‘I am a magistrate!’

‘I know thou art; and that book, with thy good teaching from it, hath taught me my duty. There must lie that sad stick till it be sent for, if sent for it must be!’

‘Thou faithful servant of God,’ said Mr. Hylton, his eyes almost blinded with tears, rising, and grasping in his hands those of the old man, who spoke not—‘put thy trust in God, who hath for his own wise purposes sent thee this terrible trial, and He will bear thee through it.’

‘Ay, ay! though He slay me—’ began the old man; but his voice suddenly failed him.

‘Whether thy son be innocent or guilty, this stick must appear against him,’ said Mr. Hylton, firmly but mournfully; ‘and even were it by any accident not to be produced, yet have I seen it, and must, by force of conscience, tell that I have seen it.’

‘No one shall touch it, sir, while I have strength to prevent it,’ said the old man, laying his hand on the open Bible; ‘and if, this concerning my son, I have done him wrong, God forgive me; and if I do right, I pray thee, sir, give me thy prayers to help my trust, and strengthen me to do this bitter duty!’

‘. . . . I would have given much, Adam, that it had been any other than myself who had come hither, and heard this,’ said he, at length; ‘but if thine unhappy son be innocent; God may make it appear so; yet, whether He do or not, His will be done. And He cannot will that we should pervert or conceal truth.’

‘He doth support me now,’ replied the old man, gravely and loftily.

The next day, the ‘dumb but dreadful witness’ is taken possession of, and so far adds to the chain of evidence against the prisoner.

Nor is the interview which old Ayliffe has with his son in prison less touchingly illustrative of the beautiful simplicity and goodness of this finely conceived and chastely delineated character, than is the former of the stern, grand integrity which is its complement.

The old man is minutely searched by the turnkey before entering the cell:—

‘He shook his head, and sighed, during the operation. ‘These be the orders of this place,’ said the turnkey, gruffly; ‘poison and razors have been found before now, on folks going in to see murder-prisoners.’

‘Ayliffe trembled at the words. ‘No one, friend, that feared God would do so,’ said he, mildly and sadly.

‘I don’t know that,’ replied the turnkey; ‘but now you are a safe man, and may go in;’ and the next moment, the heart-broken old man stood before his unhappy son.

‘. . . . Neither spoke for a few minutes; at length—

‘Adam, Adam!’ said the old man, in a low, tremulous whisper, ‘art thou innocent or guilty?’ And his anguished eyes seemed staring into the very soul of his son, who calmly replied:—

‘Father, before God Almighty, I be as innocent as thou art; nor know I who did this terrible deed.’

‘Dost thou say it?—dost thou say it? I never knew thee to lie to me, Adam,’ said his father, eagerly, half rising from the stool on which he sat. ‘Dost thou say this before God, whom thou art only too likely,’ he shuddered, ‘to see, after next assizes, face to face?’

‘Ay, I do, father,’ replied his son, fixing his eyes solemnly and steadfastly on those of his father, who slowly rose, and placed his trembling arms around his son, and embraced him in silence.’

What deep, passionate, yet chastened feeling is here! The prisoner movingly asks tidings of his wife and ‘the lad;’ and the old man is then ordered to withdraw. As he passed the governor’s room, he was called in and offered a glass of wine, which had been kindly placed in readiness for him:—

‘No, no, I thank thee, sir,’ said he, somewhat excitedly; ‘I need it not. I have just gotten a great cordial that hath warmed my heart.’

‘Ay, ay! who gave it thee?’ quickly inquired the governor.

‘My son, thy poor prisoner; for he hath told me that he is innocent,’ said the old man, confidently.’

Nothing can be finer than this; and he whose *heart* does not tell him so, would not be convinced by comment of ours. Others of these prison interviews would afford citations of equal merit.

But, as Hylton reminds him, it is not his mere *saying* that he is innocent that will satisfy the judge and the jury at the coming

assizes. The case looks bad ; the bloody sleeve and weapon, and the flying from pursuit, form strong circumstantial evidence of guilt ; and this is often the only evidence that can be had where murder is concerned. And again does the old man's own goodness and truth, and his strong confidence in the veracity of his son, bear him up even against this. ' He's innocent, sir, for ' all that ; he never lied to me since he was born, sir ; and I trust ' in God that he will not let the innocent suffer for the guilty ! ' He admits that ' appearances be against ' his son terribly ; adding, with touching simplicity, ' But my lord judge will be a just man, ' and may find out my son's innocence, though others may be ' unable to see it till then.' And, when asked anxiously by his true friend, Hylton, what witnesses the young man can bring forward to support that innocence of which Ayliffe is so persuaded, though obliged to own that he fears he has none, he still clings to the same idea : ' May the Lord have mercy on him, ' poor soul ! I misgive me that he hath not any ; but he may ' surely *say* as much when he is on trial, and God may put it ' into the hearts of those he pleads before to believe him ; for I ' will swear for him that never an untrue word did he speak, ' that I know of, in his life ! ' The old man's firm reliance on his son's truthfulness is very beautiful. Nothing could have better expressed the purity of his own nature.

The trial comes on. We cannot give any specimen of this part of the volume ; we can only speak of it in general terms of praise ; but we may say that the law of the case which Mr. Warren gives us, is, both by the crown prosecutor and the judge, brought before the reader with singular force and precision, in that succinct, weighty, expressive style, which harmonizes well with that of the period to which this narrative is referred—a century ago. In the addresses of the solicitor-general and the judge, as also in the simple statement of the prisoner, Mr. Warren pleases us much. They are exceeding clear, and to the point ; every word fits exactly into its place, and fulfils its own particular duty. It is good, sterling old English, with the true tinge of Saxon.

The evidence is, as we have related, against the prisoner ; nor do we see, any more than both judge and jury, how it is possible for Adam to escape conviction. Oxley bears witness against him in reference to his being fined for poaching : testimony that he falsifies somewhat, in order to prove the existence of malice on Ayliffe's part towards the murdered man. Finally, Adam himself, while protesting his innocence, destroys what little chance might have been left him, by his own ingenuous admission of those circumstances that made most strongly against him ; owning that he

had gone into the wood with intent to be revenged upon one who, in the matter of the hare, had hurt him grievously; that, finding the body, he had, in attempting to raise it, contracted the stain upon his sleeve; and then, hearing footsteps approaching, ran away, fearful of being again accused of poaching; was pursued, fired at by the keeper, and apprehended: concluding, 'Now, gentlemen, I hope you believe all this; and may God put it into your hearts to do so, for it is nothing but the truth; and there is one, I think, that could say I mean, my old father; were he here, (but truly glad I am that he is not,) he would testify that he hath never known falsehood come from my lips. And this is all that I can plead for my poor life, now in danger.'

He is brought in guilty—there is nothing else for it—and left for execution on the Monday following. And the workings of his mind and feelings, in endeavouring to submit to his unjust condemnation, (for he is innocent,) and prepare himself for the death before him, afford scope for some scenes of striking and painful interest, to which we cannot do more than direct the reader's attention. The advices and exhortations which he receives from Hylton we would notice with particular commendation, for their affecting and sound character. Plain, sober, earnest, we see them to be precisely what should, in real life, be tendered to men in such circumstances. Confession of sin, repentance for even the slightest departures from rectitude, particularly for that unchristian spirit of revenge, the cherishing of which against the man who had ensnared him with the hare had thus brought him to his fearful doom; forgiveness of enemies—banishing from his mind all animosity against those who had inflicted upon him his really unjust fate, the evidence being such that they could not do otherwise; above all, acquiescence in this trying matter, in the justice and wisdom of a Supreme Power, without which nothing can happen to the sons of men: these are the topics pressed with affectionate firmness on the condemned man. His innocence he still persists in, and of it Hylton is thoroughly persuaded, though there exist no means of establishing it. Circumstances, however, arise, which seem to corroborate, in some degree, this belief; and, influenced by them, he succeeds, with great difficulty, in obtaining for the prisoner a fortnight's respite, to give time for further inquiry into them. These exertions on young Ayliffe's behalf, give great offence to Lord Milverstoke, a man of haughty, imperious temper; who, distracted with the loss of his only son in so miserable a manner, and firmly convinced of Ayliffe's guilt, regards them not only as a glaring attempt to defeat the ends of justice,

but as a wanton attack upon his own feelings, made by one, his own chaplain, who was least justified in thus adding to his sufferings. Some stormy interviews, in consequence, took place between them—stormy on the Earl's side: Hylton, supported by his sense of duty in straining every nerve to save the life of, as he firmly believes, an innocent man, bearing with noble, invincible forbearance, the outrageous reproaches with which the former loads him. Upon him rests the responsibility of justifying by the event what, otherwise, would have been but a prolongation of the convict's sufferings; and, at length, after encountering and overcoming incredible difficulties, he is rewarded by obtaining for young Adam a commutation of his sentence of death into one of transportation for life: no great gain, *we* should think.

Spite of the Earl's almost insane violence in his opposition to Hylton's heroic efforts in behalf of his unfortunate parishioner, we cannot help some feeling of sympathy with the natural resentment excited in his distracted mind, by that which he, relying upon the verdict, deems a tampering not only with law, but justice. 'If,' as old Adam expresses the same view, 'his lordship doth verily believe that my son slew his, who shall wonder if he think it right that my poor son should die, according to the law of God and man?' But Mr. Warren's aim is to lead us to something higher, and purer than mere *natural* feeling: an aim of which the whole volume is an impressive development.

But we must hasten on. Adam leaves the country, a convicted murderer, spared solely by royal clemency, and that, against strong official opposition. Twenty years pass over the heads of all the actors in these scenes, and then the innocence of the condemned man is brought to light by the confession of him who has done the deed—Hundle, the poacher, who betrayed young Ayliffe into that first shame and suffering to which all that had subsequently befallen him had been in strict sequence. He, under sentence for what in those days was a capital offence, stealing from a bleach-ground, owns, that upon the night that Ayliffe had gone into the wood to 'cudgel him soundly,' he had gone thither with a murderous design upon the gamekeeper—in the dark, mistook Lord Alkmond for the object of his search, and, by a blow from behind with the coulter of a plough, slew him upon the spot; afterwards hiding the instrument of his vengeance in a hollow tree hard by; the finding of which, in the tree pointed out, confirms the truth of his statement.

There is one little incident in connexion with this blow on the back of the head which strikes us as being very true to nature,

and that is—amid the agony and shame into which young Adam is plunged by being convicted of this murder, the transport of indignation to which he suddenly gives way at the idea of his being supposed capable of striking a man from behind. How often it is that, under great and intolerable evils, our fortitude and patience break down under some slight but irritating item of the whole sum!

Hylton, still among his people of Milverstoke, communicates these good tidings of the establishment of his son's innocence to old Ayliffe:—

‘He found the old man alone in his cottage, reading that Book which had long been the only solace of his life; one which either gave him a clue to the course of God’s providence in human affairs, or conferred upon him the blessing of a composed resignation, an implicit faith and confidence, that one day would make it known that *He had done all things well*. Deep in that old man’s heart were engraved the solemnizing and consolatory words of the apostle: *For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know, even as also I am known*. God and His doings are at present surrounded with darkness, often impenetrable: but otherwise shall it be hereafter: when He shall be seen to have here been where He was not known or thought to be! Therefore the old man received this amazing intelligence, the first shock over, with calmness and dignity. ‘God is good,’ said he, ‘that hath given me to see this day—to hear these tidings, as a ray of sunshine on the short path which leads me to my home yonder;’ and he pointed through his little window to the churchyard. ‘It will not shorten, nor could the want of it have lengthened, my sleep in the dust! This old body of mine hath increasing attraction to the dust. I feel the hour coming when it must drop, when the *earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved*: and I leave it cheerfully here to enter a *building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*. . . . Links have I that yet bind me to this earth, but they will presently melt and dissolve away, and I escape. My son, mine only son, whom I loved, hath been offered up, this twenty years, upon my heart—an offering unto God; when he unlooseth him, I will receive him back thankfully, be it but for a moment. Ay, let me see my son, my son Adam, and I depart in peace, knowing that God hath heard my prayer! His mother hath long been dust; so will be soon his father: so, ere long, will he be.’

The convict is now restored to his family; and, brought to a better mind by Hylton’s christian teaching, earnestly does the old earl lament the implacable and rancorous spirit which, under the guise of just resentment against crime, he had cherished and displayed towards this victim of circumstances. To him, as to the poor inmate of the condemned cell, has there been addressed

the faithful declaration, that without forgiveness of enemies, there is no pardon for them who sue for the mercy of Heaven—no entrance for them within its wide opened portals. And in that temper of genuine humility engendered by the heartfelt reception of this sublime doctrine, the proud noble enters the cottage of the aged yeoman, and craves his forgiveness of the sad and sinful past. Frankly and *Christianly* is his faltering ‘Will you forgive, and take my hand,’ received:—

‘Ay, my lord—ay, in the name of God—feeling, too, that I have had somewhat to forgive. For a father am I, and a father *wast* thou, my lord! Here, since it hath been asked for, is my hand, that never was withheld from man that kindly asked for it; and my heart goes out to thee with it. God bless thee, my lord, in these thine old and feeble days!’

And then comes the closing scene—characteristic and solemn. The earl is dying, and in pursuance of a promise made to him, some time before, old Ayliffe is summoned to his couch:—

‘When the earl saw him, it was about evening, and the sun was setting. Its declining rays shone softly into the magnificent chamber in which lay the dying nobleman.

‘Adam, see, it is going down!’ said Lord Milverstoke, looking mournfully at Adam, and pointing to the sadly-splendid spectacle of the sinking sun.

‘How is thy soul with God?’ said the old man, with great solemnity.

‘The earl placed his hands together, and remained silent for some moments. Then he said, ‘I would it were, good Adam, as thine is!’

‘Nay, my good lord, think only of thine own, not mine; I am sinful, and often of weak faith. But hast Thou faith and hope?’

‘I thank God, Adam, that I have some little. Before I was afflicted, I went astray. But I have sinned deeper than ever thou thinkest, good soul!’

‘But His mercy, to whom thou art going, is deeper than all thy sins!’

‘Oh, Adam, I have this day often thought that I could die more peacefully in thy little cottage than in this place!’

‘So thy heart and soul be right, what signifies where thou diest!’

‘Adam,’ said the earl, gently, ‘thou speakest somewhat sternly to one with a broken spirit—but God bless thee! Thy honest voice searcheth me! Wilt thou make me a promise, Adam?’ said the earl, softly placing his hand upon that of Ayliffe.

‘Ay, my lord, if I can perform it.’

‘Wilt thou follow my unworthy dust to the grave? I would have followed thee hadst thou gone first.’

‘I will!’ replied Adam, looking solemnly at the earl.

‘ ‘And now give me thy prayers, dear Adam! Pray for him that—is to come after me—for I go——’

And within three months’ time, old Adam, also, was gathered to his fathers.

We have briefly sketched the narrative; yet must more briefly still indicate the grand moral of these exciting scenes and events; and that is, to illustrate the equity of the great Ruler of all, in his dealings, by his providence, with mankind; equity, which at times even upon earth is unshrouded to the eyes of men, from the ‘clouds and darkness’ which are round about Him. The murdered man and his father have alike wet their hand in their brother’s blood; and fully, at last, does the earl perceive and acknowledge, how, though shed under the vain pretext of honour, it has yet ‘cried’ against them ‘from the ground,’ and been fearfully answered by a retributive and righteous providence. While even the wrongfully condemned man himself has no plea before that highest tribunal where all must stand; seeing his doom arose out of that spirit of revenge forbidden to man, which he had stolen out to gratify; and ‘he’ that hateth his brother, is a murderer ‘in his heart.’

As a work of art, ‘Now and Then’ is far more equal than Mr. Warren’s former productions; nor, bearing in mind its incident and aim, do we consider its decidedly serious tone as out of place. Its morality is high; the spirit of religion which it inculcates and embodies, ‘pure and undefiled;’ and the impression which it stamps upon the reader’s mind is one calculated to leave him wiser and better. It will be noticed that the passages which we have extracted relate chiefly to old Adam Ayliffe. And we have chosen these, because to our mind he is the chief hero of the story, as he is unquestionably the finest conception in the book. Hylton’s is a character of faultless excellence, he is goodness personified; but Adam is a real, living, flesh and blood man; no mere collection of qualities, which, however admirable, might as well be attributed to any one else. There is individuality about him; and to invest a conception of character with this attribute must always be considered the highest effort of creative genius. Mr. Warren will think we are bent upon saying disagreeable things if we own that, highly as we have estimated him, we should not have thought him capable of creating an Adam Ayliffe. Captain Lutteridge belongs to the *heavy* dragons.

Mr. Warren writes best when he does so quietly and seriously. He has, we trust, now risen entirely above those crudenesses that so greatly disfigure his early performances; and much do we congratulate him on this, his last effort, in which the reader may

enjoy all his pathos; his nice acquaintance with, and accurate delineation of, the working of the human heart and intellect, and his admirable, vigorously expressed morality, without 'let or hindrance' from faults, either of mind or taste.

It would be unpardonable to close our remarks upon Mr. Warren without adverting to that religious tone and character which he has given to almost all that he has written, and which stands out in favourable contrast with that of much of our current literature. We frequently meet in modern fiction with a sentimental sort of piety, which, *perhaps*, is better than none; but it certainly is not the religion which must move and actuate the hearts and lives of human beings, and sustain them, if they are to be sustained, amid the cares and miseries of life. We find, and it is admirable as far as it goes, traces of natural religion—a loving acknowledgment of a universal Father, even as the angels that 'kept their first estate' might acknowledge Him. But, alas! it is forgotten that man has other relations to Deity than those of simple childhood and dependence. Yet he who ignores these other relations, peculiar to fallen humanity, has failed to supply himself with hopes and principles that will carry him through the pains of mortality, that will stand the test of time and eternity! The religious principles avowed, and, indeed, set forth in these volumes, are sober, just, and practical; and the expression of them is that of one who thoroughly believes the truths he enunciates. He exhibits to us, by those various forms in which he has embodied his ideas of excellence, a religion that 'fears God and *works righteousness*.' One that is well and chastely represented as supporting him who is actuated by it, through the keenest suffering, without either seeking unhallowed ways of escape, or murmuring at the severity of the trial; and we at once recognise the motives as adequate to the results attributed to them. There is, at times, something very offensive to a reverent mind in the way in which revealed religion is brought forward in works of imagination. With all his sins against taste, this is one of which Mr. Warren is rarely guilty, and we desire to do him all honour for it.

There is another subject upon which Mr. Warren appears to us to have written like one who has felt, and his treatment of which is strikingly influenced by this religious spirit. On several occasions he depicts most vividly the natural workings of the human mind, and heart, in those perplexities of the understanding concerning the moral government of the world, which are so apt to spring up in a thoughtful spirit oppressed by suffering, even where the *will* to acknowledge a Supreme Power, infinitely just and good, may remain unshaken. Perplexities which, in-

stead of being laid to rest, (as those who know nothing about the matter tell us they are,) by looking abroad upon the superior miseries of our neighbours, are only brought out in more gigantic form, and within a more awful arena, when from the bounds of our own narrow experience we pass to the wide-spread sin, misery, and degradation in which the human family is involved. Perplexities that have tried the faith, and baffled the reason, of man in all ages; of the heathen, as well as of the Christian world. Deeply can we sympathize with those who, among the former, sought their solution by assigning the origination, and governance, of this world to two beings of equal power, the one good, the other evil, engaged in perpetual strife for the mastery. Though even in the old time, there were noble examples of strong confidence in the wisdom and goodness of one over-ruling deity, such as might rebuke, as well as corroborate, our wavering trust, to whom, in these later days, there is light from Heaven even upon the darkest passages of man's history: whose faith is irradiated, even where our understanding is still baffled by those 'ways' that 'are past finding out.' Nor, acknowledging the Supreme, as the only source of natural, as well as of revealed religion, the Being from whom 'cometh every good and perfect gift,' (and oh, *how* good was that firm trust and confidence!) need we hesitate to own as brethren in the faith those in whose pages we delight to trace the faint outlines of those sublime truths which are deeply engraven upon our hearts by the visible hand of Heaven; doubtful though we be whether we shall deem them the last lingering trace of the revelation originally given to man, or a dim fore-shadowing of that which should be hereafter vouchsafed to those pure souls who, in every nation and time, are accepted by Him!

With great beauty and truth are these mental struggles indicated in various parts of the career both of Aubrey and young Adam Ayliffe; and to this exhibition of the human heart our human heart answers—as deep answers to deep. And well has Mr. Warren taught the true, the *only* way to overcome these profound troubles of humanity: the submission of the heart to that infallible testimony to the goodness and wisdom of our Creator, with which Christian revelation provides man; combined with the exclusion of our understanding from that which is no part of its office, the passing judgment on things utterly out of, and above, its grasp.

The subject is one teeming with interest. We cannot pursue it here. We would merely intimate our own sympathy with the train of thought which we perceive has been passing through Mr. Warren's mind. Those who have not, in some degree, *felt*

the perplexities to which we have adverted, will understand neither us nor him; and so far as they know them not, their knowledge of man, as a spiritual being, must be imperfect. We wish not to disturb their happy ignorance.

We have one fault more to notice. We cannot endure a novel printed in a thick octavo. It would have been infinitely better in a couple of light volumes. Like many of our craft, we are 'short-sighted mortals,' and are therefore under the disagreeable necessity of raising our book to within a few inches of our optics. We do not object to this arm-aching process when it is a grave volume of philosophy, history, or divinity, that subjects us to it. But it may excuse us for wishing that *light* literature might answer to its name. In these luxurious days we cannot tolerate even a rose-leaf doubled under us. And our very grave entreaty is, that big books of poetry and romance, such as are now gradually placing themselves upon our shelves, may go out of fashion with all convenient speed. We want the lower range of our bookcases for another kind of matter.

ART. VII.—(1.) *In welchem Sinn die deutsche Philosophie jetzt wieder an Kant sich zu orientiren hat.* Von Dr. C. H. WEISSE.

(2.) *Die Philosophie Victor Cousin's, ihre Stellung zur früheren französ. u. zur neueren deutschen Philosophie.* Von Dr. C. E. FUCHS.

(3.) *Darstellung und Kritik der Philosophie Ludwig Feuerbach's.* Von Dr. J. SCHALLER.

(4.) *Leopold Schefer's ausgewählte Werke.*

For half a century, vague and fragmentary notices of German literature and philosophy have rather stimulated than gratified the curiosity of English readers. Without forgetting our reviews, which profess to notice foreign literature, some translations of Kant, the soliloquies of Coleridge, and all that Carlyle has written, we may still ask, where shall we find a wide and clear view of the character and tendency of German speculation during the last fifty years? Many have written to recommend it, but *vaguely*; while others have opposed it with good intentions and a small stock of precise knowledge. Thus we have noticed, even in some respectable scholars, a confusion made between the old neology and the latest school of idealism. We cannot undertake, in this short paper, to shed light over all the tortuous paths of thought from Kant's first doubt down to the

most recent resolution of all doubts ; but if we limit ourselves to the general characteristics and results of the five leading theorists, our task will be comparatively easy.

Of the importance of our subject there can be no doubt. German books find their way over Europe, and have already affected the tone of literature in France, England, Denmark, Sweden—yes, even in Russia. We do not say that the influence sent forth over so many minds has been generally injurious. Fortunately, the most disturbing and confusing books in Germany are almost untranslatable. But before we return the compliment of our neighbours, who are reading the lighter parts of our literature with great avidity, it would be well for us to examine the results of their speculative tendencies. It may be asked, why attempt a popular explanation of systems and modes of thought essentially unpopular ? As we have already said, obscurity is a characteristic of our subject ; but this fact must not be exaggerated. It must not be supposed that all the speculative ideas of the Germans are involved in such a cloud of words that the public will never understand them. Many of their writers of the new school have cultivated a popular style with considerable success ; and revolutionary doctrines, once disguised under scholastic phraseology, are now boldly presented to the masses of the people. Coleridge has noticed the fact that, in certain conditions of society, even abstruse and metaphysical theories may win a popular interest and produce social changes. Though we are quite ready to grant that a great part of the speculative process has been devoted to ‘ words without understanding,’ we cannot believe that there has been no main-current, no practical drift, in the revolution begun by Kant and closed by Hegel. Facts, indeed, contradict such a supposition ; and, before we proceed to examine more particularly the tendencies of the various schools, we may give some specimens of opinions in Germany with regard to the practical results of their philosophy. Our readers will judge for themselves whether these opinions are supported by the evidence we shall adduce, or not.

Here we might easily quote several tirades written by Romanists, directed not only against recent schools of philosophy, but against all speculation, and, of course, pointing to Protestantism as the parent of every presumptuous theory. But it would be unfair to employ against others arguments which may be equally applicable to ourselves. We would rather choose such a writer as Wolfgang Menzel, as a fair specimen of some old-fashioned thinkers in Germany who venture to express their opinions on new creeds and systems. Let it be understood that we do not quote Menzel as an authority. He is, undoubtedly,

a writer of declamations rather than arguments; but we may use his opinions as representatives of a class. Thus he speaks of the 'new generation':—

'The *Code Noir* of our young revolutionists says—'Thou shalt have no God beside thyself; thou shalt make all days sacred to thyself, in which thou shalt not labour but plunder thy richer neighbours; thou shalt despise thy parents and ancestors, for they were full of old prejudices; thou shalt murder, if any dare to oppose thy will;'—in short, none but such laws as are opposed, in all points, to the old catalogue are recognised in the leading writings of our 'new generation;' and the earth, forsooth, is to be turned into a paradise by the new legislation! It is a sad but a true confession, that a considerable part of our most recent literature and philosophy, in a moral, religious, and political point of view, is such, that even Voltaire's philosophy, the precursor of the French Revolution, appears advantageously in comparison. The new literature which is gaining a wide circulation in our land, has for its object to loosen all the bonds of society, to destroy, at once, all old prejudices and all sound judgment, to turn civilization back into unbounded licence, and to celebrate vice itself as a proof of genius and liberalism. We have been too much on our guard against minor political reformations, while we have allowed to grow up and flourish among us the elements of a sweeping social and moral revolution.*

There is ground for these assertions. It may be said, without any exaggeration, that one characteristic of a great part of the most original books published in Germany is an intense hatred of Christianity. Moderate assertions are out of fashion. The notion of a renovation of the Christian system is not in favour as formerly. This hatred of Christianity, in every form, (we do not employ these words without reason,) is expressed in various styles. One, for instance, employs poetical forms, and writes epigrams in the style of the Greek anthology, and with some success, for you might imagine that the writer had never been made acquainted with one Christian idea or expression. We shall give some specimens of the poetical style of pantheism in the sequel of this paper. Another employs the historical form, but takes care to avoid the historical spirit. He devotes his labours to antiquarian researches against the church of Rome, gives full scope to his imaginations, and then, with a studied neglect of all discrimination, charges even Christianity itself with crimes, of which the worst ages of religious corruption cannot be convicted. We shall not give even the title of the book to which we allude, but a sketch of its contents will serve as a specimen of the strange things issued from the German press.

* *Literaturblatt* for 1847, Nos. 1 and 35.

Let it be observed that the following assertions are not taken from a hasty pamphlet, but from a work in two volumes, evidently the result of some study. The writer tells us, in his preface, that he has laboured for some years, and has made such discoveries that he feels it a duty not to have them buried in his grave. He then proceeds to impute every atrocity of heathenism to the Romish church of the middle ages. His favourite hypothesis is, that the worship of Moloch, by the immolation of children, was continually practised by the Roman church, and is even maintained in our times! This extravagant and malicious falsehood is supported by absurd interpretations of some old legends. For instance:—

‘ There was a popular legend in Germany which told of a white fairy who wandered about in the corn-fields, toward harvest-time, to prevent children trampling down the grain. She was called the *Kornmühme*. Nothing can be more obvious than the origin of this legend. It was like a hundred other such stories—a mere invention to frighten little boys and girls from mischief. But no! this writer, with an imagination determined to find horrors everywhere, will not be satisfied with our childish and clear explanation. Oh, no! this *Corn-fairy* was a disguised Romish priest, who kidnapped little children, and carried them away to a monastery, where they were offered to Moloch! And, mark—there is even a probability that the same inhuman rites have been practised *in our day*! Thus the author proves it:—in his family there is a person who remembers that, when he played with other boys in the streets of Nuremberg, in the evening, he had a great dread of a supposed monk, with a knife concealed under a white gown, who (as the boys believed) went about kidnapping and murdering children! Now, as maid-servants have *never* been prone to deceive children by false and alarming tales (!) it is *probable* that historical fact was the cause of this boyish terror! *

Enough!—It may be said that such a book is not worthy of a word of refutation. True; but it is not too silly to be printed, circulated, and reviewed as a work of some research in Germany. We simply call attention to the fact that, though an extreme, it is not an unfair specimen of books of the same tendency. It concludes with this assertion—‘ Christianity must be destroyed, and the worship of nature must be restored.’

It is worthy of notice that while every year produces numbers of books directed against Christianity, and written with some popularity of style, few works on the other side of the question are likely to exert much influence on the people. On turning over the pages of a Leipsic catalogue, we find a strong contrast between the boldness and neology of titles on the liberal side,

* *Literaturblatt* for 1847, No. 68.

and the common-place or superstitious character of Roman-catholic publications. Among books from the school of Strauss and Feuerbach, we find such catholic productions as these—‘The Royal Necklace: a Collection of the Best Prayers;’ ‘A Narrative of the Apparition of the Holy Virgin to Two Shepherd Boys, on a Hill in France, in the Autumn of 1846.’ It must be admitted that many works of respectable learning and ability emanate from the protestant side against the extravagancies of the new school; but, on the whole, we have reason to believe that the current of popular interest is in favour of the latter. Poetry and prose fiction are brought into the service of the new speculations, and the social condition of a great part of Germany is discussed in a style calculated to raise dissatisfaction with all old institutions. We abstain from giving many other proofs of our conclusion on the prevailing tendency of the times; because we have no wish to advertise books and opinions which are purely injurious, and contain nothing to extend the interests either of science or religion, or human happiness.

Before we proceed to describe briefly the process of speculation which has led to the present confused and unhappy warfare of opinions in Germany, let us hazard a remark for which some of our readers may be unprepared. We would say that, however difficult it may be to follow all the steps of the so-called philosophical investigations which have led to the present state of opinions, it is not a difficult, but a very easy task to find out the cause and the essential character of the most presumptuous speculations. How is it that, during the last fifty years, while the order and beauty of the external world have been gradually unfolding under the patient hand of science; while the humility and industry of experimental inquiries have been rewarded with results as great and valuable as they were unexpected; on the other hand, metaphysical speculation has arrived at no harmony, no certainty of knowledge? Science has made progress from darkness into light, while speculation has left the light of common day and wandered into night. Why have we this contrast before us? One fact is, to us, a sufficient reply. The method of sober inquiry, of humble submission to experience, the *inductive* method, has been followed in the physical sciences, while it has been despised as unfit for the high purposes of metaphysical speculation.

To support these introductory remarks, we now proceed to give a brief sketch of the progress of German speculation. We shall attempt no refutation of the systems described; but shall be satisfied with placing their results, as far as they are known, in contrast with the facts of history and experience. We know

very well what the German theorist will say of our homely method, and are quite able to bear all the contempt which he is pleased to bestow upon 'an empirical Englishman.'

Of Kant and Fichte we shall say little, because their systems have already received considerable attention from English translators and expositors. Kant was a man of shrewd analytical power, but possessing no extensive range either of thought or feeling. In his crusade against dogmatism, he starts by denying the possibility of a real knowledge of the external world. In other words, he denies that we have, or can have, any proofs that there is an accordance between the nature of external realities and our thoughts concerning them. Having thus shut up the mind, as in a prison, he proceeds to dissect it, and finds that it acts according to a necessity of constitution; that, from the data presented to it by the external world, it must arrive at certain conclusions. But are these conclusions accordant with external truth? No proof can be given in answer to this question, says Kant. Even the existence of God cannot be proved; though it may be shown that the mind, in order to complete its processes, must assume that existence. But, after all, the mind may be likened to a kalcidoscope. Of all the pictures which it presents, there may be no external prototype, either in nature or in God. The world supplies the bits of glass, and the faculties of the mind are the slides by which the fragments are arranged into patterns of apparent design. This is the beginning of German philosophy. From this doubt all the various systems have arisen, as means of resolving it. We do not intend to grapple with it here, any further than to show its results. Let the reader who sees no practical purpose in it, consider its effect on such an argument as that conducted by the clear, sunshiny Paley, in his *Natural Theology*. What has Paley proved after all? Only that Paley was obliged to think in a certain fashion. Without troubling our readers with any subtleties belonging to this theory, we notice at once its final result: every external standard is nullified; the absolute 'autonomy' of the mind is asserted; it must be its own law and lawgiver.

This is the great practical result of Kant; and *our object is to show that beyond this result none of his successors have conducted us*. Of Fichte we need say no more than that he carried Kant's doctrines to their extreme point, and, both in mental and moral science, refused every appeal save to consciousness; philosophizing as if there was not one established fact in the world beyond *cogito ergo sum*.

As the very object and longing of the human mind is to know things *beyond* itself, we may be sure that, as soon as Kant's

system was understood, it would excite opposition. The first opponent we will name is JACOBI. This writer was born at Düsseldorf, and studied under Le Sage, at Geneva. Having a disposition for metaphysical research, he occupied his mind with Kant's system, but was soon disgusted with the scepticism he found in it. Out of this he sought to escape by a simple appeal to *sentiment*; in fact, he used the method by which our Samuel Johnson once closed a debate on the freedom of the will,—‘We feel that we are free, and that is all about it!’ But the talent of Jacobi consisted rather in warmth of feeling and occasional force of diction, than in systematic reflection; and thus, while some absurdly lauded him as a ‘German Plato,’ others called him a ‘mere preacher.’ His preaching gained some attention, however, and he numbered among his opponents not only Kant, but also Fichte, Mendelssohn, Schelling, Hegel, and many of their disciples. He died in 1819. His ‘philosophy,’ disguised in thick verbiage, amounts to nothing more than a denial of *all* philosophy. He bids us rest in ‘faith’ and ‘intuitive sentiment.’ If he sometimes uses a dialectic style, it is not to prove a theory of his own, but merely to refute his opponents—the ‘system-builders,’ as he properly styles them—with their own mode of reasoning. His most remarkable publication was entitled, ‘On Divine Things, and their Revelation to the Soul.’ Here we find the main thought upon which he preached so often, and in such a wordy style. He says, ‘Whatever you may propose to me as ‘an object of adoration or an article of belief, I must have some ‘standard in my soul by which to judge of the proposition, and ‘this standard I find in the spontaneous intuitions of positive ‘reason.’ He, of course, denies the validity of every law not confirmed by conscience. Now it surely was an interesting and important question to ask, ‘How shall we discriminate between a true conscience and a false one?’ But with this Jacobi did not perplex himself; he rather proceeds to declamation in the following style:—

‘Yes! I am the atheist who would lie as Desdemona lied, murder as Timoleon murdered his brother, rob the temple as David did, and pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath-day for no reason but because I was hungry!—for man was not made for the law, but the law was made for man!’

And this raving, forsooth, was dignified with the name of ‘philosophy!’ In every page of his writings we shall find the same want of sobriety and discrimination of thought, assertions as thickly strewn as sand, and proofs as rare as the phoenix. Here are a few scattered sentences, which imply all that Jacobi could teach:—

'Consideration tells us not what is *good*, but what is *better*. Instinct *alone* reveals to us the *positive good*. The faculty of judgment presupposes a faculty of comparison. Yet there must be a first judgment without comparison, and this is *the instinctive judgment*.' . . . 'True illumination is that which teaches man that he is a law to himself; and true education is that which accustoms him to obey this law, without fear of punishment or hope of reward.' . . . 'We have a friend *within*!—there is a sanctuary *in* our souls where divine oracles are heard. The ancients spoke thus of their presiding genius. Christ called this internal guide the 'single eye.' Whatever we may term it—'conscience,' 'inner-sense,' or *λογος*, we know it; for have we not felt its presence from earliest youth? Woe to him who learns to trifle with, to criticise, to contradict the testimony! He will soon be 'without God in the world'—without moral sense—without the recognition of divine guidance in any of the relations of life!'

Now, we by no means intend to say that such sentences are not capable of receiving a good meaning. They are open to many meanings—too vague to have a place in scientific writing. And, for proof of this, we have only to refer again to the same author. He felt the contradictions caused by a want of discrimination in his propositions, and no man ever placed himself more directly in opposition to his former self than Jacobi does in the following passages:—

'I have been young, and now am old, and I give this as my testimony of experience—that I have never found a thorough, solid, and permanent morality in any men save those having 'the fear of the Lord;' and this not of the *modern* fashion, but in the old, *childish* style (as it is now reckoned)—among these men only have I found true cheerfulness in life—a sound-hearted and buoyant gladness above comparison with all other pleasures.' . . . 'Man cannot reform himself. He is too much the sport of the passions, and nothing stands firm but the law which is set over him. It is dangerous to rely upon a man who trusts in 'a good heart,' without yielding to the sway of *fixed laws*. With the best faculties, such a man may sink into the lowest degradation. Contented neither with good nor evil, unpractised in self-control, he will learn to deceive himself, and will gain an increasing readiness in evading duties, now pleading the spirit against the plain letter of the law, and again *vice versâ*. So he may sink into the vague and inconvenient, where vice holds her seat. Virtue is definite and uncompromising. As I have narrowly escaped this rock in my life's voyage, I shudder when I look back upon it, and know not how to warn others earnestly enough. For this rock lifts not itself high above the waters. We may easily glide upon it, while we are dreaming of security. And we shall *not* avoid it by watching the compass of *moral sentiments*, but by steering our course by laws not made by ourselves. I am preaching to myself as well as to others; for, though now in my fifty-fifth year, I cannot boast that I love *the right*

so as to find it easy to follow it every moment. Yet I love it sincerely, and would strive for readiness of obedience as my greatest good and happiness.'

Thus we find Jacobi was well aware of the practical perils of his sentimental philosophy, but could find no philosophical way out of them. All visionary systems of ethics spring out of a want of faith in the conclusions derived from historical facts. If Jacobi had reflected on some half-a-dozen *facts* in the history of the moral world, as long as he brooded over his own vague *sentiments*, he would have arrived at something better than a riddle at the end of his philosophy. We find Kant educing from 'pure reason' the 'categorical imperative,' and putting that cold abstraction in the place of the Gospel. Jacobi, repelled by the coldness and dreariness of such a system, goes to his own heart for advice, and tries to conjure up within himself guiding inspirations of goodness and truth. But, through all his declamations, we find a painful consciousness of want of reality, a fruitless reflection on himself, a restless study of a riddle for which he can find no solution. Here we must leave this writer, who had his name once celebrated in philosophy, so-called; but of whom we may assert, that he did not add one syllable to the progress of any science. Thus far, we think, we have proved the truth of our proposition, that Kant's successors have not rebuilt what he destroyed.

It will be easily understood to what purpose Romanist writers have applied such vague doctrines as those just quoted. They have chosen to regard them as necessary results of Protestantism; and, from the tendency of such loose speculations, they argue, of course, the necessity of an absolute church. The protestant and the man of inductive science will readily concede validity to this argument as far as this point—that a surer guide than Jacobi's 'sentiments' or Kant's 'autonomy' is required; but he must deny the fairness of the conclusion that this surer guide can be found in the Roman church, and in that alone. He will not allow the New Testament and all the 'corroborating facts of history to be thrown aside as uncertainties. In short, he will maintain that the final appeal must be to established truth, not to an absolute church. One extract will explain the purport of many Roman-catholic writers on the tendency of opinions in Germany. We quote from BAADER, an abstruse author, who may be regarded as the extreme opposite to Fichte and Jacobi:—

'The knowledge of the laws of his intellectual and spiritual life is neither innate in man, nor to be gained by his independent reasoning; but he must first receive it on the testimony of others as the result of their experience. And this testimony is to him a reasonable self-

enforcing demand, that he should make the experiment and investigation which others have made; not that he should set himself free from this labour, thinking that others have already done it for him; for by this indolent pretence of credence, he would just shut himself out of the common conviction and experience, while joining in the verbal confession. In order to gain a conviction of the truth of these results, in the concord of the outward with the inward witness, (history with experience,) we must not only grant to the outer testimony priority of time, as the necessary foundation of the individual's knowledge; but also, its indispensable fixed duration, as in all cases where a difference may arise between the outer and the inner testimony, the former must be held as regulative. Yet we should perform a poor service to religion by leaving the inner witness out of consideration, the *awakening* of which is the very aim of the external testimony, and without which the reciprocal conjunction and necessary completion would be failing in both. Now, as the knowledge of the laws of his life is indispensable to man, (since he is no longer guided by unerring instinct, and as from ignorance to error, and from error to crime, the steps are very few,) for his preservation and perfection, we see the necessity for the foundation and support of AN INSTITUTION for this end, and the lack of such an institution would be as much in contradiction to the goodness and justice of God, as the punishment of transgression without a promulgation of the law. We have two parties now, one of which would tell us that all such application and explanation of the religious history of mankind is impossible, because we are told it is very dubious whether the account be valid or not; while the other party would, indeed, hold the history valid as *matter of fact*, but unintelligible in its nature—intended to be read; remembered, but never understood. According to the first party, we can do nothing better than forget all the past—all history—and begin our reason, experience, and faith, '*a novo et ab ovo*;' while, according to the second party, we must carry our history along with us as a continual *indigestion* in the mind.'

Let it be remembered that the doubt left behind by Kant was, 'how shall we find a rule of truth, both *internal* and *external*?' and now we may attend to the resolution of this doubt by SCHELLING. What is his system? or how shall we define his method? That Schelling is a man of multifarious and comprehensive knowledge; that his mind is stored with a vast array of facts from history, and all the inductive sciences; that there are depth and acuteness in many of his observations; and that his works contain passages of considerable power and clearness, we know well; but we are also free to make the confession that, from all the numerous lectures and essays of this celebrated man, (whose teaching has extended over half a century,) we can deduce no self-consistent system. He begins by adverting to the state in which Kant left philosophy:—

‘As soon as man places himself in opposition to the external world, philosophy begins; but this opposition is only the means, and not the end, of philosophy. The destiny of man is *action*, and the less he reflects upon himself, the greater will be his activity. Man is not made to contend with the spectres of an unreal world, but to live and act in this real world which also acts upon him, and it is only in these conditions that the true nature of man can be developed.’

Such is the motive of this philosophy, to restore man to nature and nature to man. To accomplish this, Schelling does not begin with inductive science, but, with one *intuitive* glance, he professes to discover that the mind and external nature are essentially *one*; that the same mind which arrives at consciousness in man lives, in an unconscious condition, throughout the universe; consequently, that the same laws which apply to the mind also apply to nature; and that what is true in the internal sphere of reason is equally true when applied to the external world. In short, Schelling is not satisfied with the *analogies* which inductive science has discovered between the human mind and the external world, but proceeds to assert an absolute identity. This is done by an *intuition*, of which he gives us the following account:—

‘This intellectual intuition is superior to all reasoning, and admits neither doubt nor explanation. It is nothing that can be taught—all attempts to explain it are vain. Not merely at one stage, but throughout the whole process, it remains the unchangeable organ and essential condition of all scientific research. It is the power of seeing the universal in the particular; the Infinite in the finite; and of regarding both in their vital union.’

With regard to this refusal of a definition, Cousin represents his German teacher as a traveller, who, after having gained the summit of a mountain, looks down on the people, and says—‘Do not imagine that I have *climbed* to this eminence; no, I have just dropped from the clouds.’ In plain words, Cousin believes that all that Schelling really knows of identity, or even analogy, has been gained by an unconfessed inductive process. We have not space here to expose all the assumption and insobriety of Schelling’s theories. One thing, however, we may say, without any wish to detract from his merits as a speculative thinker, and yet our assertion must be most injurious to his character as a man of science. We assert, then, that, throughout his works generally, there is no consistent dialectic style, either deductive or inductive, and, therefore, that they cannot be regarded strictly as works of *science*. Mixed with some sagacious reasoning, we find declamation, irony, poetry, and prophecies. What has such a passage as the following to do in a scientific essay?

'Many wonder that great philosophers should seem, sometimes, deprived of common sense. Vulgar minds think that, if Plato could have read Locke's 'Essay,' he would have walked away quite ashamed of his previous ignorance; or, if Leibnitz could have enjoyed the same privilege, he would have been converted at once. How many mere infants in philosophy have sung songs of triumph over the grave of Spinoza!'

Passages of this sort, having no claim whatever to a place in philosophical writings, are frequent in Schelling's works. He can write, at times, clearly and powerfully, but we cannot find a scientific consistency in his style. As another specimen of his declamatory vein, we may quote the following:—

'One main tendency of our times is to estimate all things by the rule of utility, and to condemn everything founded on purely philosophical ideas. If this is to be the final rule in philosophy, of course it must be also applied to politics. But no standard can be more insecure than this; for what is useful to-day may be useless to-morrow. This utilitarian tendency must destroy everything great and heroic in a nation. According to this rule, the invention of a spinning-wheel is a greater thing than a system of the universe, and the introduction of a Spanish breed of sheep will bear away the palm from the conqueror, whose almost divine energy has produced the transformation of a world. The philosophy which is to make a nation great must be ideal, and not one pondering on physical enjoyments, and assuming the mere 'love of life' as the great principle of action. In Germany, where we have no sufficient external bond of unity, nothing but an internal, ruling religion or philosophy can restore the old genuine national character which has fallen and is falling, more and more, into decay. Some little states may require no great ideas to hold them together; a supply of meat and drink may suffice for that. But the same utilitarian character is growing up in greater countries, where the physical necessities of the people engross the attention of government. Princes must become more and more popular; kings begin to be ashamed of their titles, and must be styled first citizens. So philosophy must share in the degradation—must descend from its heights of speculation, to be occupied with common-place social morals. Now, if anything can oppose this deluge of democracy, which threatens to overwhelm together the high and the low—if any power can resist the tendency of the times, now the mob are becoming authors and critics—every man setting up himself as the judge of everything—it must be philosophy, which has for its motto,

“*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*”

We have nothing to say of the sentiment expressed in this passage; but can anything be more contemptible than such a tirade under the pretence of scientific writing? Well might John Foster complain of the want of 'conclusive writing,' when

incoherent preaching is given as a substitute for philosophy. The reader of German reveries is often tempted to exclaim—‘write declamation, or poetry, or science, or nonsense, if you will; but do not twist all four so tightly together!’

We will give another passage from Schelling as a specimen of his poetical style—

‘The infinite self-assertion of God is as lightning issuing, by its own power, out of the dark night. God is the eternal night, and also the eternal day, of all things—the eternal unity and the eternal creation, without operation or movement, but as a continual peaceful lighting out of his infinite fulness.’

This is so fine that it might have tempted Coleridge to plagiarize; but is it *science*? If intended for mere poetry, we can find far finer passages of the same nature in the Hindoo Vedas. If we might imitate his declamatory style, we would say of this philosopher that, when we consider his enormous pretensions; his talk of reconciling religion and science; restoring a solid basis to political action; solving all the difficulties of physical science, and disclosing even the mysteries of Heaven—when we think of all the devoted students who have listened to the great man’s orations and pored over his books, and of the small amount of solid knowledge gained by their devotion, we cannot help regarding Schelling as the Count Cagliostro of German philosophy. Of his vast pretensions we cannot give a better account than the following, by Mr. Morell—

‘It is now easy to see the vast comprehensiveness of Schelling’s philosophy *as a whole*. It begins by advocating a kind of divine intuition, by which we gaze upon the realistic *ground* or *basis* of all the phenomena, both of mind and matter. From this it goes on to construct, by means of an absolute and *a priori* law, the whole phenomenal universe, deriving it from the self-unfolding of the Absolute. One region of existence after another yields, as by a magic spell, to the bidding of this law, and confesses its secret unveiled. Matter, with all its dull inertia, puts on the garb of contending powers, and shows itself to be the objective reflection of the Absolute itself; those subtle agencies which we term magnetism, electricity, galvanism, light, and heat, each owns itself to be but one pulsation in the self-developing process of the universal mind; and even the phenomena of organized life are still but the complete objectifying of the absolute, each animal nature being a perfected type of the eternal nature itself. From the philosophy of nature, Schelling passes, in one unbroken chain of argument, without a chasm between, to the philosophy of spirit. The same great law of the absolute solves the mysteries of sensation, of intelligence, and of human freedom; from thence it proceeds to explain the phenomena of man as an individual agent; of man in his connexion

with society; and, lastly, of man as he has developed his being upon the broad page of history. Finally, it enters into the mazy regions of human genius and art, and finds in them the crown and the summit of the whole process—the highest expression of the Deity in the world. Here it might be supposed, that the author would have found his goal, and having constructed the universe out of almost nothing, have at length enjoyed his Sabbath in peace. But, instead of this, we find that the work is only half done; he has developed the *law* of the universe, but not explained the *substance*; he has exhibited the *form*, now he must go to the matter; he has analyzed the full *idea* of God, and now he must make manifest his *existence*. Upon this, with unwearied wings, he begins another flight,—pantheism is left behind, and the real Triune Jehovah is placed before us in all the plenitude of a divine personality. Next, the whole nature of the dependent creation is developed, the procedure of the material universe from the absolute expounded, and the mysteries of existence, which had been hidden before in thick darkness, made irradiant with light and intelligence. The destiny of man then comes upon the stage. To show this, we have the origin of moral evil discussed; and the question, so long tossed upon the billows of controversy, for ever set at rest. The door being thus open into the region of Christian theology, the philosopher boldly enters in, to grapple with the great ideas which we there meet with. The law, which has unveiled the mysteries of nature and the soul, we may be sure does not fail in explaining the whole rationale of Christian faith. The great doctrines of revelation—the fall of man—the theory of redemption—the effusion of the Spirit,—all are converted from objects of faith to objects of science; all flow, as by natural consequence, from the great rhythm of existence; nay, the controversies of the church themselves are settled, and the repose of the world announced in the predominance of the doctrines of the beloved apostle over the equally partial views both of the protestant and the catholic. Such, and far more sweeping than we have represented it, is the philosophical system by which the name of Schelling is destined to go down the stream of time to the latest posterity.'

From absolute intuition we are now led to absolute logic; or the method by which HEGEL professed to solve the difficulty left by Kant. Hegel was, undoubtedly, a man of extensive learning, and we may even allow all that his disciples have said of his *depth* of thought; but it is, must be, observed that depth is not the only quality requisite in sound philosophy. We cannot quote a tithe of the laudation bestowed upon this philosopher. His disciples have declared that his writings must produce a revolution of thinking throughout the world. They have even said of him what Montanus said of himself, and, indeed, Hegel made the same assertion. Of his voluminous works, we can give no review at present, but must restrict ourselves to notice his method of philosophizing. And, strictly, it is for this method, and for this

only, that Hegel is accountable. It professes to be the method of absolute logic—a logic not resulting from the study of the human mind, considered distinctly, nor from an examination of the process of nature, but equally applicable to both; being the source—the rule, in short, the sum and substance of both. It is the process of the universal thought which ‘informs,’ as Wordsworth says:—‘All thinking things, all objects of all thought.’ The heavens and the earth, and all things within them; all the events of history, and all the facts of the present, are only so many steps in one eternal process of creative thought, of which Hegel was the destined expositor. In employing such high sounding words we are not writing a caricature, but soberly stating the pretensions of the absolute method.

When speaking of this method, and comparing it with the doctrine of Christianity, the writers of the new school have not hesitated to use the language of Paul:—‘When that which is *perfect* is come, that which is in part shall be done away.’ Hegel did not profess entire originality; but allowed that the absolute method had been partially employed by philosophers in all ages; and that, therefore, every system of philosophy has contributed to the true and necessary progress of science. But it was reserved for Hegel to make a clear exposition of the logic by which all doubts and discussions concerning mind and matter, religion and science, are to be put to rest for ever. That which Kant left undone and declared to be impossible, but which Schelling attempted to do by ‘intuition,’ Hegel professes to do by logic. And what is this logic? We here give the plainest definition of it:—

‘The first activity of logical thought consists in setting forth a one-sided definition, isolated from its opposite. This is the act of the understanding. But he who stands fast at this step is a dogmatist, like the Stoics, Epicureans, and all such systematizers as Wolf. But reason soon shows that each of such definitions is necessarily referred to its alterity, and so stands in self-contradiction, bearing its own foe in its bosom. Now the second logical act which exposes this inner contradiction, is the negative activity—i. e., not a dead negation, but one which implies the negation of itself: it is the act of removing opposite assertions, *each by the other*. This is the proper dialectic element of logical thought; and, indeed, the objective dialectic of the thing itself. For as each of the opposites falls into its alterity, so *both are one*; and *this third*, the higher unity of the opposites, is the product of the dialectic process. This third act of the logical method is the *positive-rational*, or speculative. But the result of the method is not a dead residuum, only present in *the third*; nor is it to be held merely *as the third*, but *these three are one*. The symbol of the Christian Trinity is *the form of all truth*; as Proclus, the Alexandrians,

Philo, and the Gnostics, as well as Plato and Pythagoras, knew very well.'

To attempt an explanation of the obscurity of this statement, or to enter upon an analysis of the method, would lead us beyond the limits of this paper, and also beyond our stated purpose, which is to give *results*. But one thing is clear even in the above definition: its purpose is to reduce all objects of thought to one intelligible system; not to find out the unity that prevails through nature by a process of inductive science, but to unfold it, at once and for ever, by an *à priori* method of thought which is declared to be infallible! With what contempt your Hegelian disciples (especially if just out of his teens!) looks down upon the poor experimental inquirer, poking about among carths and ashes! But out of the smoke of the laboratory light springs up, while the boasted 'light of all nations,' set up by the absolute method has ended in a vast cloud of smoke. To speak without a figure, the manifest result of this method as it has been employed, has been to involve German speculation in an obscurity that can be paralleled only in Hindooism. 'This,' the orthodox Hegelians say, 'is the result of wrong applications of the logic made by rash students.' 'No:' the extreme party will reply—'it is because the master himself, and his more timid disciples, would not go far enough.' Wherever the fault may lie, the manifest results have been contradiction, confusion, and general obscurity. Some of the disciples have retained the title of Christian, and have reconstructed Christianity in the Hegelian fashion; while others have declared Atheism as the only fair result of absolute science. We cannot find room for extracts from the immense controversy upon these points, but the following short quotation from Hegel, will be enough to show that everything like historical Christianity is to be removed by his logic:—'Christianity, as an opposite, is only the way to perfection. In the completion of religion, it must disappear; for 'what remains, must be that which will remove all opposition, 'and then heaven will be gained, and the true Evangelium of 'the reconciliation of the world with God proclaimed.' One result, then, is manifest—that, according to this theory, every vestige of Christianity (as distinct from natural religion or general philanthropy) must disappear; or, to use the Hindoo style, Christianity, having existed for a time as a part of the absolute religion, must be *absorbed*. This result we shall find clearly announced by Feuerbach, whose work on Christianity made a great sensation in Germany some few years ago.

Whatever may have been the fine and (for popular use) imperceptible shades by which Hegel would have distinguished his re-

sults from those propounded by Feuerbach, in his '*Essence of Christianity*,' there can be no doubt that the latter has broadly and plainly exposed the tendency of his master's system, as it will be understood by the majority. And what does Feuerbach maintain? Nothing less than the gross absurdity of a separation between our ideas and feelings, and the objects to which they belong. As we believe his work fairly expounds the results to which many have been conducted by German speculation, we give a few extracts; and the reader will be able to compare the method with its supposed results. Feuerbach has, certainly, the merit of clearness and decision in his opinions. He tells us that all religions have been created by a mere figure of rhetoric—personification. Reduce religion, therefore, says he, from the poetical to the prosaic style, and you have, as your result, morality, or anthropology, or what is vulgarly styled—atheism.

«Subject and object, heaven and earth, deity and humanity, are oppositions of thought, and the time has arrived, says Feuerbach, for their solution, which is very easily done in the following style:—

'In the *object* of his contemplation *man is revealed to himself*. By the *object*, you know the *man*—in that he reveals to you his own true character. And this holds good not only of spiritual, but even, in a measure, also of sensuous objects. Even the remotest objects of human contemplation, as far as they are interesting objects to man, are revelations of human nature. The sun, the moon, and the stars call to man γνωθι σεαυτον.

'The identity we have asserted is clearly illustrated in the process of development through which religion has passed, which we find to be identical with human development. As long as merely natural predicates belonged to man, so long were these also accounted as the attributes of Divinity. When men began to build houses, they also inclosed their deities in temples. The temple is truly, only a sign of the value men put upon fine buildings. Temples professedly devoted to religion, were, in reality, built in honour of human skill in architecture. With the elevation of men above the rudeness and wildness of savage life, and with the growth of morality, their deities were elevated and refined also. The later sculptors of Greece embodied, in their statues of the gods, the ideas of moral excellence, of mental greatness, of undisturbable serenity, and constant cheerfulness. But why were these qualities assigned as the attributes of Deity? Because, *in themselves*, they were felt to be divine. Why were all meaner qualities excluded, but because they were known to be unworthy of humanity, and consequently, of divinity. The Homeric deities ate and drank: but this fiction only expressed the sentiment of the poet, who esteemed eating and drinking as divine enjoyments. Physical strength, too, is an attribute of the Homeric gods; because, in those days, this strength was, in itself, esteemed as a glorious and divine attribute.

‘Warlike virtues were esteemed the highest among the old Germans, and, therefore, their principal deity was the war-god, Odin, and their chief law was to make war. Thus, it is not as an attribute of Deity that a certain quality is accounted divine; but, rather we should say, it is referred as a predicate to Deity, because it is thought to be, in itself, divine. And thus we say that that which has been accounted the mere predicate is itself the essential subject. He only is a true atheist who denies the Divine predicates or attributes—to whom love, wisdom, and justice are as nothing. But the negation of the subject is, by no means, necessarily attended with the negation of the essential predicates. These have an inner, independent reality of themselves: they prove themselves true; they realize themselves. Goodness, justice, wisdom, are no more proved to be mere chimeras, because the subject to whom they are referred is accounted so, than they are proved to be true, simply because they are referred to a real subject.’

The conclusion thus reached by Feuerbach may be given in a very few words, and these neither abstruse nor difficult. His doctrine is, that the objective and speculative theology belonging to Christianity is of itself worthless, and that all that gives to Christianity its positive being and real worth is to be found in the humanities of the religion, in the benevolent and just principles, tempers, and actions which it inculcates, or which are comprehended under its name. And as the true subject in whom these attributes are found he considers universal man, and therefore he would reduce, as he says, theology to anthropology, and introduce an apotheosis of mankind. ‘*Homo homini Deus est.*’ This is the whole meaning of his book.

In another extract, we have Feuerbach’s moral system:—

‘Men *collectively* make *man* as he ought to be! All men are sinners, I allow; but not all alike. There is a process of moral as of physical compensation among the various members of the universal race, so that, taken in the *whole*, they constitute the perfect man—i. e., they fulfil the idea of humanity.’

‘We have all observed how mutual intercourse expands, refines, and improves individuals, how, unintentionally and without hypocrisy, men become new creatures in society. Love, we all know, and especially conjugal love, works wonders. Husband and wife mutually amend and complete each other, and thus, together, represent mankind. Love is the self-consciousness of the race. In love the reality of the race, which else would be only an object of reason, becomes a sentiment, a felt truth; for in love man confesses dissatisfaction with his own mere individuality, he postulates the existence of another as the need of his own heart, he reckons another as belonging to his own being, and, only in uniting with another, he fulfils the idea of humanity. Defective, incomplete, weak, and needy is the mere individual; but love is strong, complete, contented, and happy—yea, infinitely so; because, in love,

the feeling of the individual is one with the mysterious consciousness of perfection in the whole race of mankind. And friendship, too, works like love, at least, when it is intense, when it is a religion, as it was with the ancients. Friends mutually atone for each other. Friendship is a means of virtue, and more; it is virtue itself. Only between the virtuous can friendship be maintained, said the ancients, and truly. But friendship requires no perfect likeness between its component members; rather, it requires some difference; for it is founded upon an impulse towards self-completion. If, then, friendship and love, which are only subjective realizations of the human race, yet make, relatively at least, a perfect whole of parts which, while disunited, were imperfect, how much more in the idea of the whole race, of the total existence of humanity, which can only be grasped by reason, shall the sins and defects of individual men vanish away! 'And moral reformation is also to be produced by the idea of the whole race of mankind.' The consciousness of moral law, of right, of truth, and propriety depends upon our consciousness of the existence of others. That I reckon true in which others can agree with me. Common consent has been reckoned a criterion of truth; because the whole race or that which agrees with total humanity is the final rule of truth. What I merely think, according to my own measure, does not bind others; it may be conceived otherwise. It is an accidental and subjective view. But that which I think according to the measure of universal humanity, is, as every individual should think, normal, legitimate, and true. That is true which accords with the essential character and destiny of the whole race; and that is false which is contradictory to this rule.'

It is not our intention to expose the vague and indiscriminate assertions presented in these extracts. As one sample of tautological philosophizing, let the reader notice the very useful criterion of truth laid down toward the conclusion:—'*The whole race of humanity is the final rule of truth.*' This is the high-sounding, cabalistic jargon which will gain for a writer, in Germany, more renown than many years of modest and painstaking comparison of facts! Now we do not deny, *and we wish this to be distinctly marked*, that there is some truth in the passages we have cited; but what is true in them is as old as the hills, and what is new is false. And whence comes the little admixture of intelligible truth? From the fact that even high-flying German theorists have not been able to avoid contact with the inductive method. Hence the incongruous admixture of some true facts and just generalizations with their *a priori* speculations. It is to be regretted that the purity of their dialectic has been at all sullied by this contact with such gross and contemptible things as facts. It would have been an interesting spectacle to have witnessed the results of the 'absolute logic' in the hands of a schoolman

of the middle ages, who would have wielded it magni with no fear of Bacon before his eyes.

We are aware that some of the more moderate Hegeli..... repudiated the results of Feuerbach; but we cannot follow their arguments. In the hands of Hegel's followers his dialectic has been a mere 'nose of wax,' to be twisted to any form or purpose, and, in this point of view, it is well caricatured in the 'Paradoxes' of Dr. Mises, a satirical writer of some talent and humour. Dr. Mises undertakes to prove (in the Hegelian fashion) certain paradoxes—such as that a shadow is a living and intelligent being, that space has *four* dimensions, and that a witch can ride over a house on a broomstick; and we are bound to say that in this arduous undertaking he has applied the 'logic' with great ability, and has proved his points as well as many other points in German philosophy have been proved. Who can resist such a demonstration as the following?—'If any one says that I have *'misunderstood* the Hegelian method in this article, I reply that *'this only proves that I am Hegel's best disciple in all Germany!* *'For did he not declare that of all his disciples only one had understood him, and that that one had misunderstood him?'*

We give a short specimen of the first paradox:—

'That a shadow, in many respects, is like other living objects, is obvious; but it also possesses qualities not common to other living beings, and these are chiefly advantages. We human beings are small at our beginning of life: we grow to middle-life, and then diminish into age. Now the shadow begins life at full-length; contracts himself at noon, and spreads himself out again in the evening. Besides other advantages, this plan of life serves him as a sun-dial. He has not the trouble of carrying a watch in his pocket. We boast of three dimensions: the shadow is wisely contented with two, and thus escapes from our troublesome, and sometimes dangerous gravitation. He also enjoys a more extensive use of his limbs. Thus he has an admirable arrangement for drawing his head down into his shoulders if it is too much exposed, or is in danger from a gateway. In the same ready style, he can shut up his legs (though they are often of an enormous length), or can pull his arms back into his pockets. This must be very useful in going through a crowd! His powers of motion greatly excel our own. He never trips up, has no fear of mud or pools of water in his path; but will run through thorny bushes with perfect *nonchalance*. We must allow that he has one frailty—a dread of fire. We are well aware that 'superficial thinkers' will say to all this—'Pshaw! a shadow has no reality—it is a mere appearance;' but in reply to such an illiberal assertion, the shadow may say the same thing of the body. May he not consider himself as the immaterial companion of the body—the spirit? In making this suggestion, we would not altogether repudiate the old-fashioned notion that the spirit dwells *within* man; but

may there not be *two spirits*—one the *inside* and the other the *outside*-passenger? and may it not have been provided that each shall consider himself the sole possessor of the body, just to prevent disputes between them?

And now let us look around and see into what visionary region we have been conducted by our German guides. While listening to their Pantheistic reveries, we have been tempted to say, like the Vicar of Wakefield when he heard the ‘cosmogony’ of Ephraim Jenkins for the second time, ‘we have heard all this before.’ Here the new and the old meet together: the new German doctrines conduct us back to old India; and it may be noticed, that during the progress of German Pantheism, the literature of the Hindoos has received considerable attention. In reading many of the most recent reveries on creation, transmigration, and absorption, we may imagine ourselves sitting in the shade of the tamarind and mango trees of an Indian *tope*, and listening to the voluble discourse of the Brahmins, *Narasaya* and *Venkertappa*, on the mysteries of BRUM. And we have no doubt, that if these worthy mystics could hear a few cabalistic sentences from Schelling, they would exclaim, as they do when they hear Pope’s euphonious lines—

‘All are but parts of one stupendous whole,’ &c.

‘That writer must have been a Hindoo! He copied that from our Vêdas!’ Seriously, without any exercise of fancy, we may find several points of coincidence between Hindoo and German speculations. For instance, the Brahmin, with all his punctual attention to devotional ablution and other ceremonies, will allow that the preference should be given to a purely internal or mystical religion. He will allow that the *Sunnyassi*, or devout fakir, who, neglecting all temples, creeds, holy places, oblations, and offerings to the gods, just lifts up a thought to *Brum*, or meditates on OM, is holier than the laborious pilgrim who comes laden with his bottles of divine water from the Ganges. But the favourite book of the Brahmin, the *Bhagavad Gita*, reduces all theology and philosophy to a clearness and simplicity which leaves German theory far behind: it declares, that the devotee who can ‘sit for days motionless, looking at the point of his nose and thinking of nothing,’ has arrived at the highest pinnacle of intellectual and religious perfection. It is at this point that Hegel begins his logic, affirming the notion of ‘nothing’ to be identical with that of ‘absolute being.’ With regard to such assumptions as ‘absolute intuition’ or ‘absolute logic,’ the Brahmin will easily bear away the palm. Ask the *Guroo*, or episcopal Brahmin, who is talking in the *tope* yonder, how he has become

so well versed in divine mysteries, and, with perfect calmness and hardihood, he will reply, 'Sir, I have not only received revelations from Brum, but I distinctly remember the time when I *was* Brum!' But to do justice to the Hindoos, we must add, that the *Guroo* will put in a caution here which may be recommended to the German neophyte. While he allows that all external worship and historical religion, and even morality, may be condemned by the perfect saint, he will add that the neophyte, who is not well assured that he has attained to perfection, will act dangerously in neglecting the humble modes of piety. Even the *Bhagavad* which preaches of a state of perfection in which prayer, or silence, or alms-giving, or murder, are all indifferent things to the devotee, does not recommend an approach to this perfection *per saltum*. But enough of this parallel, though it might be fairly extended; for we may find in German theories 'transmigration' (carried through the mineral and the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom), 'absorption,' the 'day and night' of Brum, and other Hindoo curiosities. Our practical purport is to show that the same difficulty is found in all attempts to refute either Hindooism or German reverie. Hindoo mythology is a chaos, and German Pantheism is another chaos. To dispute with the Hindoo on the nature of his views, is like disputing on the colour of water in a river. You have no fixed object before you; your subject, the water, flows and changes. While you are talking of it, clouds come and go over it, shadows fall, and pass away, and its hues, indeed, are more various than your opinions. So, if you tell a Hindoo (as a raw young missionary may be tempted to do) that everything in his so-called system (or rather chaos) is false and evil, he will chuckle at your rashness, and turning to his *Bhagavad*, will point your attention to certain maxims of indubitable truth and goodness. You should rather deny that there is any system in his views, any consistent arrangements of parts, and for proof, you would have only to turn over a few pages of the identical book quoted, the *Bhagavad*, and you would find precepts of *murder* following maxims of piety. Who can say into what shapes the clouds may arrange themselves to-morrow? This same charge of vagueness may be applied as freely to the reverie of the German as to that of the Hindoo: to each we may reply, 'you have no sure method; this doctrine is not founded on *facts*: it is *not science*; and you cannot prove that it is a revelation.' Those who know the Hindoo well, will agree that a few strokes of inductive science, even on natural objects, will do more towards shaking his dogmas than years spent in metaphysical discussions. Only make him believe that the water, which he regards as a symbol of the Divine unity, is

itself a compound, and, startled by the disclosure, he will begin to doubt the miraculous origin of the Ganges, and even the exploits of Chrishna. And though the German theorist may be well stored with physical facts, yet we believe that there are certain important facts in the moral and intellectual sphere which, if well considered, would impose modesty upon his sweeping theories. Among these facts, we would recommend for patient study, some observations on the actual effect of a presumptuous philosophy upon the characters of its neophytes. What is the tone of mind displayed in the writings of Young Germany? Is it not characterized by an impatience under restraint—a revolt against all authority, a love of vague, wild, sweeping generalization (the more paradoxical the better) and a contempt for everything like slow, sober, inquiry, as fit only for such intellectual imbeciles as Bacon, Locke, and Newton?

To such a degree has sober science been contemned by these visionaries, that even moral facts, as old and as well-founded as the everlasting mountains, have been thrown aside. For instance, where do we find a recognition of the fact that sobriety is as necessary to the mind as to the body? Or, that vast and sweeping changes of opinion, even when true, in the abstract sense, are very injurious, if rashly and prematurely forced upon the mind? Crowds of raw youths, mere *boys*, (if the "rising generation" will allow that term) have been sent to the German universities to learn "philosophy," or rather to bewilder their heads with the doctrines of Spinoza, when they required primary instruction in the simplest elements of piety, morals, and even decent manners. They have listened to lectures in which the name of the Divine Being is used only as a sort of "abracadabra" of metaphysical jargon, and have gained no result save general disbelief and irreverence. They return home, shallow, conceited, knowing all things (in *their way*) and knowing nothing. Can we wonder that, after such a training, weariness of the mind succeeds? One consideration is enough to condemn the system. Human nature requires a gradual development, and a harmony between knowledge and practice. As HERDER has remarked, abstract opinions, which have no application whatever to life, are a mere burden on the soul. The opinions which have no relation to practice are practically untrue. Besides, the healthy mind, ever desirous of employment, requires an unlimited field in which to go on from one discovery to another, by the exercise of sober inquiry; and even if a full comprehension of the nature of the universe could be given at once to man, we should question the benefit. Scripture does not ascribe 'absolute intuition' even to the angels, but describes them as desiring 'to look into' great

themes. If we read nature and experience well, we must regard the presumption of German speculation as a quality most unwholesome to the mind. We quote the remark of a writer in this Review:—‘there are men who lay waste the minds of nations, who bring ruin on the spirits of generations, and all that they may themselves be great as ingenious speculators—as founders of systems.’*

The boldness, the novelty, the apparent grandeur of these views must, at first, have a powerful effect on the mind of the young and imaginative neophyte. He is invited to throw aside the doctrines of his catechism, and to break loose from all common place articles of belief, as well as moral and historical facts. He is to enter the transcendental region, leaving behind him common sense, history, experience, and revelation. His master, the philosophical magician, waves the wand of his ‘method,’ and all things are made new. The neophyte sees all things in a new light, and finds himself in a new world. He is told that his own nature is divine, that the universe is his temple, and that his mode of worship may be anything he chooses. He looks down, with scorn or pity, on the various sects around him, and their narrow rites and ceremonies—for Feuerbach has told him that eating bread and drinking wine, or water from a spring, are the highest religious service. But these vague views do not change human nature. The philosophers have elevated opinion to the transcendental pitch; but have left reality untouched. For a time the neophyte walks in a dream. But that which seemed to be a new life proves to have been only an intoxication. As novelty wears away, his views look like dreams, but dreams so exciting that they have left a distaste for reality.

It would be a long task to trace the results of the new philosophy through the various departments of literature. All that we can find room for at present is to take up a few books, almost at random, and cull some specimens of wild assertions. It may be observed that many of these sayings are nothing more than the sober statements of common sense, wrested from their due qualifications and put in a sweeping style, which gives them an air of novelty. Schelling has very well exposed this style of writing in one of his essays:—

‘The blindest fanatics are such as go about to make proselytes to mere disbelief. Everything that is positive has some satisfaction in it; but those who are devoted to negation have no rest in themselves, and, consequently, must be occupied in destroying the property of others. Their whole business is to destroy systems. What do they seek to establish? Nothing. The talent of these people consists entirely in

* No. x. p. 335.

pulling things down; and they are so utterly destitute of a taste for *building up*, that, if they had gained their object and removed all abuses out of the world, it would be quite a charity if some of their number would set up some new abuses, such as bad governments, superstition, and priestcraft, simply that the others might have the pleasure of pulling these things down again. One of the favourite methods employed by these fanatics is to go beyond common sense, and assume an air of philosophical originality by taking some well-known maxim which contains truth, and *stretching it beyond its proper limits, so as to turn it into a falsehood*. This is easily done. For instance;—they find some simple and pious character, who has no taste for metaphysics, but is satisfied with his belief that he who lives righteously will be accepted of God. Now the would-be philosopher is not satisfied with this—but declares that religion should be considered as *nothing more* than another name for ‘morality;’ and God, only another name for ‘universal moral law.’ But common sense revolts against the philosophical preacher, and the people call out—hush! and come out of the pulpit; for you know no more of the matter than we do, though your tongue makes a noise like a waterfall!

Of this so-called philosophical style of generalization we might find numerous instances in recent books; for as we have now a ‘fast school’ in literature, so young Germany may boast of a ‘fast’ philosophy. Evils that have been growing up for some time find names for themselves at last; and our readers must excuse us for quoting a slang term, once applied to a vicious style of living, and now applied to a vicious style of writing. We look for the least offensive specimens of this style that lie on our table, and take up a little book of mystical blank verse, entitled ‘Vigils,’ by Leopold Schefer, and intended to teach the religion and morals of Pantheism. As we have already said—the truth contained in these lessons is as old as the hills, and the tone of originality is generally the result of gross exaggeration. The first fragment is entitled ‘NO FEAR OF TRUTH,’ and opens with these lines:—

‘Whither proceeds humanity?—to God
Our only possible goal; for through mankind
God lives and moves, and who would be the fool
To dread this going onward to the Truth?’

Now if this means anything, it means mere fatalism. We have no hesitation in saying that all such vague declamation is a disgrace and a blight upon literature. If the writer had defined, in any intelligible and practical way, in what true progress consists, he would certainly have incurred the trouble of thinking; but, on the other hand, he would have avoided flat self-contradiction. In another declamation we find bitter reproof of those who impede the inevitable progress. The writer blames

men for doing that which he has said they cannot do! This is the style which puts all the sobriety of science to shame!

Our second instance is of another kind; it is a mere commonplace disguised in poetical phraseology, and perfectly harmless. We are told to look at each part of human life in connexion with the whole, in order to see the goodness that prevails throughout the whole design. Thus; if we see a weary peasant, we must remember the ground he has cultivated, and the fruit it will produce:

‘Or if you hear the stricken mother wail
For one of her dear children who is dead,
Hear not that wail alone, but also hear
She still has children, still she is a mother!’

That is, look on the bright side as well as the dark. Very good! and the lesson is far older than ‘absolute logic.’ Even Job had some acquaintance with it. Another lesson tells us that memory is the greatest reality, that consequently, when deprived of the presence of external objects, we have no reason to complain. So we must say to one who, in illness, remembers the green fields of his boyhood—‘Well! you have those green fields in ‘your memory—enough! it is as good as if you were walking in ‘them just now!’ This is smooth slurring over of the very wide difference between memory and reality. It is, obviously, nothing else than a gross caricature of the ‘pleasures of memory.’ There is no end to these exaggerations. We have quoted mild specimens; but we might go on with a list of assertions like the following—‘The judgment day comes every day; because moral ‘laws are always equally potential and active, and will never be ‘more effective than *now*.’ 2. ‘Hope is altogether false; it is a ‘bad instinct—we must hope for nothing.’ 3. ‘The resurrection comes every day. It is, in fact, only another word for ‘the birth of children.’ 4. ‘There is no heaven such as priests ‘have talked of. Heaven is *a thought*, or a state of mind here ‘and now.’

Shall we go on to No. 90 of these new tenets for the times? It might be easily done; but we will rather stay and spend a few words on the assertion, No. 4, as a specimen of a mere negation put in a positive shape. Truth is not the opposite of any particular error. If it were, its discovery would be easy, for do we not see, every day, that an error, when driven to its extreme point, produces its opposite? The denial of all external worship is the extreme opposite of the Roman doctrine of holy times and places, but this opposition proves neither doctrine to be true. And thus the denial of a future heaven is only the extreme opposite of another visionary notion. A visionary and unpractical reli-

gionist is absorbed in the contemplation of another life : to that he looks onward for the triumph of truth and the consummation of happiness ; for the present world, he collects, in a one-sided style, all such expressions as ‘ a vale of tears,’ ‘ a pilgrimage through a wilderness,’ or ‘ a place of trial.’ He slights all questions of social improvement, and waits for the Millenium. What are all the topics of the day for him ? His thoughts run forward to the ‘ thousand years.’ Now, this is one extreme. It affords the German an opportunity for a startling paradox. He rushes to the other extreme. ‘ Dreamer !’ he exclaims to his brother-visionary, ‘ do you not know that you are in heaven already ? It is here ! Good men are happy *here*. I assure you I can prove that there can be no other heaven.’ We may leave these two negatives to contend together ; or, if they would listen, we might say to the first, that a spiritual belief is always practical ; and to the second, that faith must be the source of action.

We might proceed until we had filled a volume with instances of this nature ; but we have quoted enough for our purpose. All who retain the conviction that nothing deserves the name of philosophy unless it is clearly induced from facts, coupled with a sober attention to the laws of mind, will agree with us to hold not a few of these German notions as mere dreams. Even if we allow that there is some good tendency in parts of the German theories, and this we by no means deny, we must add that this tendency is in general vaguely expressed, and all vague writing on important subjects is dangerous.

One of the greatest wants of our times is the application of modest inductive science to moral and religious questions. It becomes us to ask ourselves, not, ‘ What dreams we have enjoyed,’ but ‘ How much do we *know* ?’ When we become humble, patient, and inquiring, there will be hope of advancement in true philosophy. The cheering and irradiating thought which we should cherish, amidst all our doubts and contentions on matters social, religious, and political, is this—without which all our efforts must be vain—that there does exist, far above all our diversities of opinions, a system of truth, ever revealing itself more and more to patient inquirers. We know not that full system now, but we have a clue to it : we know something of the means required to guide us into it—honesty of purpose and diligent observation. The confusing interference of passions, prejudices, and dogmatism, has been removed from physical science ; it may also be removed from moral science ; yea, we should not despair of seeing it banished even from the discussion of religious questions. Already inductive science has done great things in the confirmation of divine revelation, and the

light that has been diffused through the vestibule may, if carried with a reverent hand, finally illumine the whole temple.

The tendency of the present times, with all their restless controversies, social, religious, and philosophical, must be towards scepticism, especially in young minds. Direct and indirect evidences of this fact are only too manifest. As the best means of meeting this evil, it behoves us to give the greatest possible prominence to the clear and catholic truths of religion; and in all our inquiries for further knowledge, to employ sober and patient investigation. It is not without reason that many are fearful that the contests of creeds and opinions which mark our times may lead to consequences dangerous to society.

Much may be done towards alleviating the mental strife, by spreading views of a truly catholic, and, consequently, a pacific character. But the philosophy which shall be thus useful, must be serious and practical. To develop this philosophy has not been our present aim, but rather to show that the guidance we require is not to be found in anything distinctive of the German theories.

ART. VIII. *The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.* By ANDREWS NORTON, late Professor of Sacred History, Harvard University. 2 vols. pp. 357, 567. 2nd edition. London: John Chapman, 1847.

AMONG the literary remains of antiquity which have reached our times, are found four short Treatises, purporting to contain narratives of the personal history of the great Author of Christianity, written by individuals who had either enjoyed his society on earth, or were the close associates and disciples of such. When these are examined separately, they are found to contain nothing but what is perfectly in keeping with this assumption; the language, the allusions, the predominating tone of feeling, the local and personal details, are all such as we might expect to find in works proceeding from such a source. When we compare them with each other, we find that each indicates independent authorship; for though the narrative is substantially the same in all, the style of each is different; the principle on which the materials are arranged is different; the point of view from which the whole is surveyed is different; and each supplies something which the others want. When, in fine, we inquire into the fortunes of these books, and attempt to trace their literary history from our own time up to the time in which they were professedly written, we find that a firm and unbroken line of testimony in their favour carries us up to the close of the

second century, when we find them universally recognised as authentic histories of the life of Jesus Christ, and as the genuine productions of the men whose names they bear; but beyond this the line of testimony becomes less easily traceable, in some points it is almost obliterated, and nowhere is it so distinct and indisputable as we find it lower down.

Such being the state of the case, a grave question arises concerning the *genuineness* of these documents. Here, it may be said, is a period of somewhere about 150 years, (reckoning from the time when these books must have been written, if they are really the productions of the men whose names they bear,) during which, confessedly, the testimonies to their existence are few and indistinct. What certainty is there, that during that time they were not forged by some of the Christians, and afterwards adopted as genuine, either from ignorance or superstition, or through the influence of some leading men in the church? It is to be remembered that, in a question of this sort, the *first* links in the chain are all important. Unless they be found entire, the rest are of little worth. And here it would seem they are wanting, or but dubiously supplied. How is this defect to be got over? By what process is the line of proof to be completed, so that we may, with well-grounded satisfaction, embrace these as the historical muniments of our religion?

Now, it will not do simply to say, in reply to this—These documents come to us with a *prima facie* claim upon us, from the mere circumstance that, so far as we know, they have always been received as genuine, and that there is no way of accounting for their origin and reception had they not been genuine. The case is one which demands the making out of a stronger proof in their favour than this amounts to; and, besides, the ingenuity of our German neighbours has found out a scheme, by which they think the existence and reception of these documents in the end of the second century can be accounted for, without supposing them genuine. Of this scheme, the most able expounder is Eichhorn; according to whom our four gospels, as they now stand, are compilations made up from a number of traditionary and fictitious narratives, which had gradually come to be credited among the Christians of the second century, concerning the sayings and acts of Christ, and all of which were based upon some brief narrative of the principal events of his life, drawn up probably soon after his death. With the narrative of this *Urevangelium* or *original Gospel*, as Eichhorn calls it, there came gradually to be mixed up, he supposes, a number of additions, and as these were made by various hands, in process of time a number of books would be in circulation among the

Christians, professing to be lives of Jesus Christ. That difficulty actually the case, is, he thinks, proved by the known existence in different periods of the second century, of the *Gospel according to the Hebrews*, Marcion's *Gospel*, the *Memorabilia of the Apostles*, mentioned by Justin Martyr, the *Gospel of Cerinthus*, Tatian's *Diatessaron*, &c. These, he contends, were all distinct from the canonical gospels, and as they were made up by men who lived after the apostolic period, and who must have had nothing to guide them, beyond the original gospel, but tradition or fancy, there is no reason, he thinks, why the canonical gospels may not have been got up in the same way. By this means, he accounts for their existence and reception, without resorting to the supposition that they are genuine.

We can hardly suppose that this theory will be accepted by any as a really satisfactory account of the origin of our four gospels. At the same time, it professes to have in its support so much of historical authority, and has so much of an air of plausibility, that it will not do to treat it with contempt, or to pass it over in silence. Moreover, unless we can make out a clear case upon solid grounds of evidence, in favour of the genuineness and integrity of the canonical gospels, the advocates of this theory are entitled to say, 'In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, our theory is as good as yours. You say, these four gospels are the production of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the immediate disciples of Christ; we say they are productions of the second century, got up in the way Eichhorn suggests. Thus far it is mere hypothesis on both sides; and it is the application of logic to the existing evidence that can alone determine which hypothesis is the true one.' From such a challenge, the advocates of the genuineness of the gospels cannot, must not, shrink. The *onus probandi* lies upon them, if they assume the affirmative position, that these books are genuine. They must make out their case by sheer logic, or give it up as one incapable of defence.

It requires but little acquaintance with such inquiries to convince us that, for their successful prosecution, a due combination of *learning*, *candour*, and *practice in dealing with the logic of evidence*, is indispensable. Where the materials for arriving at a conclusion lie scattered over a number of ancient books, and derive a portion of their weight from the connexion in which they stand, as well as from the actual words in which they are clothed, it is very obvious, that unless a writer be competent to peruse for himself the authors whose testimony it is his business to weigh, and be possessed of that *exact* and *principled* scholarship which does not content itself with a mere general estimate of the sense, but insists upon a thorough perception of the author's meaning,

founded on a strictly grammatical rendering of his words, he is destitute of the necessary furniture for the undertaking in which he has embarked. Mere extracts, summaries, and translations at second hand, may suffice for those who wish only a general acquaintance with the merits of the question; but for those who would take it up in earnest, and controversially, such compendious modes of arriving at a settlement will not do. It is all well enough to have a 'Doctus Catius' to talk oracularly to us when not much depends upon his words, but when the 'vitæ præcepta beatæ' are at stake, we must proceed after another fashion, and demand the means of satisfying ourselves. In such a case, the inquirer will crave, with earnest appeal, not to be left behind his teacher.

‘Docte Cati, per amicitiam divosque rogatus,
Ducere me auditum, perges quocunque, memento.
Non Mibi cura
Non mediocris inest fontes ut adire remotos
Atque haurire queam.’*

Nor is mere learning, however sound and extensive, enough in a case such as this. A skilful and laborious quarryman does not suffice for the erection of a building, and no more does mere learning for the due settlement of a question of documentary evidence. After the separate materials bearing upon the point have all been collected and sifted, they have to be fitted together, and arranged in due bearing and relation, that so the *tout ensemble* of their effect may be ascertained; and for this, an honest purpose as well as a clear intellect and a practised hand is requisite. It is easy to see how powerfully the state of the affections may operate upon a man's treatment of such a question. If, on the one hand, he be already a believer in the Gospel of Christ, having his heart deeply influenced by gratitude to the Divine Author of Christianity for the blessings it has brought to him, and finding in the phenomena of his own experience a continual evidence of the truth and divinity of the Bible, he will be apt to treat with impatience all doubt and hesitation on this subject,—to set down to the score of profanity and levity all difficulties which may be started by an opponent,—and to attach to separate testimonies on his own side a degree of importance which sober criticism can by no means allow them to sustain. On the other hand, should the inquirer unhappily be one who has predetermined to get rid of Christianity if he can—if he be a man of corrupt mind, who hates the Gospel for its purity—or if he be a flippant mocker, to whom everything so real and earnest as Christianity is must be odious, he will be almost certain to deal unfairly with the question of evidence, to attach undue im-

* Hor. Sat. II. iv. 88—95.

portance to every little discrepancy, to magnify every difficulty into a formidable objection, to treat slightly and contemptuously the testimonies in favour of Christianity, and to demand for it a chain of proof such as the nature of the case does not admit, and such as in no similar case would he think of demanding. It is further obvious that, as the question is one in which everything depends upon the *soundness* with which deductions are made from the collected facts of the case, a person who is deficient in logical training, or whose habits of reasoning have been formed in an unskilful school, will be extremely likely, even with the best intentions, to make egregious errors in the arrangement of his arguments and in the conclusions at which he arrives; in some cases omitting from his premises essential elements of the question, in others inserting what is irrelevant, in others introducing into the conclusion far more than the premises would justify, and in others pursuing trains of deduction which can be reduced to no acknowledged mood or figure of logic. Nor is it enough that a person should bring to such an inquiry a well-disciplined logic; unless he has been accustomed to exercise his dialectical powers on *questions of evidence*, where all depends on striking correctly the *balance of moral probabilities*, he wants an essential element in that mental furniture which fits for the successful and masterful dealing with questions of this sort.

When we survey the history of this inquiry as pursued in past times, we cannot but perceive how, on both sides of the controversy, a deficiency in some or all of these qualifications has often been exhibited. Of the defenders of the authenticity of the Gospels, all have not had the learning and candour of Lardner, the calmness and dignity of Watson, the acumen of Leslie, or the strong sense, accurate logic, and forensic sagacity of Paley. It is chiefly on the other side, however, that incompetency has been displayed. How few infidel writers have been men of learning! how few have so much as deemed it necessary to make themselves acquainted with the ordinary facts of the literary history of the scriptural books! Bolingbroke settles, in his lordly style, the whole matter in a couple of sentences. Paine runs on, heaping assertion on assertion, as if he knew all about it, but in reality in such ignorance of the whole, that the marvel is how any man could manage so ingeniously to be so often wrong. Voltaire is little, if at all, better; with as light a load of real learning as any man need wish to carry, he skips, and grins, and blunders over the question as only a French wit could. The German rationalists are better furnished in this respect; most of them are men of learning, and yet there is a superficiality and an inaccuracy about the scholarship of even some of their

greatest names, which tend materially to shake one's confidence in the correctness of anything they affirm.* They have another advantage over the infidels of this country and of France;† generally speaking, they approach the question with calmness, and treat it gravely, and with an apparently honest purpose,—though there are some of them, such as Bahrdt, Bauer, and, we are sorry to add, Gesenius, whose unscrupulous fierceness, or whose mocking levity, provokes irrepressible doubts of their sincerity or earnestness. But it is in the matter of dealing logically with evidence that the German writers appear to us chiefly at fault. We know of none of them whose writings are deserving of commendation in this department, and most of them are deplorably defective. The author of the work before us charges them with 'looseness and incoherence of thought,' and the charge is one from which we think it is impossible to defend them. Their writings are often eminently suggestive; their reasonings are marked frequently by acuteness and cleverness; and they can often dress out a case of difficulty formidably enough. But, for that clear, comprehensive, and sagacious survey of a question which takes in all its details at once, arranges each in its proper place, assigns to each

* This may startle some of our readers, but we make the statement deliberately, and after some tolerable acquaintance with German scholarship. Our German brethren are prodigious readers and collectors; but they are too apt to estimate quantity at a higher rate than quality, and in the superabundance of their materials to get confused as to their use and bearing. We have been brought to the painful conviction that hardly one of them can be *thoroughly* trusted in the matter of learning, not that they mean to mislead, but that they cram their memories with more than they can carry or digest, and so misquote and misapply to a remarkable extent. As to some of them who have been noted on the side of infidelity, they have not even this apology to plead. The superficiality of such men as Vater, Von Bohlen, and we venture to add Strauss, cannot but strike any competent scholar who examines their writings. And even Eichhorn, Paulus, and De Wette can blunder splendidly. Besides, the kind of criticism which these writers apply to the sacred books is such as requires no great learning to support it. Its strength lies, as Hengstenberg remarks, in mere cavilling, such as that of De Wette, who says, speaking against the Mosaic narrative of the circumcision of Abraham's household, 'the operation of circumcision requires some surgical dexterity: who in Abraham's encampment possessed this? Moreover, the operation is very painful: and why should Abraham impose so severe a penalty on all his people? Could it be any matter to him whether his shepherds were circumcised or not?' 'In such cavils,' Hengstenberg remarks, 'our age has become rich. But who sees not that for such, neither science, nor labour, nor profound study is required? With what hearty ridicule would he be received who would venture among students of profane literature to urge against the circumcision of the Egyptians the argument of De Wette against that of Abraham!'—*Die Authent. des Pentateuch*, l. lix.

† Of a French infidel's candour and honesty, the following may suffice as a specimen. 'In an Appendix to Voltaire's *Life*, by Condorcet, Berlin, 1791, p. 430, it is recorded that a Swedish traveller, examining Voltaire's library, found a copy of Calmet on the Bible, with sheets inserted, on which were written all the difficulties Calmet had stated, but not one word of the explanation of these which Calmet supplies. This, adds the Swede, formerly a great admirer of Voltaire, is not honourable.'—*Hengstenberg*, l. c.

its due weight, and, by a careful process of induction, brings out the result in a manner at once intelligible and convincing, we must look elsewhere than to them. In their writings, to quote again from Mr. Norton, 'objects are so indistinctly presented, and under such changeable forms, the light is so thrown here and there, that the eye is dazzled and perplexed by the uncertain 'show and glimmer.' This is not the hasty judgment of one who knows but partially the writings which he criticises; it is that of a student who has given much of his time to the perusal of the products of German scholarship, and who has calmly and with competent deliberation estimated their worth.

In Mr. Norton himself, we rejoice to recognise one who has brought to the investigation of the genuineness of the Gospels all the requisite qualifications in no common degree. His learning is full and sound, and he has taken nothing at second-hand. His spirit is calm, and his purpose candid and honest; in no case have we observed, in the conduct of his main argument, the slightest disposition to resort to any unfair artifice in order to strengthen his point; and we have had, in perusing his work, continual occasion to admire his scrupulous avoidance of anything like an overstatement of the argument on his own side. His logical qualities are also of the highest order; and if in his mode of dealing with evidence we have anything to complain of, it is that his anxiety to make everything plain and convincing, has led him to what seems to us a somewhat unnecessary reiteration of the successive links in his chain of proof. We receive his work with much satisfaction, and hail it as a highly valuable addition to the defences of our holy religion.

In an article which appeared some time ago in this journal,* we endeavoured to substantiate the claims of the four Gospels to be regarded as the genuine productions of the writers whose names they bear, against the assaults upon them of Dr. Strauss. We feel no hesitation, however, in again returning to the subject, convinced that it is one of vital moment at the present day, and satisfied that our readers will not be unwilling to be made acquainted with the able argument which Professor Norton has produced in favour of a cause, with which their deepest sympathies and strongest convictions are associated. We shall attempt, therefore, to place before them a condensed view of Mr. Norton's reasoning, omitting in the first instance all notice of the incidental and auxiliary inquiries with which a considerable portion of his volumes is filled. Having thus put them in possession of his main argument, we shall then take occasion to advert to one or two points in certain of his interstitial disserta-

* British Quarterly, vol. v. p. 220.

tions, in reference to which, we regret that he has advanced opinions from which we must strongly dissent.

The first thing to be ascertained in this inquiry respects the *integrity* of the four Gospels: how far, that is, they may be justly regarded as existing now in substantially the same form as when they came from the hands of their respective authors. It is not meant by this to exclude the possibility of their having suffered such accidental and partial mutilations or alterations as are almost unavoidable in works handed down through several generations in a manuscript state. It is admitted that numerous varieties of reading exist, and that one or two passages, which are certainly spurious, have been allowed to find their way into the received text. But these admissions still leave ample scope for the inquiry whether, in the extant Gospels, we have substantially and essentially all that the original authors wrote. A book may have suffered errors in transcription, and may have received several unimportant interpolations, and yet remain substantially such as the author left it; and such errors and additions become especially harmless when the means exist of detecting and removing them, as is the case with the Gospels, in consequence of the multitude of MSS., mutually corrective or corroborative, which is extant.

But these MSS. not only help us to remove errors and detect interpolations; by their agreement with each other, they afford a very strong evidence in favour of the integrity of the writings they contain. ‘There have been examined,’ says Mr. Norton, ‘in a greater or less degree, about 670 MSS. of the whole or of portions of the Greek texts of the Gospels. These were written in different countries and at different periods, probably from the fifth century downwards. They have been found in places widely remote from each other; in Asia, in Africa, and from one extremity of Europe to the other.’—Vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

To these we have to add the numerous MSS. extant, of *versions* of the Gospels in different languages, of these three great divisions of the world; of writings of the Christian Fathers, abounding in quotations from the Gospels; and of ancient commentaries upon the Gospels, in which the text is cited. Now here is a huge body of testimony, and it is impossible but that the truth should be elicited, if this be properly dealt with. If all these witnesses substantially agree in their depositions, the fact alleged cannot but be true. Here and there a witness may, through accident or infirmity, or even unworthy design, differ from the rest, but this cannot be held as at all invalidating the worth of their substantial agreement; nay, it is only upon the assumption of that substantial agreement being admitted, that these instances

acquire their peculiarity and noticeableness. Assuming the truth of what the witnesses are adduced to prove, such incidental discrepancies can be easily accounted for; but there is no possibility of accounting for the substantial agreement of this multitude of witnesses, if the truth of what they are adduced to prove be denied.

How stands the case, then, with this immense body of witnesses for the integrity of the Gospels? The answer is, that their testimony is *uniform* in favour of that integrity, with only a few slight variations,

‘ quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.’

In other words, there is among all these MSS. a substantial agreement in what they furnish as the text of the Gospels, and consequently, as the only way of accounting for such agreement, is their having all been copied, more or less remotely, from one archetype, it follows that in them we have substantially a *faithful transcript* of the original MS. Were it otherwise—had, for instance, the course been followed which Eichhorn suggests, and had one transcriber here, and another there, altered, interpolated, or mutilated the text of his MS. as caprice, or taste, or opinion dictated; had one man inserted all the floating narratives concerning Christ which were circulating in the district in which he lived, and another, and a third done the same with those prevalent in his; had every church that possessed a MS. history of our Lord, appended to it each new fact of his life that was transmitted to them from whatever source; and had every heresiarch who had some favourite dogmata which he wished to surround with the authority of the great Author of Christianity, incorporated these with some professed discourse of our Lord, what would have been the consequence? Would it, in the nature of things, have been possible that such an agreement in the text of the MSS. of the Gospels now extant could have existed? Would there even in that case have been such a thing as a generally received text of the Gospels? Would not every MS., or at least every family of MSS., have presented us with a distinct narrative, a separate and independent compilation, so that instead of four Gospels, we should, perhaps, have had four hundred?

To place ourselves in a proper position for judging in this matter, we must divest our minds of all the notions with which modern usages may have filled them, as to the issuing of books. It is easy *now* to diffuse, very widely, an interpolated edition of a work, because the art of printing enables us to make every edition of a work consist of as many copies as we please. One might

thus interpolate thousands of copies of a book at once, and by cheapness of sale, or beauty of execution, might drive other and purer editions of the work out of the market. But in the days of MS. publication, such a thing was impossible. A transcriber could interpolate or disfigure but *one* copy at a time. He could have no influence upon other copies executed by his contemporaries. His interpolated copy would have no more effect upon the copies of his own age, than one copy of a book printed on mildewed paper would have on the edition of which it formed a part. There would be one bad copy, and that would be all. Had, therefore, interpolation and spontaneous addition been the practice of the early transcribers of the Gospels, such an agreement in the MSS. now extant, as we find to exist, would have been an utter impossibility.

But it may be said, Is it not possible that from among the numerous narratives of our Lord's life which were in circulation, the church of the second century may have selected these four, which were not quite so corrupt, perhaps, as most of the others, and by affixing to them her sanction, may have arrested the further progress of corruption, yet without by any means putting us in possession of the original exemplar as it came from the hands of the first author? This is Eichhorn's suggestion, and it affords a fine specimen of the sort of vague and shadowy mystification in which the Germans delight to veil their reasonings upon subjects which, above all others, demand to be treated with clearness and precision. Let us endeavour to raise the veil, and look upon what of reality there may be beneath. And in the first place, it would be desirable to know what we are precisely to understand by 'the church' here. The reply, we suppose, will be (what else can it be?) 'the whole body of Christians in the world at the time.' The supposition, then, is, that about the end of the second century, all the Christians in the world, either individually, or by their representatives, came to an agreement to select, out of many narratives of our Lord's life then in their possession, "the four which we now possess. Now, what evidence is there that such a thing ever took place? Is there any record of it?—any hint, of the most distant kind, in any ecclesiastical writers, that such a convention ever met or ever attempted to meet? There is not. Further, from what we know of the condition of the Christians in that age, is their meeting in such a way, for such a purpose, at all credible? Up to the close of the second century, the churches existed as separate communities; they had no organization for simultaneous action; their leaders are not known to have met in council till the Council at Nice, in the middle of the fourth century; they

were kept apart by distance of locality, differences of language, and, in many instances, by differences of sentiment; and, to crown all, they were kept in perpetual anxiety and unsettledness by the harassing assaults of their persecutors. Is it in the nature of things credible, that under these circumstances they should, by *unanimous consent*, have come together, or by any process agreed to select four books, not apparently more generally diffused or of greater reputation than the rest, and to have conferred upon them such authority, that from that time forward all others disappeared from common use, the licence of transcribers was forever restrained, and these now sacred four, though owing their existing form to tradition, fiction, and the ignorance or ingenuity of copyists, became thenceforward a treasure, over which the whole church watched with jealous care, which no transcriber ever afterwards violated, and no heretic presumed to assail? The common sense of mankind will, we think, universally pronounce this *impossible*. Nor are the *moral* difficulties which lie in the way of this supposition less formidable. Had such a decision of the whole church as Eichhorn supposes, been deliberately come to, it must have been upon the ground that these four Gospels are the entire and genuine productions of the men whose names they bear. On no other ground could the assembled Christians have justified their preference, and on no other could the concurrence of all the Christians throughout the world have been secured. Now, in this case there are only three suppositions possible: either they knew this ground to be true; or not knowing it to be true, they yet believed it to be so; or knowing it to be not true, they pretended to believe it. The only one of these propositions tenable is the *first*; the *second* is physically impossible, and the *third* is morally absurd, unless we believe all the Christians of the second century to have been knaves. But Eichhorn and his followers, by repudiating the only tenable supposition of the three, must select between the physical impossibility and the moral absurdity for that which they will embrace. •

But there is another aspect under which this part of the subject may be viewed, and it is one of considerable importance. We know the fact that our present Gospels were in *general use* among the Christians by the middle of the latter half of the second century; for this there is abundant evidence, and it is not denied by our opponents. Well, this assertion means two things; it means that MSS. of the four Gospels existed at the date mentioned, in numbers proportionate to the number of Christians at that time in the world, else these Gospels could not have been in *general use* among them; and it means that all

these MSS. substantially agreed with each other, else they could not have been *copies* of our four Gospels. Now, with this fact the impugnors of the integrity of the Gospels are bound to deal, and it is one which we think they will hardly be able to make succumb to their hypothesis. By a carefully conducted investigation, Mr. Norton has shown that the number of copies of the Gospels extant at the period referred to, (allowing one copy to every 50 Christians,) cannot be estimated at less than 60,000. How, we may ask, is the accordance of all these copies of the Gospels to be accounted for, except on the supposition that they were all honestly transcribed from some common archetype? Was that archetype, then, an authorized copy prepared by Eichhorn's supposed 'church,' convened for the purpose? This is impossible; in those days of manuscript literature and tardy communication, it must have taken a long time to disseminate the Gospels over the whole civilized world, and to furnish so many copies of them—a time carrying us back far beyond the middle of the second century. It follows, then, that antecedent to that date, there existed an authentic exemplar of these Gospels, from which all the rest were transcribed. These Gospels, therefore, are not the compilations of mere collectors of tradition, nor have they been disfigured with the wilful interpolations and alterations of transcribers.

This argument for the integrity of the Gospels seems complete and satisfactory. It is capable, however, of receiving corroboration from various considerations, which we shall briefly state. And, in the *first* place, the supposition that in the early ages of Christianity the sacred books of the Christians were liable to be extensively corrupted by them, attributes to them, without reason or evidence, a propensity the very reverse of that exhibited by all the rest of mankind under similar circumstances; it assumes, that whilst all other religionists, heathens as well as Jews, watched over their sacred books with the most jealous care, the Christians left theirs to be the prey of every careless copyist, or every meddling compiler.* *Secondly.* This is affirmed not only without evidence, but in the face of all the evidence we possess as to the feelings and habits of the early Christians, in reference to their sacred books; the evidence being abundant that they watched, with the most reverential solicitude, over the integrity and safety of whatever was handed down to them as of apostolic

* The practice of the Jews in this particular is well known. For that of the Greeks, the reader is referred to the testimony of Herodotus, *Hist.* v. 90, and vi. 57; and for that of the Romans, to Livy, Book iv. 8; ix. 18; to the Note of Servius on Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 72; and to Niebuhr's *Rom. Geschichte*, vol. i. p. 526. It is well known, also, with what care the sacred books of the Hindoos are kept by the Brahmins.

origin, and viewed as a heinous crime all attempts at alterations of the sacred text, whether of the Old Testament or the New.* *Thirdly.* About the end of the second century, we find the Christians charging upon certain heretics the offence of having corrupted and mutilated the Gospels, and other New Testament books:—with what propriety could this have been done, or how could the Christians have saved themselves from an overwhelming retort, had these Gospels been themselves the mass of systematic and acknowledged corruptions which Eichhorn's hypothesis supposes? *Fourthly.* At the end of the second century, and the beginning of the third, there flourished a Christian writer whose attention was much directed to sacred criticism, who was a studious collater of MSS., who especially examined those extant of the four Gospels, who has noticed, sometimes with strong censure of the carelessness of the transcribers, the various readings these MSS. presented, and who wrote commentaries on the four Gospels. This writer was Origen. Now, had the MSS. of the Gospels in his day (and he must have had access to Christian writings not of the second century only, but also of the first) differed as widely from each other as they *must* have differed, had such a process been going on as that which Eichhorn supposes, it is not possible but that Origen must have perceived their manifold discrepancies, and, perceiving them, have animadverted upon them. In his commentaries on the Gospels, however, we find that whilst he enumerates some fifteen or sixteen various readings, they are all of such a kind as still abound in the MSS. of the New Testament; they are all of them mere unimportant variations, such as ἡμεῖς for ὑμεῖς, Matt. xviii. 1, ἐστὶ for ἔστι, Luke, ix. 48, &c., and are most of them still to be found in the extant codices. From this the conclusion is irresistible that in Origen's day 'the manuscripts of the Gospels did not, to say the least, differ more from each other than those which we now possess;' and consequently, no such process of mutilation and interpolation as Eichhorn supposes, *could* have taken place in the age preceding his. *Fifthly.* All ancient writers who have noticed the Gospels,

* See the testimony of Papias ap. Euseb. *Hist. Eccles.* iii. 39; Justin Mart. *Dial. cum Trypho.* p. 361, ed. Thirl.; *Apol.* I. p. 54, p. 97; Dionysius Bp. of Corinth (A.D. 170) ap. Euseb. *Hist. Eccles.* iv. 23; Irenæus *Cont. Haer.* iii. 1, p. 173, ed. Massuet., iii. 11, § 8, p. 190, i. 8, § 1, p. 37, ii. 28, § 2, p. 156; Clemens Alex. *Strom.* vii. § 16, p. 894, ed. Potter; *Paed.* iii. 12, p. 309; *Strom.* iii. § 13, p. 553; Tertullian *Adv. Marcion.* iv. § 5, *De Praescr. Haer.* § 38, &c. Justin Martyr, in his dialogue with Trypho, says, very pointedly, 'to mutilate the sacred Scriptures would be a more fearful crime than the worship of the golden calf, or than the sacrifice of children to demons, or than slaying the prophets themselves.' *Dial. cum Trypho.* p. 296. Strong language like this shows how abhorrent were the Christians of the second century from the practice which Eichhorn charges on them.

are not only silent as to any manifest discrepancies between the MSS., but the notices they furnish indicate that none such existed. *Sixthly*. Had the Gospels been interpolated, the unity of their style and form would have been destroyed, and a diversity of hand would have been clearly indicated by a diversity of manner; which is not the case. *Seventhly*. This latter consideration is strongly confirmed by the fact that the Gospels were transcribed by native Greeks,* persons entirely ignorant of the Hebrew language, and consequently persons who would write anything they had themselves to add, in the common dialect, and not in the Hellenistic. But the language of the Gospels is throughout Hellenistic, and consequently these must have proceeded, entirely as they now are, from the Hebrew-Christian authors of them anterior to transcription. *Eighthly*. Spurious additions to genuine writings, or works entirely spurious, always betray their origin by some incongruity with the character or the circumstances of the pretended author, or of the age to which they are assigned; whereas no such incongruities are exhibited by the Gospels. And *lastly*. The consistency preserved throughout each of the Gospels, in all that relates to the actions, discourses, and most extraordinary character of Christ, shows that each is a work which remains essentially the same as it was originally written, uncorrupted by subsequent alterations or additions.

The opponents of the integrity of the Gospels are fond of appealing to certain statements found in some of the early writers, by which they think their cause is sustained. Those adduced by Eichhorn are all that have been produced for this purpose, and one cannot but marvel how any person accustomed to weigh historical evidence could for a moment be induced to regard them as of the least weight in support of Eichhorn's hypothesis. The first is the testimony of Dionysius of Corinth, preserved by Eusebius, in which, after inveighing against certain 'apostles of the devil,' as he calls them, who had corrupted some epistles of his, he adds, 'Against such a woe is denounced. It is not wonderful, therefore, that some have taken it upon them to corrupt the Scriptures of the Lord, since they have corrupted those which are not such.†' From this Eichhorn would have us to infer that in the time of Dionysius the corrupting of the sacred writings was a common usage among the Christians. At this rate, we must hold the good bishop as witnessing that the Christians of the second century were for the most part 'apostles

* Origen says expressly, 'ὅτι τῶν Ἑλλήνων συνελθὼς γραφόμενα τὰ εὐαγγέλια μὴ εἰδόντων τὸν διάλεκτον.'—*Comment. in Matt.* xvi. 19, *Opp.* iii. 748.

† *Hist. Eccles.* iv. 23.

of the devil,' and men deserving 'woe!' Who does not see that, whilst his testimony establishes the fact that some did use undue liberties with the sacred writings, this, so far from being a common practice, was regarded with horror by the Christians of his day? The next passage is from Origen. After referring to the existence of different readings of Matt. xix. 19, he says, 'Now, clearly a great variety in the copies has arisen, whether from the carelessness of some writers, or from the rashness of others, and the bad correction of what has been written, or from their adding or taking away, in the correcting, as seemed fit to themselves.'* Now, in the enumeration here given by Origen of the sources of various readings in the MSS. of his day, it so happens that he omits to mention the very one the existence and operation of which Eichhorn adduces his words to prove—viz., *intentional alterations and interpolations* on the part of transcribers or compilers. He complains of carelessness, rashness, unskilful or arbitrary correction of clerical mistakes, but not one word of designed alteration in the *substance* of the narrative. His words, therefore, prove nothing but what without his testimony we could very readily have believed—viz., that the copyists of the first and second century were not more exempt from human infirmities, and consequent liability to fall into errors, than their brethren of the eleventh or the fourteenth. The third witness summoned by Eichhorn is Celsus, and his testimony Eichhorn dresses up in the following fashion—'In the second century, this practice [of making additions to the Gospels from generation to generation] was so generally known, that it came to the knowledge of men who did not belong to the Christians, and Celsus reproaches them with having, like fools, changed their gospel three, four times, and oftener.† The learned German seems to have been ambitious of imitating the 'folly' which he makes Celsus charge upon the early Christians, else he would hardly have called the attention of his readers to a passage so directly militating against himself as the one he has cited. The whole passage, as given by Origen, with his reply, runs as follows:—'Afterwards, he (i. e., Celsus) says that some of the faithful, as if through drunkenness, have brought themselves to alter the gospel from the original writing, three, four times, and oftener, and transform it, so as that they might have the means of denying what is alleged against them. Now, I know of none who have altered the gospel, except the followers of Marcion, of Valentinus, and I think also of Lucan; nor is this crime to be charged against the word, [i. e., Christianity] but against those

* Comment in Matt., Opp. iii. 671.

† Einleit, in d. N. T., i. p. 704, 2nd ed.

‘who have dared to corrupt the Gospels. And as the false sentiments of the sophists, the epicureans, the peripatetics, or any others who have erred is no crime against philosophy, neither is it a reproach to genuine Christianity, that some corrupt the Gospels and introduce sects foreign to the doctrine of Jesus.’* Having placed the whole passage, as well as Eichhorn’s version, before our readers, we have now to request their attention to the following remarks. 1. It appears that the sole evidence which Eichhorn can adduce of a ‘*general acquaintance*’ with the alleged conduct of the Christians in mutilating their sacred books, and of this being known to ‘*men who were not Christians*,’ is a charge brought against them by *one man*, and that exclusively on his own personal authority. 2. This charge which Eichhorn says Celsus brought against the Christians as a body, Celsus expressly limits to *some* (τινὰς) of them, thereby virtually exculpating the mass; for, as Mr. Norton justly remarks, ‘it is of the nature of such a charge, when brought against some of any community, to exculpate the community in general.’ 3. Those thus chargeable, it turns out, from Origen’s reply, were not genuine believers, but men whom genuine believers repudiated as heretics. 4. The charge of corrupting the Gospels, Origen treats as a *reproach* of the nature of a criminal indictment (ἐγκλημα) against the Christians, in which light he never could have pretended to regard it, had it been ‘generally known’ that the Christians were in the habit of doing so. 5. Celsus says, that the parties of whom he speaks had acted ‘like drunken men,’ a comparison the justness of which Origen does not dispute, nor, we suppose, will any dispute who considers how silly and ruinous to their own cause such conduct as Celsus imputes to them would have been. It follows that Eichhorn would have us to believe that, in the second century, the Christians (as was generally known) were apt to act no better or more wisely than if they had been drunken men! If the mutilation of sacred books justly exposes a man professing to follow these books to such a charge, there are, we fear, certain learned professors whose characters for sobriety are more likely to be jeopardized than those of the Christians of the second century. The last witness whom Eichhorn adduces is Clement of Alexandria, and here, too, (to pronounce the gentler judgment,) he blunders. ‘Clement,’ says he, ‘at the end of the second century, speaks already of corrupters of the Gospels, and ascribes it to them, that, in Matt. v. 10, in place of the words ὅτι αὐτῶν ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν, there were found in the MSS. sometimes ὅτι αὐτοὶ ἐσονται τέλειοι, sometimes ὅτι ἔξουσιν τόπον ὅπου οὐ διωχθήσονται.’† If this were true, it would prove that ‘corrup-

* Contr. Cels., ii. p. 77, ed. Spencer.

† Einleit. i. 705.

tion of the Gospels' had gone to such a fearful extent, in the second century, that not only were passages inserted or omitted, but even the plainest passages were *wanton*ly altered, at the caprice of the transcriber. This, which would be too much even for Eichhorn's hypothesis, is happily averted by simply attending to what Clement really says. The reader will find the passage in his *Stromata*, lib. iv. § 41, (p. 582, ed. Potter,) and on turning to it, he will discover that Clement does not say one word of either *corrupters* or *copyists*, but limits his remarks exclusively to certain *interpreters* or *scholiasts*, (τινὲς τῶν μετατιθέντων τὰ εὐαγγέλια,) as, indeed, Eichhorn himself subsequently tells us, the word means.*

The *integrity* of the Gospels appears thus to stand upon an irrefragable basis. Let us now proceed to survey the evidence which may be adduced for their *genuineness*. And here the fact of most prominence, and one which cannot but immediately strike the inquirer, is, that during the last quarter of the second century, they were received by the great body of Christians as unquestionably the productions of the authors to whom they are ascribed. Of this fact there can be no doubt; the testimonies in support of it are too numerous and unimpeachable to admit of its being questioned. Now, in estimating the argumentative worth of this fact, it must be remembered that it conveys to us the testimony of a community deeply interested in ascertaining the truth upon this head, possessing ample means of arriving satisfactorily at the truth, and exhibiting characteristics, moral and intellectual, which entitle them to the fullest confidence in what they attest. The question, whether any book was to be received as a genuine apostolic book, is one of deep importance to Christians at all times; but in seasons when Christians are exposed to persecution for obeying what they find enjoined in such books, it becomes especially urgent upon them to examine with scrupulous care the pretensions of every book claiming such submission, lest, by admitting what is spurious, they subject themselves to sufferings gratuitously. We may safely conclude, therefore, that, in the latter part of the second century, the Christians would not lightly admit to a place of authority over their minds any book, of the genuineness of which they were not well assured. We find, accordingly, that of some of the New Testament books doubts were, in some instances, entertained, and that it was not till these doubts were satisfactorily removed that the books in question were received as apostolic. But it may be asked, Granting their disposition to examine narrowly every book claim-

* 'Clement Alex., *Strom.* iv. p. 490, refers to these *scholiasts* under the name τῶν κ. τ. λ.—*Einleit.* iii. 553.

ing to be of apostolic origin, had they the means of arriving at any satisfactory conclusion on this point? Now, in reply to this, we must remind our readers that, taken as a class, the Christians of the second century were by much the most intelligent and virtuous portion of the community; their writers were men of higher intellectual vigour than the cotemporary authors, who were heathens; their minds were occupied with much nobler thoughts and projects than were those of the people among whom they dwelt; and their horror of whatever is corrupt and vicious elevated them still higher in the scale of moral excellence. In the hands of such men, therefore, we may confidently believe that the question would receive both an able and an honest investigation. Let it be remembered further that there could be no great difficulty, in their day, in determining the point at issue; for if these books are genuine, they must have been handed down to the Christians of the end of the second century by an unbroken series of witnesses from the days of the Apostles; whilst, on the other hand, supposing them spurious, there must have been a time, long subsequent to that of the Apostles, when they began to be known in their present form. The sole question, therefore, which the early Christians had to settle, in order to assure themselves of the genuineness of the Gospels, was simply this: Have these been always received in the churches as the productions of the men whose names they bear? or did they, at a period long subsequent to the death of these men, come into use amongst us? This was the only question they had to solve; and it is interesting to observe, that they fully recognised this as the only question before them in this inquiry; for the ground on which the early fathers assert the genuineness of any book in the New Testament is the *common notoriety* that such a book had always been acknowledged as such by Christians. Now, of this kind of evidence every intelligent man can judge. It is a proof patent to the common sense of everybody. It requires no ingenuity to comprehend it, however much it may require to get rid of it. We may say, therefore, that when a body so intelligent, so honest, and so earnest, as the early Christians were, set themselves to determine, as a point of great interest to them, whether or not these books are genuine, they could not possibly be mistaken in their decision. It was a point which must have been to them as clear and solidly ascertained, and that upon evidence of exactly the same kind, as, to the congregationalists of England, it is a point, certain and indubitable, that Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns have been always in use in their churches, from the time of the author to the present day. In point of fact, so certain were the early Christians upon this point, that the genuineness of the gospels

was in their minds identified with the truth of Christianity, and they no more thought of doubting the one than they thought of questioning the other.

But, before passing from this external testimony, let us look at it in connexion with the books themselves, and see whether it be possible to account for *such* books being commonly received except on the supposition of their genuineness. And, *first*, let us take the first three Gospels apart from the fourth. That these three books could not all have been commonly received as genuine unless they really were so, admits of almost mathematical demonstration; for, if they were not the productions of the authors whose names they bear, they must have been produced in one of three ways—viz., one of them must have been copied from another, or from both the others; or each writer must have made use of documents peculiar to himself, but having much in common with those used by the other two; or they may all have derived their accounts from tradition—the traditions preserved by one being partly the same with those preserved by another, and partly different. Now, if we take the first of these suppositions, we must regard one of these Gospels as the original, and the others as amended copies of that. But those who received as genuine the amended copy would not receive as genuine the original also, and those who received the original would not receive also the amended copy; by the former, the other production would be rejected as imperfect; by the latter, the other would be rejected as interpolated. We find, however, that *both* were received as equally genuine, which is absurd; therefore, these books were not produced by one being copied, with alterations, from another. Let us suppose, then, that each compiler had a set of documents peculiar to himself from which he made up his Gospel. In this case, it must be supposed that the extant Gospels are compilations from certain histories of Jesus Christ, which were in circulation among the Christians in the second century. Now these new compilations could supplant the old histories only by being more *authoritative* or more *perfect* than any of them. But they could not be regarded as more authoritative, for an anonymous compilation can never possess greater authority than the documents from which it is made, nor could they be regarded as more perfect, because *none* of them is complete, and had a person possessing one of the old histories found, on reading one of these, that it contained some incidents not found in his history, he would simply have noted the circumstance, and perhaps copied the addition on the margin of his own MS. It is utterly incredible that the appearance of these compilations, none of which is complete, and all made by unknown

persons, should have been the signal for the entire disappearance of a large number of similar compilations of equal authority, and which had the advantage of being already in possession of the respect of the church. Before we can believe this, we must believe that the whole body of Christians, then in the world, with one consent, and by one impulse, though without any assignable reason, adopted a set of anonymous narratives of our Lord's life, and banished into oblivion all other narratives, though substantially as good as those retained, and that, from that moment forward, these accepted narratives became invested with a sanctity which preserved them from all mutilation and from all competition! Those to whom this appears of easy belief might just as well at once adopt the whole orthodox creed, for it does seem to us strangely inconsistent that men should strain at what is supernatural, whilst they swallow what is unnatural and monstrous. There only remains the third supposition that the first three Gospels were compiled by unknown persons from narratives handed down by oral tradition from the days of the Apostles. But though, on this hypothesis, we might account for the *differences* perceptible in these writings, we cannot thus account for their *prevailing agreement* and their *frequent identity*. Oral traditions may preserve a resemblance in one or two leading features of the narratives, but passing as they do through so many different channels, they never present a close resemblance, far less an identity of detail. The fancy of one man, the forgetfulness of another, the craft, it may be, of a third, the ignorance and dullness of a fourth, and many such like causes, conspire to pollute the separate streams of tradition, and cause them to differ from each other. The stream cannot but be affected by the qualities of the soil through which it flows, and as oral tradition, in descending through even a few generations, has to encounter almost innumerable varieties of character, taste, capacity, and inclination, in those by whom it is transmitted, its separate streams are found, after such a descent, invariably tinged with diversities far more marked and numerous than those which characterize the Gospels as compared with each other. Tradition cannot hand down a single anecdote without presenting it in manifold varieties of form; it is utterly incredible that it should send down a *long series* of narratives, most of which agree in facts, thoughts, and words. It seems also very incredible that the church should have agreed to receive three distinct collections of these traditions as of equal authority. Viewed in the light of collections of oral traditions, they cannot be all alike good; and it is absurd to suppose that the church should have agreed universally to treat them as such.

It thus appears that, from the very structure of these Gospels, as at once substantially accordant and circumstantially varying, a powerful argument arises in favour of their genuineness. If we believe this, our belief is encompassed with no serious difficulty; if we reject it, the phenomena of the case cast us upon what is incredible and absurd. On the principle, therefore, that a credible cause, which at the same time fully accounts for all the phenomena, and is the only conceivable cause that will do so, must be the true cause; we conclude that the common reception of the three first Gospels, by the early Christians, proves their genuineness.

Let us now take the whole of the four Gospels. Assuming that these are genuine, it is easy to account for their reception and authority in the church; but if we suppose them spurious, the question naturally arises, How came they to pass for genuine, or to be generally received, as the productions of the men whose names they bear? On this hypothesis, it must be supposed that some person, living subsequently to the age of the Apostles, wrote each of these books, and sent it forth with a forged name. But before this can be admitted as at all credible, certain questions must be satisfactorily answered. 1. In the absence of the *only* evidence, on the ground of which these books could be received as genuine—viz., the belief and testimony of the preceding age—how came it to pass that the deceit was successfully imposed upon the whole Christian world? or how can it be accounted for, that the whole of the Christians then in the world were persuaded to receive as genuine, books for which they must have *known* that the only competent evidence of genuineness was wanting? 2. If the Christians did not *bona fide* receive these books as genuine, but only agreed to *pretend* they were so, how is it to be explained that such an act of gross imposition upon the world should have been accomplished by a simultaneous collusion amongst many thousands of persons, scattered over various parts of the earth, having no means of corresponding fully with each other, and being besides this, in all other respects, noted for virtue, integrity, and candour? 3. If a cheat was intended in affixing to these books the names they bear, is it not unaccountable that the names selected should, with one exception, be those of persons in no high repute amongst our Lord's immediate followers, and that two of them should belong to persons who were not Apostles? If the authority of a famous name was wanting to sustain the imposture, why choose that of Mark rather than that of Peter? that of Luke rather than that of Paul? that of Matthew, to whom no particular distinction belonged, rather than that of James, who enjoyed the singular pre-eminence of

being the Lord's brother? 4. On the hypothesis that these four Gospels are spurious, how shall we account for their general reception, *notwithstanding the discrepancies which they reciprocally present*? Supposing their genuineness established on competent testimony, or by the traditions of the previous age, we can easily see that their discrepancies would form no barrier to their being regarded as the actual works of those whose names they bear; but if we suppose them spurious, then—as it could only be on some supposed ground of *internal* evidence that they could be received—their mutual incongruities would seem to forbid the possibility of their all being received as of equal authority by the same parties. Suppose one church had, on imagined internal evidence, received the gospel by Matthew as genuine, they would of course regard the narrative of our Lord's birth and life given in that Gospel as the only true one. But as Luke gives a genealogy of our Lord, which is apparently different from that given by Matthew, a different version of the sermon on the Mount, a different arrangement of events, &c., they would, of course, regard the author of Luke's gospel as having *erred*, and would, consequently, reject his writing on the very ground that already they had embraced that of Matthew; it is incredible, in such a case, that they should have admitted the equal authority of both. On the other hand, those who had first received the Gospel ascribed to Luke as genuine, would be sure to reject that of Matthew; and so of the other Gospels. The only ground on which we can account for the general reception of these four Gospels, notwithstanding their discrepancies, is, that the early Christians *knew* them to be genuine, and received them as containing the narratives of four equally competent, but independent, witnesses of our Lord's life and actions. The adoption of any one of them as genuine, precludes the adoption of all the rest, unless their claims to be regarded as genuine equal those of the other. 5. These Gospels are the productions of Jewish writers; they are composed in a style which must have been new, and which we *know* to have been despicable in the eyes of the native Greeks;* and yet they have come down to us, through the Gentile branch of the church, by which they were received as all of sacred authority. How is this to be accounted for on the supposition of their *being* spurious? How are we to account for the Gentile Christians, between whom and the Jewish Christians there had always existed a jealousy which had grown ultimately into something approaching to separation, receiving as genuine, and honouring as apostolic, four spurious works com-

* Comp. Origen, Comment. in Joan, Opp. iv. 93; Lactantius, Instit. l. vi. § 21.

posed by some unknown Jewish Christians, in a style repulsive to Greek taste, and sanctioned only by churches composed of their own compatriots?

A single glance at these queries may suffice to show that the hypothesis that these Gospels are spurious, is encompassed with insuperable difficulties—difficulties which ought to induce every sane mind to reject such a hypothesis as utterly untenable. On the other hand, the hypothesis of their genuineness, by avoiding all these difficulties, and accounting in a simple, natural, and sufficient manner, for all the facts of the case, commends itself to us as the only rational and true one.

The conclusion thus reached admits of confirmation from the evidence afforded by the references to the Gospels, in the writings of persons who lived anterior to the time when, according to Eichhorn, they were composed. Thus Justin Martyr, though he does not mention them specifically, or designate them by the names of their respective authors, (which would have been ridiculous in one writing, as Justin did, for the information of parties by whom their names were utterly unknown,) nevertheless refers very distinctly to certain records of authority amongst the Christians, which he calls ‘Memoirs concerning everything relating to our Saviour, Jesus Christ,’ ‘which are called Gospels,’—quotes from these repeatedly in the same way as he quotes from other books of Scripture, and so as to show that these ‘Memoirs’ were the same as our extant Gospels, and in no decisive instance can be shown to quote from any other record of our Lord’s life except these. In an age still earlier than that of Justin, also, Papias gives distinct testimony in favour of the existence, in his day, of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark; and in an undoubted production of Luke, we have his own testimony to the fact, that he had written a narrative of our Lord’s history on earth, which it would be absurd to suppose was different from that now extant under his name. The evidence accruing from these sources, in favour of the genuineness of the four Gospels, is thus summed up by Mr. Norton:—

‘Luke testifies to the genuineness of his own Gospel; Papias to that of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark; it follows that the authority of all three was established in the time of Papias. Now, this was a period but just after the death of St. John, when thousands were living who had seen that last survivor of the Apostles; many, perhaps, who had made a pilgrimage to Ephesus to behold his countenance, and listen to his voice, and hundreds who belonged to the church over which he had presided in person. It is incredible, therefore, that before the time of Papias, a spurious Gospel should have been received as his work; and after the time of Papias, when the authority of the first

three Gospels was established, the attempt to introduce a Gospel falsely ascribed to St. John must have been, if possible, still more impracticable.'—Vol. i. pp. 153, 4.

An additional and highly important confirmation of this conclusion in favour of the Gospels is afforded by the estimation in which these were held by certain heretical sects of the second century. On this part of the inquiry, especially as relates to the history and opinions of the Gnostics, Mr. Norton has expended a vast amount of learned care; indeed, we are persuaded that in no other work can the student of this somewhat obscure, but interesting topic, find so much that is satisfactory. The result of his elaborate investigations shows that, whilst it would have been the interest of the two great heretical factions of the second century, the Marcionites and the theosophic Gnostics, to have denied the genuineness of the Gospels, and, whilst it is certain that, had there been extant any other Gospels of equal standing and pretensions, they would have made use of them, so as, if possible, to get rid of those portions of the evangelic narrative which are unfavourable to their doctrines; they not only resorted to no such expedient, but embraced (the theosophists all the four Gospels, the Marcionites that by Luke,) and argued upon them as undoubtedly genuine. He maintains also that the Ebionites, or Jewish Christians, received as genuine the Gospel according to Matthew in Hebrew. We are thus by direct historical testimony carried back to the commencement of the second century, when forgery of sacred books in the names of apostles or their companions was impossible.*

Such is an outline, as full as our limits would permit, of the argumentation of Mr. Norton, in favour of the position he has, in these volumes, undertaken to defend. We have given it in our own words, and in some instances have slightly departed from the author's arrangement; but we are not aware of having omitted any essential link in the chain. Whatever may be thought of such a piece of reasoning by Germans or Germanized Britons, we commend it, with all confidence, to that sound, healthy, practical, common-sense judgment for which our countrymen have long been famed.

We remarked above, that, besides his main theme, Mr. Norton has, in these volumes, introduced dissertations upon several topics incidentally suggested by his investigations, or requisite adequately to complete them. Of these, the most important are, that 'on the present state of the text of the Gospels,' vol. i.,

* For a more extended examination of the early historical evidence, we may refer to our article on Strauss, B. Q. 5, p. 226, ff.

p. 167—233 ; that ‘on the origin of the correspondence among the first three Gospels,’ p. 239—315 ; that ‘on Justin Martyr’s quotations,’ p. 316—334 ; that ‘on the writings ascribed to apostolical fathers,’ p. 335—357 ; that ‘on the Jewish dispensation, the Pentateuch, and the other books of the Old Testament,’ vol. ii., p. 402—512 ; and that ‘on the gospel of Marcion,’ p. 543—555. In all of these the author displays his usual acumen and learning, and we should have been happy, had our space permitted, to lay before our readers an analysis of his opinions and reasonings. The only part of them, however, to which we can refer, is that immediately relating to the text of the Gospels, a reference which seems to us essential to the complete survey of the questions which we have been anxious in this paper to discuss.

In the note ‘on the present state of the text of the Gospels,’ Mr. Norton enters very fully into the subject of the various readings in the sacred text. He is a decided opponent of Griesbach’s system of ‘Recensions,’ and shows, we think very satisfactorily, that this artificial mode of determining the worth of readings in the codices of the New Testament, is not deserving of the confidence which has too long been placed in it. He contends also, that the variations are neither so many nor so great as Griesbach and his followers would represent them. He argues for Matthew having written his Gospel originally in Hebrew, and regards the extant Gospel as a translation from that original. In fine, he rejects as spurious several portions of the Gospels as they appear in the received text. Agreeing with him for the most part in the remarks he has offered in the earlier part of this note, we find much in the closing portions from which we are compelled to dissent.

We cannot agree with Mr. Norton in believing that the Gospel of Matthew was originally written in the Hebrew. That a Hebrew Gospel of some sort was extant, and was in use among the Ebionites, and perhaps among the Hebrew Christians generally, we fully admit, but that it was the original work of Matthew, and that the canonical Gospel was a translation from it, we do not believe. On the contrary, it appears to us much more probable that the reverse was the case—that the Hebrew Gospel was a translation from the Greek, with the omission of those parts which were offensive to the peculiar notions of the Ebionites. Let it be considered, 1. That on Mr. Norton’s hypothesis, we have in the extant Gospel of Matthew a solitary instance of a translation of a sacred book being preserved and introduced into the canon, whilst the original was allowed to perish. 2. That, whilst it is easy to account for the loss of the

Hebrew Gospel, supposing it a translation, (for why be careful to preserve a translation made for a few, when the original, in the language of the many, was extant?) it is not easy to account for this, supposing the Hebrew to have been the original, and, consequently, the only book really written by Matthew. 3. That upon Mr. Norton's own principle, the general reception of the Greek Gospel, as the genuine work of St. Matthew, is incompatible with the supposition of its being an interpolated translation; for, as the Greek has passages which the Hebrew had not, it must be regarded as interpolated, and we cannot suppose that those who *knew* it be so interpolated (*they* knew it, for it is from their testimony alone that *we* know it,) would have received it as genuine in the same sense, and to the same degree, as they received the other Gospels. 4. That no ancient writer, except Jerome, who tells us that the translator was unknown, ever mentions the Greek as a translation from the Hebrew, which is, to say the least, very remarkable, if such were the facts of the case. 5. That those fathers whose knowledge of Hebrew enabled them, and whose zeal for accurate interpretation would have prompted them to avail themselves of the advantage which the study of this Gospel in the original would have afforded, do not seem to have thought this worth their while; which, supposing them really to have believed, as Mr. Norton says they believed, seems very unaccountable. 6. That the early fathers, who have asserted the existence of a Hebrew Gospel of Matthew, nowhere mention their having *seen* such a work, but simply report it as matter of tradition. 7. That Eusebius, who, as an historian records this tradition, as a critic sets it aside by asserting that Matthew, in quoting Ps. lxxviii. 2, has done so, not according to the LXX, but in *his own translation*, (*οἰκεῖα ἐκδόσεις*,*) which clearly shows that Eusebius believed him to have written not in Hebrew, but in Greek. 8. That Jerome, whilst very confidently repeating the tradition that Matthew wrote in Hebrew, asserts, again and again, that in his Gospel he has not followed the rendering of the LXX, but, as a man acquainted with the Hebrew verity, has followed the original in his citations from the Old Testament†—an assertion which has no meaning, if Matthew wrote originally in Hebrew, as in that case his quoting the LXX would have been absurd. 9. That Mr. Norton's hypothesis of the identity of Matthew's Hebrew Gospel with the Gospel used by the Ebionites is flatly contradicted by what Jerome tells us concerning the latter—viz., that he procured a copy of it, and trans-

* Comment. in Psalmos, cited by Hug, Introduction, p. 320, Fosdick's Translation.

† Catal. Vir. Ill. cap. iii.; Ep. ad Algas. 151, cited by Lardner, Works, vol. v. p. 37. Ed. Lond. 1788.

lated it from the Hebrew into the Greek,* as compared with what he tells us concerning the former—viz., that no one knew by whom it had been translated into Greek. 10. That Jerome tells us expressly that the Ebionitic Gospel which he translated was by many reputed the authentic Gospel by Matthew,† which appears sufficiently to account for the whole story of an original Hebrew Gospel, by showing that there were some who viewed this book of the Ebionites as the genuine production of Matthew; and as this report had come to the ears of Papias, it was by him after his manner (for he was a weak man, Eusebius tells us) received and reported, and so became a tradition, which others afterwards repeated. When these things are duly considered, we think the claims of this so-called Hebrew Gospel to be regarded as the original production of Matthew, will appear to rest upon any but a solid foundation.

We must also join issue with Mr. Norton on some of the passages which he proposes to rescind from the received text as interpolations. The first on which he animadverts is that containing the first two chapters of Matthew's gospel. Against this, theologians of the Socinian school have been always eager to direct assault; and we are sorry to see Mr. Norton so influenced by dogmatical interests as to side with them, in opposition to the fundamental principles of his own book, for the purpose of expunging these two chapters from the canon. On the grounds on which he argues for the integrity of the Gospels as a whole, he ought to admit the integrity of these chapters. They are found in all the copies of the Gospel, and he admits that they have always formed part of the Greek text, or translation, as he calls it. If, then, it be sound reasoning to conclude, from the agreement of the copies and the general reception of them by the early Christians, that the Gospels are incorrupt as a whole, is it not equally good reasoning to infer from the *same fact* the integrity of any given part of them? And yet Mr. Norton, who manfully urges the former conclusion, repudiates the latter. And why? For reasons, we venture to say, such as never would have been allowed to sway his mind but for the blinding effect of prejudice and party interest. He imagines that these two chapters 'may have been an ancient document, written in Hebrew, originally a separate work, but which, on account of its small size and the connexion of its subject, was transcribed into manuscripts of the Hebrew original of Matthew, till it became blended with his Gospel as a part of it in some copies, one or more of which came into the hands of his translator.'—Vol. i. p. 204.

* In Matt. xii. Opp. tom. iv. P. i. p. 47; Lardner, vol. vi. p. 63.

† Cat. V. I. cap. iii.; Lardner, v. 37.

Now, here is a pretty tolerable amount of conjecture to be swallowed in the outset. Matthew, in writing his Gospel in Hebrew, did not write these first two chapters, but somebody else wrote them in Hebrew, and somebody mistook them for a part of Matthew's Gospel, and appended them to a copy of it; and though, of course, upon Mr. Norton's own principles, it must have been perfectly well known at the time that this was a forgery, it was so well received that copies multiplied, and one of these came into the hands of the translator, who took no trouble to ascertain if his copy was correct, but translated it forthwith as it stood, and so these chapters came to form a perpetual part of the Greek text! We doubt if the history of criticism, sacred or profane, contain an instance of a more clumsy attempt to get rid of an obnoxious passage than this.

But let us glance at Mr. Norton's reasons for thinking this passage spurious. His first and most weighty is, that there are discrepancies in the narrative contained in these chapters from that given by Luke of the nativity of our Lord. Well; what then? Then, replies Mr. N., as the account given by Luke is the correct one, that of Matthew must be erroneous, and therefore could not have been written by him. Now, such reasoning is really unworthy of a writer like Mr. Norton. He seems to have felt, that after what he had himself laid down in the body of his work, he could not, without gross inconsistency, have rejected these chapters on the mere ground of their not agreeing in every particular with the narrative of Luke; and therefore he must needs assume that the narrative of Luke is true, and argue from that to the impossibility of Matthew having written what does not agree with that which is true. Now, doubtless, this reasoning is sound enough, provided it be *proved* that Luke's account *is* true and Matthew's false. But it will not do for Mr. Norton to *assume* this, and to say, coolly, 'the account of Luke, being 'in its most important features conformable to the belief of the 'apostles, any other account inconsistent with this cannot be 'received as proceeding from an apostle.' This may be all quite true, and yet the integrity of Matthew's Gospel remain unshaken; for we have just as good reason to assume that Matthew's account is that which the apostles sanctioned, and to infer from that a forgery in Luke's, as we have to reverse the process.

Every word that Mr. Norton says in favour of Luke may be, with equal, if not greater force, said of Matthew. Mr. Norton urges that Luke's 'adopting this narrative proves that he regarded it as essentially true;' but we may say the same of Matthew, with this addition, that having been himself an Apostle, he is more likely, on merely human grounds, to have known

accurately what was true, than Luke. 'The account of Luke,' says Mr. Norton, 'respecting the birth of Jesus, must have been derived from the mother and family of Jesus, as its *original* source;' but the same may be said of the account of Matthew, with this to boot, that as Matthew lived in the immediate neighbourhood of Mary, it is infinitely more likely that the true account would be possessed by him than by Luke, a later (and perhaps never very intimate) acquaintance of the Virgin. If, then, the two evangelists are to be pitted against each other, we must declare strongly in favour of Matthew in preference to Luke. But how foolish is all this! The case as it stands is one of simple discrepancy between two historians; and, in such a case, as Mr. Norton has himself ably shown, the general reception of both historians, notwithstanding their differences, is, on that very account, a conclusive argument for the genuineness of both.

Mr. Norton's other objection to these chapters is still more frivolous than the preceding. It is founded on the use of the words, 'In those days,' at the beginning of the third chapter. These words he perceives afford a difficulty in the way of his own hypothesis; for, as on it they must be regarded as the *beginning* of Matthew's Gospel, no one can avoid seeing that such a beginning is impossible. But for this, Mr. Norton has a ready solution: he supposes them part of the interpolation, or he would read ('*periculo suo*') for 'those days,' 'the days of Herod,' a convenient enough expedient were it not that the laws of textual criticism forbid all such legerdemain adjustments of the text. But what objection is there to the words on the supposition that the first two chapters are genuine? Mr. Norton replies that, as in that case the days mentioned must be regarded as those when Archelaus, according to the preceding context, became ruler of Judea, and as John did not commence his ministry till thirty years after that event, the evangelist is thus made to commit a grave chronological error. But the whole of this rests on the assumption that the words 'ἐν ταῖς ἡμέραις ἐκείναις' are to be taken strictly as denoting the very time last mentioned; whereas it is well known that the phrase is used in Scripture with a very indefinite signification.

Kühnöl, an interpreter by no means disposed to overlook difficulties in the way of orthodox opinions, has the following note on the words, which we commend to Mr. Norton's attention, as he tells us he is engaged in preparing a new version of the Gospels:—'In promptu est formulam ἐν ἐκ. ἡμ., latius esse capiendam, neque referendam ad initium τοῦ κατοικισμοῦ vel τῆς κατοικήσεως Χριστοῦ ἐν Ναζαρέθ, sed ad ejus continuationem, ut

‘vett. monuerunt ad h. l. interpp. Eodem modo etiam Hebraei
 ‘adhibere solent formulam וְכִי־יִשְׁכַּח Exod. ii. 11, ubi v. *Dathius*;
 ‘Gen. xxxviii. 1, ubi v. *Rosenmüllerus* in *Schol.* Potest autem ἐν
 ‘*ἡμέραις* ἐκ, omnino reddi *postea*, cum ἐν sæpius sit idem quod
 ‘*μετὰ*, ut Heb. אחרי, v. *Noldius*, *Concordd. Particc. h. v.* ut Exod. ii.
 ‘11, ubi Alexandrini habent ἐν ταῖς *ἡμέραις* *ἐκείναις*, sed v. 23,
 ‘*μετὰ τὰς ἡμέρας* ἐκ.’*’

The next passage which Mr. Norton proposes to reject is Matt. xxvii. 1—11. His reasons for this are chiefly of the same kind as those we have already examined, in considering his strictures on Matt. i. and ii.; we need not, therefore, occupy space by again replying to them. One of his arguments here, however, is novel, and must therefore be briefly glanced at by us. ‘At the conclusion,’ says he, ‘of the account found in ‘Matthew’s gospel, there is an extraordinary misuse of a passage ‘of Zechariah, which the writer professes to quote from Jeremiah.’ Now, before proceeding to inquire whether Matthew has ‘misused’ this passage, or attempting to account for the reading ‘Jeremiah,’ instead of ‘Zechariah,’ we must observe that even were it clearly made out that the writer had here made a gross mistake and a gross misapplication of the passage, it would not follow from this that the passage is not genuine. Whatever difficulties such a case may present in the way of our regarding this part of the book as inspired, they offer no valid objection to our regarding it as genuine; and as the genuineness must be proved before the inspiration can be asserted, we do not see the relevancy of urging a difficulty, which impedes only the latter, against the former. The just course of reasoning in such a case as that before us is to admit, on the ground of the concurrent evidence of the codices, that Matthew wrote this paragraph, as well as the rest of the book, and then proceed to account, as best we may, for the difficulties which the passage unquestionably presents to the believer in Matthew’s inspired accuracy. Let us, then, assuming the genuineness of this passage, see whether its difficulties are insuperable. They are two; of which the former is, that the writer should have ascribed to Jeremiah a passage which must have been cited from Zechariah. But without resorting to the supposition to which Kühnöl and some others betake themselves, that the quotation is made from an apocryphal Jeremiah, or availing ourselves of the fact that some codices and ancient versions do actually present the reading ‘Zechariah,’ we think this difficulty may be very satisfactorily disposed of. It is admitted that the ancient order of the prophetic books among the

* Comment. in Matt. xi. p. 71. Ed. sec. 1816.

Hebrews was, that Jeremiah should stand *first*, so as to appear to head that section of the sacred volume which the prophets occupied. We have only, then, to suppose that Matthew, in giving a reference for his citation, contented himself with a general reference to the *section*, rather than a special reference to the *book* in which it occurred, and that in referring to the section, he did so by naming the writer who stood at the head of it, to remove all difficulty arising from the substitution of the one name for the other. Every reader of the New Testament must be aware how vaguely its writers quote the Old, and they must know also that the instance before us is not the only one in which a section of the Old Testament is quoted by the name of the book or author at the head of it. To us there seems nothing more strange in Matthew's having referred to a passage in the Prophets by saying that it is found in Jeremiah, than there is in Paul's indicating that a passage is taken from the Psalms, by referring to it as 'said in David,' (Heb. iv. 7,) or that a passage occurs in the Old Testament by simply affirming that 'it is written in the Law,' though actually found in Isaiah, (1 Cor. xiv. 21.) We may add that the latest editor of the New Testament text, Tischendorf, has got rid of the difficulty, by simply omitting the proper name altogether, which is perhaps the less dubious expedient of any. The other difficulty urged by Mr. Norton against this passage is, that the writer has perverted the sense and changed the words of the original, after a manner to be found only 'in the Rabbinical writings.' Now, it must be confessed that, when the two passages are placed together, the discrepancy between them appears considerable; but it will not, we think, when all the circumstances are considered, justify the harsh sentence which Mr. Norton has pronounced on the writer. It must be borne in mind, in general, that the New Testament writers, in citing from the Old, frequently quote rather the *sense* than the *words*, and frequently adapt passages to the connexion into which they are introduced, by changes of a grammatical, lexical, or rhetorical kind.* It can form no valid objection to the passage before us, therefore, should it be found that what in the prophet appears in one *form*, is in the evangelist cited in another, provided an identity of *sentiment* is preserved. Let us, then, see how the case stands in this respect. On comparing the two passages, we find, 1, that the sum of money mentioned is the same in both—thirty pieces of silver; 2, that in both this is represented as a contemptible value to be set

* See Alexander's *Connexion and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments*, p. 45, &c.

upon the object for which it is assumed to be the equivalent ; 3, that that object in the prophet is Jehovah—in the evangelist, it is one whom he designates ὁ *τιμιμηνένος*—the honoured, precious one, the prince or chief,* and the context shows he means by this the Lord Jesus, the Jehovah of the New Testament ; 4, that the tone of both passages is ironical ; 5, that in both the money is represented as carried to the same place, viz., the house of the Lord—i. e. the temple, (comp. Matt. xxvii. 5 ;) 6, that in the prophet the money is given to the potter, in the evangelist, it is given for the potter's field—a difference which is more formal than real, for if the money was given *for* the field of the potter, it must have been given *to* the potter for the field ;† 7, that in the prophet it is the speaker himself who is represented as taking and giving the money to the potter, whilst in the evangelist this is ascribed to other persons—viz., the Jewish sanhedrim. Now it is with reference to this last that the only real discrepancy occurs. It is one, however, which it is very easy to dispose of, for it arises simply from the different point of view from which the two writers surveyed the same transaction, the one prospectively and in vision, the other as an actual historical occurrence. What more natural than that Matthew, finding such a prediction as that contained in Zechariah, and guided by inspiration to apply it to Christ, should, in making the application, drop the vague generality of the prophetic announcement, and give it more the form which it assumed in its fulfilment? The truth is, Matthew, as is often the case with the New Testament writers, unites two things which a modern author would probably have separated—viz., the citation of the prophecy and the explanation of its fulfilment. Instead of first saying, 'it was predicted,' &c., and then going on to show *how* this was historically fulfilled, he runs the two together, and *so* cites the prophecy as to indicate, in the very terms into which he transmutes the original words, *how* it has been fulfilled.

This argument has proceeded on the assumption that the discrepancies are as great as the common version makes them ; we would now, however, suggest that the passages are capable of a rendering, which brings them somewhat closer together than they appear in that version. We subjoin what appear to us fair and literal translations of both :—

* Compare the usage of this word in Zenophon *Cyrop.* viii. 3, 9, ed. Schneider.

† Mr. Norton, citing as his authority the 'New Translation of the Minor Prophets,' by his 'friend' Mr. Noyes, who in this follows Gesenius, would render the discrepancy greater, by making the prophet say he cast the silver into 'the treasury.' But for such a rendering of *ἵκεν* there is not the vestige of authority ; it, as well as the reading *ἔθηκεν*, which Gesenius favours, is purely gratuitous.

ZECH. xi. 12, 13.

And I said unto them, If it is good in your eyes, give my hire;* and if not, forbear. And they weighed my hire, thirty pieces of silver. And Jehovah said to me, Cast it into the pottery:† the magnificent price at which I was prized among them! And I cast it in the house of the Lord into the pottery.

MATT. xxvii. 9, 10.

Then [in the casting down of the thirty pieces in the temple, and the buying of the potter's field] was fulfilled that spoken by the prophet [Jeremiah], saying, And I took‡ the thirty pieces of silver, the price of the precious one whom they prized, from the sons of Israel (and they gave them for the field of the potter), as the Lord had commanded me.

When so read, the two passages are not by any means so far removed from each other as many passages in the New Testament are from the passages in the Old, from which they are undoubted quotations. Why, then, should Mr. Norton think their discrepancy so great as to amount to an evidence that the passage in the Gospel could not have been written by Matthew, but must have crept in from the pen of some Rabbinical transcriber.

On the other passages selected for condemnation by Mr. Norton we need not dwell; for one or two of them he has to a certain extent critical authority, but his chief reliance is on internal improbability. Did our space permit, we could easily show that nearly all he has advanced under this head directly contravenes what he himself has established in the body of his work. But we must here lay down our pen. Those of our readers who wish to examine further into the validity of Mr. Norton's objections to the passages he would rescind, are referred to a paper by Mr. Moses Stuart, in the *American Biblical Repository* for January 1839, and to Dr. Davidson's valuable *Lectures on Biblical Criticism*, p. 369, ff.

The part of Mr. Norton's work which relates to the Jewish dispensation and the Old Testament has filled us with much distress, in consequence of the lax and dangerous sentiments he

* This may mean either 'hire to me' for work done, or 'hire for me,' so as to secure me—i. e., the price of betraying me.

† קֶזְיִתָּי. This properly means 'the potter,' but the LXX render it by *χωρευτήριον*, which shows that it was here understood of a place rather than a person; a conclusion which is further favoured by the use of the article. Perhaps the phrase was proverbially expressive of the utter casting away of a thing, as a similar (though vulgar) expression in our own language is; in which case the New Testament would here, as elsewhere, show that even in the *phraseology* of the Old, unexpected truths were involved.

‡ ἑλαβον may be either the first person singular or the third person plural here. We prefer the former, as it seems to be required by the *μοι* in the close of the verse. The only other change, that of connecting ἀπὸ υἱῶν Ἰσραὴλ with ἑλαβον, seems to be required by a regard to grammar; there is no construing these words otherwise. To the expedient of placing the words καὶ ἔδωκαν, &c., within brackets no one can object.

there advances. We fear the views he advocates are spreading in many quarters in our own country, and that even among really devout Christians the Old Testament does not hold that place of affectionate reverence to which, as the word of God, and from its inestimable contents, it is entitled. It is our intention, therefore, to take the earliest possible opportunity of entering upon this subject, when we shall endeavour to do all justice to the reasonings of Mr. Norton and others, who have espoused similar views respecting the sacred writings of the Jews.

ART. IX.—*Italy, Past and Present.* By L. MARIOTTI. 2 vols. 8vo. John Chapman.

THE pilgrim who now ascends the steep path that leads to the top of Fiesole, views from that spur of the Apennines a region which has witnessed more of vicissitude, more of the recurrence of human greatness, than perhaps any other spot in the world. The same Arno that trickles through the plain below sparkled to the eyes of a people whose greatness existed in the earliest dawn of history; the progenitors, through an immense space of time, of the same animated, vigorous, and graceful tribe that is once more winning greatness for itself. The fair city of Florence has risen and sunk, through a long history beginning long after the elder sister, Fiesole, had lost her supremacy. At that point, you are standing in the midst of Etruria, whose dim annals indicate a greatness looming through the obscurity; the same region has witnessed the growth of the Roman empire and its decay; the growth of the Italian republics, and their decay. The earlier history of Florence is lost in that long wild dream of the Dark Ages, in which the contending armies of the Romans and their enemies degenerated into bands of robbers; and the fair city emerges from the dark times as one nucleus of those powerful republics that first assumed the name of Italian; that rang, from first to last, with the mingled sounds of strife, festival, and victory, and gradually yielded their power to a foreign despotism growing out of the dictation invited by their own jealousies. The same bright sun, the same gay expanse, the same blue hills that gladdened the eyes of civilized men, of the Etruscan magistrate and the Etruscan peasant, generations before history began, now meets our own sight. Immense changes have swept the region,—ruin has succeeded to victory, desolation to prosperity, many times in

that long interval ; but the essential features of the prospect are still the same. The same burning sun that makes you draw back your hand from the stone on which you have rested it, scorched perhaps the same stone in those earliest times,—the same clear air that now exhilarates you—makes your breathing free, and your blood spin fast, even then made the native tribes what they were—and what they are. Listen, and you will hear an universal sound to which the whole atmosphere vibrates—acute, deep, and ringing : it is the hum of the insects that throng every inch of grass, every cranny among the leaves. What is it that distinguishes this region above all others ? It is life, intense life, intense vigour of living existence. That it is which has been the source of every greatness that has abided in the region ; that it is which makes the same inextinguishable greatness revive again, and yet again, and now a fourth time, after such oppressions as have crushed and extinguished the noblest nations of the earth. It is from those vigorous sources of life that the Italians throughout their interminable history have derived the energy that they have carried into arms, into politics, literature, and the arts ; insomuch that even in the times of her lowest degradation, Italy has still taken the lead in some great branch of human civilization. Often has this energy been perverted, thwarted, and, for a time, apparently even crushed by alien domination and the tortuous acts of despotism. The very beauty of Italy—the beauty of its lands—the beauty and faculties of its peoples, has been the bait to invite, over and over again, the invasion of the spoiler. The perverted adroitness of the Italian genius has often helped the work of degradation. But in order to understand the history of this mighty nation, the past, the present, and the future, it is necessary to have distinctly in view these three characteristics of its annals—the wonderful fertility and vigour of its native life, the temptations which it has repeatedly held out to the invader, and the complicated arts which have been used by the chiefs and princes, the statesmen and priests, who have conspired in an endless series of plots, to use the region and the people for their own purposes. If Italy has furnished an extra supply of conspirators to the world, she has, in turn, tempted more conspiracies against herself than any other country. These are the causes why genius and energy, jointly unsurpassed, that have enabled Italy, more than once, to be mistress of the world, have made her also a slave. In order to a comprehension of the past, to a just estimate of the future, it is necessary to cast off many old prejudices, and not a few modern ones, of Italian degeneracy, innate slavishness, and the like. Italy herself has burst through them.

The races whom in ignorance we have branded with cowardice, have once more risen against alien oppressions, have wielded the sword with the same audacious chivalry that strengthened the arm of the Etruscan against the Roman, of the Roman against the Gaul, of the Venetian against the Turk, and have distinguished their victories by a magnanimity yet more incompatible with cowardice. Such elaborate arts, such extensive conspiracies, have united to betray no other country, and no other country has ever been victorious over difficulties so vast.

It may be true to a considerable extent that every people is responsible for its own history—that according to its capacity, its industry, and its virtue, will be its advancement and prosperity. But some part of the vicissitude also must be attributed to chance, some to the invasion of external influences; and this latter is the point on which we insist so strongly as having been brought to bear in a singular degree against Italy, and as explaining why a people so capable, so powerful, and so virtuous, has so often suffered under the rule of viler races and baser minds.

It must be remembered that we who boast our own more developed political systems, owe to Italy the lead which she took in modern history. She began the enterprise of civilization before we did—she made its earlier experiments; and if in the sequel her practice misled her into grievous misfortunes, it is not for us, who have been enlightened by her genius, and have profited by her experience, to reproach her with the calamity. The tumults which we read of in the earlier republics, when the mob ruled the day, convey no reproach that may not be levelled against the highest communities of our own time. If we compare the turbulent rule of the Florentine plebeians, in the earliest part of the thirteenth century, with the scenes now passing before our eyes in Paris, the comparison will not be to the advantage of the nineteenth century. Not enriched by the experience of the six later centuries, the Florentine populace were actuated by a political honesty, a distinctness of purpose, an intelligence of accord amongst themselves, which we do not find to at all the same degree in these days of ‘the best possible instructors.’ When the Florentine Gonfaloniere di Giustizia exercised his harsh and turbulent duties against the nobles—enforcing *vi et armis* the laws which the nobles disdained to obey—his functions no doubt indicated a very crude and disjointed state of society; but the very institution of the office, the energy with which it was fulfilled, and the general support which it received, proved that the people knew what they were about,—that they had distinct perceptions of their most pressing want, and the way to obviate it; and they succeeded. Upon the whole it may be said

that the mob riots of Florence, throughout the period in question, had an unity of purpose—what we should now-a-days call a ‘political consistency,’ partaking in no small degree of statesmanship, and putting to shame the random, incoherent, and transitory dreams that have amused and maddened the Parisians. The Italians had at once a more intelligent will, and a stronger faith, than the republicans of 1848: they were not so easily turned from their purpose by cajolery; were not so sceptical in their levity—we speak of political scepticism, not religious; they were less self-seeking; they joined to obtain the rights of their class with much less of individual glorification; but their strong faith, and the headlong devotion with which they adopted any means towards the desired end of the time, made them thorough partisans. The germ of modern despotism is curiously traceable to this early and turbulent period. Torn by dissensions of class, which political knowledge was not then sufficiently developed to neutralize, they sought an ingenious and natural remedy in engaging public servants from a distance; and having, as they supposed, by that means secured estrangement from their own factional interests, they threw ample powers into the hands of these adventurers; for such they were, though sometimes they were men of the highest station, and most elevated character. It would be impossible, in any age or country, to find a man of more chivalrous devotion or purer intellect than Carlo Zeno, the great commander of Venice; who was at one time, if we remember rightly, governor of Milan. Such offices, however, became objects of ambition, and ultimately the tools by which the nobles obtained power over the people. And out of them or the military chieftainships, we see rising the houses of Carrara, Visconti, La Scala, Este, and Medici, whose progenitors were public servants, and whose sons became sovereigns,—sovereigns endowed, first by turbulent partizanship, afterwards by intrigue and by force, with despotic authority. In the history of these houses the usual change of object appears with the development of power. From being the masters of public servants, the people became the property of princes—mere means of profit and aggrandizement. In this way they established royal possessions which remained to be assumed by families without traditional duties to Italy. Thus the ducal throne of Tuscany, which was formed by the plebeian family of the Medici, was easily transferred to the cadets of the Austrian house.

In the meantime Italy had been overrun by invaders from all quarters of the globe—by Franks, by Normans, by Turks, and Spaniards; each race had used the country and its people for its alien interests; hostile to each other elsewhere, they were some-

times allied against the Italians. Growing up piecemeal from subjection to the military bands of the dark ages, the very vigour and energy of the people tended, in the earlier periods, to prevent any complete subjection of the whole peninsula. That unity of dominion, therefore, which has so strongly contributed to develop civilization in Western Europe, was denied to Italy. On the contrary, the separate dominions which were formed in the country by the invaders, and by the throned successors of the early republics, placed Italy in the condition that its native people could always be dealt with in detail. Thus we see the whole of Italy, with Louis of Hungary, arrayed against the single city of Venice; and yet, although there was this unity in hostility, no real unity was established in the remainder of the Peninsula. Again, for hostile purposes, all Italy could be arrayed against the enemy of Venice—Padua.

The Italians became accustomed, as all the nations of Europe did, to be used solely for the interests of the royal classes, but without the counteracting influences developed elsewhere. A striking exception is presented by Venice, whose tyrannical oligarchy administered the affairs of the republic, probably with a more purely disinterested patriotism than has ever been exhibited in the history of the world, throughout so long a period. But as the original possessors of the lagunes limited the nobility to their own blood, and afterwards narrowed the limit still more by 'the closing of the Grand Council,' those who at first consulted the interests of the republic, latterly consulted the interests of the 'Blue flood;' and Venice itself became subservient to what may be called the exclusive interests of a multitudinous sovereignty; to say nothing of the fact that the territory on the main land was absolutely appropriated to the advantage of the Queen of the Adriatic.

The same subserviency of the people to the ruling classes was bequeathed to the whole of Europe by feudal rule; but in the North and West the people had never to encounter such incessant and complicated conspiracies against them. In England the very power of the monarchy has helped to consolidate the people, and at more than one juncture in our history, the whole nation may be said to have bargained face to face with the King.

The princes of Italy, in possession of a growing power, were not endowed with a corresponding growth of intelligence. Popularity was sought in the superficial virtues of chivalry and munificence; and a showy statesman, like Cosmo of Tuscany, might aid the ruin and subjection of his people, and yet attain the title of 'the Great.' The student of Italian history, therefore,

will notice these broad and distinguishing characteristics of her earlier history as it emerges from the dark ages, and her modern history until it closed with the invasion of the French: that in the earlier years a considerable share of power remained in the hands of the people, in some places the very working classes holding the dominant position; but that that period was one too early for Italy to draw any considerable advantages from the development of those species of political and economical knowledge which have been more systematized towards our own day; while, on the other hand, as political and economical knowledge was developed in Europe generally, the partition of Italy, originally fortuitous, and continued by fortuitous circumstances, prevented the people from regaining their power and extorting from their rulers the benefits derived from the spread of information.

Italy had one chance of regeneration which might have saved her all the sufferings of the French invasion, all the degraded abasement of the Restoration. We say nothing of Rienzi's literary and dreamy turbulence, which was destitute of any germ of success. But the real chance that did occur, several centuries later, was lost to her by the short-coming in will and faith of Leopold the First, Grand Duke of Tuscany. Let it not be said in disparagement of that wise and excellent prince. If excuses were needed, everything might be pardoned to a man who endeavoured to benefit his people in their own despite, whose efforts to restore self-reliance, purer institutions, industry, and prosperity to the Tuscan duchy were thwarted by the jealousy and meanness of the native nobles, their dulness and stupidity, their corruption, and still more by the blind and ignorant prejudices of the people. The Florentines may be said to have execrated some of the measures which promised their redemption. But, in fact, Leopold needs no excuses. He outran not only the princes of his time, but very many of the most accomplished statesmen and political writers; and he had this rare faculty among statesmen, that what he professed he endeavoured to carry into action. He is beyond comparison with others of his class: he can only be compared with himself. It can only be said that if he had been greater than himself, if his great will had been even but a trifle greater, if his generous faith had been still bolder and more trusting, those measures which stand recorded as evidence of his intellect and goodness, would have fructified in the regeneration of his people, and, therefore, of the whole Italian race.

The history of this great man among princes is one that should be most instructive to those who are now engaged in the actual

work of regenerating their country. Indeed, it must have done so. Leopold found the duchy in the most abject condition—the public administration corrupted; the church depraved by mercenary arts and profligacy; trade crushed by monopolies, official and commercial; agriculture so oppressed by bad tenures, game-laws, a sort of *corvée* called the *Comandata*, and other burdens, that the best lands, even the fertile heights round Florence, were in a state of positive desolation, and the peasant, says a native writer, ‘half starved, half naked, glided like an evil spirit through the gay and well-dressed crowds of the metropolis.’ Leopold reversed all this. Steadily contending against the reluctance, even of those whom he benefited but had to wean from bad habits, he reformed the whole administration, political, legal, and economical—threw open the corn-laws, abolished the game-laws, emancipated the land from many bad tenures, and began those admirable works which are now again, in our own day, actually recreating a fertile region out of the mortal Maremma. The immediate consequence was a rise in agricultural wages; the condition of the peasant improved, and Tuscany was once more a garden for its fertility. Under the auspices of Leopold, Ricci, Bishop of Pistoja, succeeded in effecting a great ecclesiastical reform. In every respect, materially, politically, morally, and intellectually, Tuscany was improved, with earnest of continued improvement.

It might be asked, what more, then, a Leopold *could* do? He had neglected one thing to secure self-supporting stability for the structure which he had raised: *he did not give his people self-government*. A not unnatural defect of faith in the capacity of others, especially in that of the nobles, made him work too much by himself with a few enlightened counsellors; the death of Joseph called the Grand Duke to the imperial throne of Austria; the ‘enlightened despot’ was removed, the constitution which he had actually prepared was never promulgated, and when the sole efficient upholder of the new system was absent, it fell to the ground; treacherous servants hastening the work of destruction. Disappointment in this disastrous termination of his great Tuscan work must have hastened the death of Leopold.

At the period which we have been describing, Tuscany was a picked specimen of the Italian condition: Naples, long a conquered province of Spain, had suffered a more absolute loss of the old Italian spirit; Rome mocked its title of ‘Eternal city,’ with every appearance of moribund senility; Venice was decaying; Genoa was yielding in feebleness to external influences. On every side, while the whole of Europe was rising in power, prosperity, and freedom, Italy was sinking to be a mere name in the map, the sport of paltry courts.

She was startled from her torpor by the great revolution of France. The French people, never so free as those of the Italian republican cities, had sunk to a state of slavish subjection unknown to the worst days of Italy; the reaction was proportionate—the military genius of the French burst its bounds, and flooded Italy with armies. They were hailed as emancipators. Old annals were drawn forth, the republics of the middle ages were dreamed of as a renewed presence; Napoleon, the emperor of ‘humbags,’ fell in with the humour of the day, and dealt largely in ‘Ligurian republics,’ ‘Parthenopean republics,’ ‘Etrurias,’ and other antiquarian pretences. The turn served, Italy cajoled, the same soldier with the moveless countenance brushed the whole away, and the states of Italy became vassal provinces to the suzerain of France. The Italians had been ‘sold.’ The history of Italy under the French is no more than the complicated narrative of endless campaigns, with pageant republics and pageant kingdoms set up and put down at the will of the general. Some transitory improvements, indeed, were stamped upon administration and public works; but nothing essential was done for the people. The French possession of Italy was a scramble of invaders for ‘glory’ and personal gain; the chief invader being chief scrambler. The use of the French to Italy was mostly of a destructive kind: they broke up the remains of the feudal system, destroyed the indigenous despotisms, shook the temporal influence of the church, and in some states almost abolished the clergy.

The reign of Joachim (Murat) separates itself in some degree from the history of French rule; since Joachim not only entertained, more than once, projects at variance with those of his master, but in spite of his levity, he was animated occasionally by a more sincere desire to do something for the people. And he did do something. The mere occupation of Naples by the French armies had altered nothing in the internal state of Naples, and when those armies were withdrawn, the Parthenopean republic remained as incapable as ever of self-defence. The people were simply conquered and held in possession—the republic was a name only; but during Murat’s time the internal administration was much improved. The French civil, criminal, and commercial code, was brought into practice; magisterial corruption was abolished or diminished, by a better choice of magistrates; a national guard was established, and the army was organized like that of France.

Murat governed with sufficient honesty, and for a sufficient time, to permit the growth of something like a political machinery, which afterwards, in 1820, proved a powerful engine in the

hands of the native military patriots. That was the amount of what Murat did for the community. It was done, no doubt, more as a means of consolidating his rule as a king and commander, than from any philosophical views on the subject of popular politics; and when Murat himself was defeated and destroyed, he handed back the unfortunate people to be an object of contention for rival powers.

At the final expulsion of the French, Italy was distributed among various royal persons, and may be considered as an octarchy, the so-called republic of San Marino, and the principality of Monaco, being too small for notice. The eight states were—Rome; the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, allotted to Austria; Naples and Sicily, subsequently consolidated into 'the kingdom of the two Sicilies,' to the throne of which Ferdinand was restored; the Sardinian States, under the house of Savoy; Tuscany, under Ferdinand III., an Austrian archduke; Parma, under Maria Louisa of Austria, Napoleon's widow; Lucca, under Maria Louisa of Bourbon, a Spanish infanta; and Modena, under Francis IV., a son by the female line of the ancient house of Este, and sole survivor of the mediæval princes. Austria had directly a large share of Italy; indirectly the three smaller duchies became appendages to Austria, and even Tuscany was counted as an Austrian ally, though the liberal and beneficent spirit of Leopold still had an influence in its administration. Under the restoration, the tendency of state-craft was still more positively to ignore the people, their rights and claims, especially their political rights, than had been the case under the most despotic governments before the French invasion. In Austria, there was some pretension towards a care for the material welfare of the country, and its flourishing agriculture has been adduced as a proof. There has been much exaggeration under this head, the joint result of pure sycophancy in the authorized opinion of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom itself, and of an overdone candour on the part of foreign writers. After the present turmoil is over, possibly materials will be found for a more just estimate of the material benefits derived from Austrian rule, very questionable in many respects. The taxation, if not so excessive as it has been in other countries, was unjustly arranged; Lombardy furnishing, in the ratio of its population, an undue share of the imperial revenue, and its commerce was clogged with monopolies—*was*, we say: until the revolution a few weeks ago—salt and tobacco were amongst those monopolies now abolished. The agriculture might, no doubt, be wonderfully extended and improved, especially by a general improvement in the condition of the rest of Italy. The demand for rice, which is in great part

supplied by Piedmont, might advantageously be replaced by the demand for a better food, to the great benefit of those engaged in that unwholesome culture. But it is in the political department that Austrian rule is seen in all its odious features. The course of education in the authorized schools was studiously contrived to inculcate the most abject servility to the state. Even the very fountains of knowledge were closed or perverted for the one general object. The authorized catechism taught children that 'subjects ought to behave towards their sovereign like faithful 'slaves towards their master.' 'Because the sovereign is their 'master, and his power extends over their property as over their 'persons.' In the universities, the students questioned by the professors were forbidden to reply according to the sense, but were obliged to echo the authorized words uttered from the chair. Political economy was confined to the justification of the prohibitive system. In short, in the authorized schools, for high and low—and no other schools were permitted—the whole end and aim of the instruction was to make the student the most servile of subjects; and all knowledge which did not conduce to that end was excluded. After the age of pupilage, the opinions of the adult were equally constrained. The drama was made subservient to the same style of teaching. Any writing, except in the authorized sense, was forbidden, and writers were obliged to snatch a precarious publicity through the press of Lugano. Freedom of speech was prevented by espionage, and open contumacy terminated at Spielberg. These rigours were carried to a pitch so ridiculous, that even the scribbling of an infant became an object of suspicion to the government officers, and we have known a letter detained at Venice until solemn explanations were extorted of the supposed 'cipher.' In short, the subject of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom possessed neither his eyes, his ears, his tongue, nor his intellect, but only so much of them as he had state licence to use. It requires an effort of the imagination in England to conceive the perpetual restraint which followed a man even into his closet and bed-chamber. But if we can conceive, we can then understand how a people so constrained would be occasionally provoked even to the rashest and most improbable efforts at extrication.

The smaller duchies copied Austria. The Sardinian States, scarcely so hard bound, endured, under a family of hereditary waverers, a despotism sometimes enlightened and sometimes not so. In the spirit of the administration, the Papal States varied with the disposition of the person occupying the Papal chair. Pius VII., a mild and liberally disposed man, but feeble and conservative, rubbed on with much credit to his personal

amiability. Leo XII. is understood to have compensated a wild youth when he resorted to the most fanatical rigours, descending even to the minutiae of female costume in the streets. The short reign of Pius VIII. was insignificant, and not happy. Gregory XVI. attempted, with powers too feeble, to carry into the middle of the nineteenth century, the spiritual domination of the tenth. In 1816, Pius VII. issued a *proprio-motu* for improving the general local administration of his States, with indications of further reforms; the supplementary reforms never came forth, the *proprio-motu* was never put fully into operation, and it was revoked by the bigoted Leo.

In most of the other Italian States, the laws retained, even after the Restoration, *some* permanent improvement, founded in Naples on the French code, in Tuscany on the code of Leopold, in Lombardy and Venice on a code promulgated by Austria in her other provinces. In the papacy, however, the old laws were restored without alteration; and the Duke of Modena, who adapted himself to the modern policy of Austria, renewed the Este code, joining the bad things of the present time to the bad things of antiquity. In most of the States, even in Rome and Lombardy, there was some skeleton of a local municipal representation; but so contrived that in Rome it was entirely under ecclesiastical subjection. The two Central Congregations of Lombardy and Venice, which possessed the name of a popular representation, were the creatures of the official government, and possessed, with trifling exceptions not worth mention, a merely consultative voice.

The state of Naples, under the restoration, was affected by an incident which had consequences too decided and lasting to be passed over hastily; we mean the revolution of 1820. Ferdinand IV. (afterwards 'the First' of 'the Two Sicilies') displayed a character which has distinguished more than one prince in that family. He seems to have been good-natured, very homely, and very weak in his understanding, having little wisdom except a low cunning, easily frightened, attaching great importance to trifles, destitute of good faith. His sudden changes of purpose, his trivial pursuits, abject professions, and unblushing mendacity, are at once so contemptible and so ludicrous, that it is difficult to tell whether they were the result of imbecility or of something which may be called facetious humour. You cannot tell whether the man is merely imbecile and incapable of comprehending the circumstances of which he is the sport, or whether he is not a crowned Arlecchino, bamboozling the nations. The history of the two great sections of his kingdom, Naples and Sicily, had been perfectly distinct: the genius of the people was different—

their institutions had been very different. While the Neapolitans had been utterly unstrung by the Spanish rule, the Sicilians retained a shadow of their old constitution. In his adversities, Ferdinand used these differences for his own purposes. When he was ousted from Naples, he was all indulgence to the Sicilians, negotiating with Lord William Bentinck to renovate their liberal institutions, and so forth; and the Sicilians still stick by the constitution of 1812, which they obtained through the necessities of their king. The Neapolitans had no such distinct and practical hold of political administration in detail; they only wanted to be well governed, and they received King Ferdinand, in 1815, with ready trust. As soon as he was at Naples, growing strong in hopes of support from the crowns of Europe, he forgot his dear Sicilians, forgot his oaths, and sedulously strived to undo all that had been brought about for the benefit of his people in the turmoil of the French occupation. He was aided by his son,* the Duke of Calabria, afterwards Francis I.; a man still meaner, still more mendacious, and still more cruelly cunning. Meanwhile, there had grown up in the fastnesses of Calabria that little-understood political sect called the Carbonari, or charcoal-burners; so called because it was formed by refugees who lurked among the charcoal-burners of the district, and made the occupation a cloak for their political meetings. The difficulty in estimating the true nature of this sect arises from the partisan character of all who were in a position to describe it from personal knowledge. According to its enemies it consisted of mere revolutionists: its friends are inclined to describe it as the most perfect and pure of secret societies. It is certain that the society attained enormous extension; that it was upon the whole disciplined with singular skill and success; and that at one period it may be said really to have possessed the kingdom of Naples. This was in 1820, in which year the revolution burst forth, on the 2nd of July, before it had been maturely prepared by the chief conspirators. A large part of the army, mindful of the more glorious rule under Murat, and not content on the score of punctual pay, joined the revolt. General Pepe, a Calabrian, who had had the military command of a district, had more than connived at the organization of the Carbonari. They easily seized the capital, dictated a constitution to the king, made him take the oaths a second time—he now promised that ‘he meant to keep them’—and diligently set about constructing a constitutional government under cover of a large military force. Throughout the regime of the conspirators, Ferdinand acted manifestly under coercion, though in terms he expressed perfect contentment. Francis, the prince-bishop, was no less manifestly insincere; he

pretended to act with the revolutionists—he conspired against them. The revolutionists arranged their parliament, drafted their constitution, made great reforms in the administration, civil and military, but did not possess power for a sufficient time to make any permanent change in the condition of the country, or to educate the people in political functions.

At the end of the year, Ferdinand obtained leave to attend a congress of crowned heads at Laibach. He promised to vindicate the nationality of his kingdom, and to obtain for institutions which he had given of his own free will the recognition of the Congress. The sequel might have been expected. ‘During the whole of January,’ (1821,) says Pepe, ‘the regent never showed to the parliament more than one letter written by the king, his father. This epistle was calculated to awaken the people to a conviction either that the writer was an idiot, or that he regarded the nation and the Congress as being in a state of utter imbecility.’ Most probably he did not regard the nation at all. ‘In this letter,’ continues Pepe, ‘the king did not even mention the object of his journey. He spoke of his health, of his pastimes, of the chase, and the excellent qualities of his dogs as compared with those of the emperor Alexander.’ His next letter was public: it was a sneaking transparent attempt to disguise the help which he had sought at Laibach, as something forced upon him for the security of ‘neighbouring states;’ ‘the other powers’ had taken it out of his hands, and *they* had determined what ought to be done. This was to march an army into Naples under General Frimont.

The vindication of nationality and independence, the defence of the new institutions, was thrown upon the Neapolitan parliament. Some of its members had attained their position by great oratorical ability, but were not men of decision or action; assumed a temporizing tone, put forth the preposterous legal fiction that Ferdinand was a prisoner among the allies, and declared war for his release, the army to be led by the Prince Vicar. The prince willingly fell in with the pretence, undertook the lead of the army, and plotted to defeat the defensive measures. It was easy to hinder the proper movement of the troops, and the supply of provisions or ammunition, and in other ways to enfeeble the patriotic forces, without open defection. Ferdinand threw off the mask, and followed up his epistle with another, in which he made good use of the parliamentary prevarication—denying ‘the false and guilty imputation’ on the assembled monarchs, of his being under arrest; overtly denouncing the men who exercise for the moment power in Naples; and exhorting the loyal to receive an ally sent to restore tranquillity. General Frimont issued a more

peremptory manifesto, advanced, defeated the army which had already been crippled in means and broken in spirit by the treachery of the Prince-Vicar, and re-established Ferdinand on the throne of Naples.

The cowardice of the Neapolitan soldiers in this war has been a subject of frequent sarcasms; but only the ignorant can sneer. The soldiers were of the same mould as those who had been victorious under French and Italian generals; the Carbonari were still the same men as those who had freed Naples; but bravery was crippled by the most elaborate duplicity, and the action of the Carbonari was baffled by the distraction of councils among those who ought to have kept the lead. Many of the poorer classes, too, uncertain which side to believe, took part with the king, and the term of 'patriot' in Naples, as 'radical' was once in England, became one of vulgar reproach. The Neapolitans won their liberty by honest bravery and vigour; and they were cheated out of their earnings.

The restoration of Ferdinand abandoned Naples to the full sway of the low despotism which possessed all Italy. The attempt at a revolution in Piedmont, in 1821, in which the Prince of Carignano, now King Charles Albert, connived, happened a day too late to derive stability from an alliance with Naples. The subsequent revolts have been rash, isolated, and crude enterprises; that in the Papal States of 1831 failed for utter want of preparation, or ascertained means. The Bandiera, in 1844, counted on resuscitating the Carbonari of Calabria; but in the lapse of twenty years, a whole generation, the spirit of that organized body had departed; and the young patriots were the victims of a miscalculation.

The defeat of the Bandiera appeared to attest the perfect consolidation of royal authority in Italy. It seemed to be perfectly isolated—to meet with no response. It might have been supposed that henceforward Italy and its people would leave all political enthusiasts and armed rebels to be dealt with by the governments. But two elements of the change that we have so recently witnessed had already been called into existence. Although suppressed in printed and outward manifestation, opinion had in fact made a progress among the educated classes analogous to that which it had made in Europe at large. The growing facilities of travelling since the peace, had introduced large bodies of French and English travellers. The practical turn of the times had been felt also in Italy, though without its assuming so coldly utilitarian a form as it has done in England. The effect of this growth of opinion was threefold. It has evidently modified the purely traditional policy of the Italian Liberals—of those persons

who dreamed simply of restoring the republics or ancient Rome. Rienzi, in our day, would be an anachronism, and would meet with no sympathy. It has also enlarged the number of Liberals to a very great extent, by making known distinct and substantial advantages derivable from more popular forms of government. It has included within the Liberal party a number of men who are moved by those motives even more than by any imaginative sentiment of liberty. It has also helped, in no small degree, to blunt that sharp and vigorous action with which despotism is best able to put down every counter manifestation. Although it cannot be said that some of the more bigoted princes and ministers had at all been converted to liberal doctrines, yet there was such manifest reason in the moderate political views which had obtained currency in Europe, that the governments of Italy were disabled by innate conscience from acting with such active vigour of repression. From these circumstances, there was an immense accumulation of public opinion in Italy prepared to take effect on the first opportunity.

The state of Rome, in particular, had rendered a continuance of the old system manifestly impossible. The attempt to persist in antiquated rigours was so glaringly absurd, that even Austria had been obliged to remonstrate, and to call upon the pontiff for some concession to the spirit of the times. The French seizure of Ancona, in 1832, was a still further warning that limits had been set to the exercise of absolute power; but it was the financial state of the government which made change inevitable. While the affairs of the treasury had become inextricably embarrassed, the policy of the government tended to check every source of revenue; so that supplies were diminishing, while the necessity for expenditure became more pressing. Rome seemed to be falling to pieces at home, and was losing its influence abroad from the dogmatic assertion of principles which provoked defiance rather than sympathy. It became necessary, therefore, in the choice of a successor to Mauro Capellari, to select some man possessing intelligence and vigour, to turn the tide of Roman affairs.

Attention had already been directed to the writings of Gioberti, a young Piedmontese priest, whose views, although narrow and impracticable, were calculated to have a great effect on the more liberally disposed of the Roman-catholic Italians. The main drift of his writings is a revival and purification of the Roman-catholic church. His talents and reforming doctrines obtained for him the hostility of the Jesuits, who had possessed considerable influence over King Charles Albert; and Gioberti was driven into exile. He subsequently lived in Paris and

Brussels, and from the Belgian press emanated works written in Italian. They are chiefly of a controversial kind, and not always conceived in the highest taste. He appeared to aim at no more than the obsolete notions of the Guelph party—a revolution to restore the ecclesiastical suzerainty of the Pope. Gioberti's views are summed up by Signor Mariotti:—

‘Hierocracy,’ says he, ‘must be at the bottom of all political orders; the priesthood the element of power. Such an order of things was decreed in the Old Testament—confirmed and perfected by Christ in the New Law. The government of the Jesuits of Paraguay is the *beau ideal* of a Christian state. The priesthood may rule by dictatorship or by arbitration. Its absolute autocracy is necessary in an imperfect state of civilization. Nothing, therefore, could be more legitimate than the sway exercised by the Pontiffs in the middle ages. In progress of time, the ‘civil conscience of nations’ supersedes the necessity of this dictatorial supremacy. Then the world learns to obey the ‘arbitration’ or moral influence of the church. The Pope then becomes the organ of universal peace and union, the vindicator of the law of nations. The continual state of war and anarchy in Europe arose from its rebellion against this paternal supremacy. Let the Pope be obeyed, and all mankind will be brethren.’ * * *

‘Italy must henceforth find in her own bosom the means of enfranchisement, regeneration, and union; and this most desirable object must be effected without intestine dissensions and tumults, without the intervention of foreign armies, or even of foreign ideas. The principle of Italian unity, greatness, and power, is—the Pope. Under the pontifical standard every true Italian heart must rally. All the provinces of Italy must be joined to the great metropolis by a bond of federative union. The pontiff is to be the president of the great diet of Italian princes. A confederate government is the most natural to Italy; it is the most efficient and durable for every country in the world. Nothing fetters and paralyzes the energies of a nation more than a narrow-minded spirit of centralization. Italy can only exist by the means of this Catholic league. Catholicism, in its turn, can only thrive by virtue of this Italian alliance. Of this federation, as the Pope is to be the head, so the House of Savoy—especially the brave, wise, and consistent Charles Albert of Carignano—must be the right arm.

‘There were not many in Italy to chime in with these ideas, at the time of their first announcement. By degrees, however, Cesare Balbo, a writer of note, a conscientious man, seemed to have adopted them, in his work, ‘*Delle Speranze d'Italia*.’ D’Azeglio, a man looked upon with even greater veneration throughout Italy, acted upon them. The King of Sardinia was supposed to encourage their diffusion. The works of Gioberti, as well as those of the two above-mentioned writers, were said to have been published with his royal consent, and even after his own personal revision. The prophet’s word was invested

with almost official authority; and the Italo-Catholic League became the *mot d'ordre* for all the moderate and rational patriots.'

Such was the state of opinion in Italy when Gregory XVI. died, early in 1846. On the 16th of June the new Pope was elected. There were three candidates for the tiara—Cardinal Lambruschini, an able and energetic man, the representative of the Austrian spirit; Cardinal Gizzi, a man enjoying the highest esteem, but thought to go too far in the Liberal direction; and Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, who issued from a noble family, of sunken fortunes, but who had contrived, through a life of comparative poverty, to earn the highest repute for unblemished purity and dignity. He was thought to be more moderate than Gizzi. The result of the Conclave was never watched with more anxiety, and the unusual responsibility was evidently felt by the cardinals. Their choice fixed upon Mastai Ferretti, who assumed the tiara under the name of Pius IX., and signalized his accession by a sweeping amnesty. This act of mercy, indeed, was not conclusive as to his future policy; for Popes had often snatched a hasty popularity by such an use of their predecessor's rigours; but when Pius set himself to reform the administration—when he put forth plans for reorganizing consultative councils—when he established a national guard—and above all, when he recognised, without reproof, the significant and grateful acclamations of his people, it was understood, indeed, that a new spirit had taken possession of the Papal throne.

Although the acts of Pius have been conceived in a spirit far broader than those which animate the Piedmontese Abbé, to a certain extent he may be said to have realized the anticipations of that writer. In the beginning of 1847, Pius preached a sermon in the church of Sant Andrea della Valla—the first time that a pope had done so for three centuries. This ecclesiastical act is important, because it stamps in the early part of his career the character of the mission which Pius had undertaken, and which has been, sometimes through negligence, sometimes through narrow national prejudices, very much misrepresented. Pius undertook to reform the secular administration of the Roman states, to adapt, as far as possible, his ecclesiastical authority to the present state of temporal politics; but he has never on any occasion shown the slightest disposition to abate the pretensions, or enfeeble the exercise, of his spiritual authority. We shall touch on this point again. But, let us here observe, events have made it plain that the spiritual sincerity manifested by Pius IX., according to the spirit of his own church, has secured for him a degree of confidence, on the part of his multitudinous flock, which has materially assisted the development of his secular

reforms, and disarmed a vast amount of antagonism that any one endeavouring to touch the spiritual authority of the church would have been sure to encounter. The distinction is this: by the election of Pius IX., the conclave did not elevate to the Roman throne a successor to Luther or Calvin, but placed in the chair of Hildebrand a man capable of comprehending the temporal advantages derivable from the institutions of Western Europe in 1848; they secured unbroken the succession of the papacy, and endowed with all its influence a temporal reformer. It is necessary to bear this distinction in mind, not only that we may abstain from very erroneous censure in estimating the course taken by Pius in spiritual affairs, as, for example, in the case of the Irish colleges; but also that we may distinctly apprehend what has been his function and use in the immediate history of Italy. Many conscientious reformers of our country might desire to see in the papal chair a man prepared to concede the infallibility of the doctrines of Rome; but even those persons must confess that such a man would soon have been an exile from Rome, and could not have taken the lead in the restoration of Italy. In fact, a revolution would have been attempted, but it would have been one of a totally different kind, and of very doubtful success. In short, something would have happened which has not happened, without the prospect of any corresponding fruits.

We need not trace the course of Pius IX., which is too fresh in the memory of the reader. His institution of the national guard, reviving the helmet of ancient Rome; his confidence in his people; his measures to organize municipal institutions, to revive the cultivation of land—that trouble inherited from ancient Rome; the institution of the Senate, the secularization of the government in many of its branches, and finally the promulgation of the constitution on the 14th of March last, are measures which have well filled the time since the accession of the great reformer.

From the accession of Pius IX., liberal opinion existed in Italy 'with privilege and authority' the highest; and it was not long in manifesting itself with a more decisive action than would have been decorous or politic at Rome. On the 5th of December, 1846, the Genoese celebrated the centenary of the Austrian expulsion by a popular commotion. Meetings were held in the streets—an act which in Italy amounted to insurrection. The air resounded with cries of 'The Independence of Italy!' Bonfires were lighted on the hills: similar demonstrations were made in Florence, and the spirit rapidly spread abroad. In January, Austria called upon Charles Albert to expel two literary

liberals: he refused. Let us note the effect of these acts, the spirit of which has been so strikingly developed in the subsequent events. The people asserted their power with an unprecedented unanimity: it was the effect of that opinion which had made its way in Italy. The people did not direct their energy to the overturn of their governments; also a novelty. Although standing on the defensive, the princes did not refuse to recognise the popular demands; another novelty, for which the people had to thank the spiritual sovereign of Italy. In May, the Grand Duke of Tuscany announced his intention of adopting a liberal progressive system of administration. The repeated movement of his people in Florence, Pisa, and Leghorn, although viewed with absolute uneasiness, provoked no hostile act on the part of the government. The appointment of a council of state with new powers, in August, to consider petitions in favour of reform, was important, as acknowledging the right of petition; then followed the organization of the civic guard, and in September the abolition of the customs' frontier between Tuscany and Rome, the commencement of the '*Lega Italiana*.' The consequences of this step are most momentous.

The customs' league which was at first contemplated between Rome, Tuscany, and Sardinia, developed itself into the political league; and the same sort of Zollverein which has gone so far to organize Germany, has already made considerable progress in consolidating Italy for the first time in her lengthened history; unless we regard the supremacy of ancient Rome as a quasi consolidation.

Lucca caught the infection from Tuscany. The absconding of the Grand Duke; his return; his second flight, leaving a regency behind him; and the annexation of Lucca to Tuscany, in anticipation of its allotted destiny, need not be recapitulated. The Grand Duke took possession of the annexed duchy on the 10th October. The people of Fivizzano, whose territory was to revert to Modena on the partition of Lucca, resented that transfer to the most retrograde government of Italy, resisted it, and finally succeeded in obtaining annexation to Tuscany in December. These annexations look like small foretokens of a process that will simplify the political geography of Italy. The sequel of the history of Tuscany thus augmented resembles that of Rome: a series of liberal measures was crowned on the 1st of February by the issue of a constitution.

On the opportune death of Maria Louisa, the Duke of Lucca succeeded, according to the arrangement provided at the peace, to the duchy of Parma; only to hold it, it should seem, in tribulation, until the final break up of the Austrian influence in the Peninsula.

In September last, the people of Sicily rose; Naples followed the example; and the timid court, after holding out with unexpected fortitude, succumbed. The Neapolitans accepted a constitution on the 28th January. But the revolt in 'the kingdom of the Two Sicilies' only served to revive the old differences between the two, and the insular Sicily has not been at all so placable as the sister realm on terra firma. The Sicilians were exasperated by the fierce military measures which the king, safe at a distance, had taken against them. The bombardment of Messina rendered the islanders more obstinate. They doubted the faith of a Neapolitan Bourbon, and not without reason; for although Ferdinand the Second has not had any opportunity to display the same treachery which marked his immediate predecessors, he has been equally free from the exhibition of any manly frankness or magnanimity. He tried to parley with the insurgents in Naples, as well as Sicily, while he was plotting to put down the insurrection. He has shown the same triviality, the same disposition to yield to fear, which distinguished his progenitors. His anxiety for the nobles to assume the red cockade of the Bourbons, in place of the tri-coloured cockade, curiously parallels the anxiety of the Prince-Vicar Francis to see the red flag hoisted, in lieu of the tri-colour, by the troops of Naples during the revolutionary government. King Ferdinand has offered to the Sicilians a succession of political submissions, each one more humiliating to the royal will than the other, but always too late. He offered pardon; he offered to take their claims into consideration; he offered a constitution; he actually gave Naples a constitution, and offered the Sicilians a share of it. But the Sicilians had fought harder than the Neapolitans, and received deeper wounds, for the constitution which they obtained of the King, by help of Lord William Bentinck, in 1812; and while we write, they are still unreduced.

Through a series of royal concessions, the Sardinian kingdom won its constitution on the 5th March, and Count Cesare Balbo, a well-known writer and statesman, was appointed to form a responsible cabinet. But the course of affairs in the neighbouring kingdom had hurried Charles Albert into a much more critical course.

Reviewed after the event, it is difficult to understand why the Austrian government, having determined upon refusing the policy of concession, should not have thrown greater strength and energy into the opposite policy. Before the year 1847 was over, more than one opportunity was offered to the Austrian government for entering upon a conciliatory policy, more than one sign that it would be safer to do so. Petitions for reform

were handed to the Archduke Regnier by Nazari, deputy for Bergamo in the Central Congregation, and supported by the unanimous voice of that body. The people of Milan adopted a system of non-consumption, abstaining from tobacco to avoid paying the duty; from the use of cloth, to avoid encouraging Austrian manufactures; and they ate macaroni in the streets to show their sympathies with the Neapolitan revolt. These acts look like jests. Austria met them with paltry insults, and soldiers were employed to smoke cigars in the streets as a counter-revolution. The contest was finished in a fiercer mode; but Austria entered upon it with neither sufficient promptitude nor determination. The occupation of Ferrara in July, 1847, on the pretext of defending the Austrian territory against the encroachments of liberalism from the neighbouring states, but really to daunt the Pope in his career, served no purpose but to raise an embarrassing question of treaty—the question whether the right reserved to Austria entitled her to garrison the town of Ferrara, or only the citadel; and the question has been superseded, rather than settled, by larger events. In the following month, Charles Albert offered to expel the Austrians.

The occupation of Parma and Modena by Austrian troops in December last provoked similar demonstrations on the part of the Tuscans, the people hastening as volunteers to aid their brethren. In Pisa, Genoa, and Leghorn, the impatience of the Italians at the continued presence of the Austrians was a symptom of the rising spirit. As the anger of Italy rose, Austria, with remarkable deliberation, increased her forces, and the veteran General Radetzky assumed a harsher language. On the 15th of January, he issued that proclamation to his army which has become historical, and which may take its place beside the most arrogant of the greater general, Napoleon.

‘The intrigues of fanaticism and a perjured spirit of innovation,’ he said, ‘will be frustrated by your fidelity and bravery, as glass against a rock. I still hold firm in my hand that sword I have borne with honour for sixty-five years on many a field of battle; I shall make use of it to secure the repose of a country, not long since so happy, but which an insensate party is now striving to precipitate into headlong misery. Soldiers! Our emperor places his trust in you; our grey-haired captain relies upon you. That is enough. May they not force us to unfurl the standard of the double eagle; the force of its claws is not yet weakened.’

But Austria had thrown off its mildness, and became fierce too late.

The outburst of the third French revolution, followed by the universal revolt in Germany—the declaration of Frederick Wil-

liam as a leader of the German revolt—the abdication of King Louis in Bavaria—the submission even of King Ernest in Hanover to the altered circumstances of the time—the dangerously rising voice of Hungary, threatening to cast off its allegiance—the revolt of Vienna itself, once the head quarters of political indifferentism—the flight of Metternich—the transfer of the weak-minded emperor to more liberal counsellors—the necessity which dictated the appointment of the Hungarian O'Connell, Kosuth, to a place in the ministry;—all these things so precipitated events, so heaped trouble upon trouble, that the councils of Vienna were unable to keep pace with such a torrent of innovation. Radetzky could neither be supported by troops, for they were wanted elsewhere, nor with instructions of the cold absolute tone, for they were contradicted in every other quarter. The Central Congregations of Lombardy and Venice, those shadows of popular representation, were invited to a congress of Austrian diets in Vienna, to consult upon the reorganization of the imperial regime. The Milanese replied to the invitation by open rebellion. Although hemmed in by imperial troops, the citizens rose on the 18th March last. They began almost without arms; they contested their native streets inch by inch; they built barricades in the face of the retiring troops; they summoned the aid of the surrounding people in despatches sent by balloons. The Genoese and Piedmontese poured into the kingdom. The Swiss also. General Radetzky offered concessions—they were spurned, and he fled. A provisional government was formed, with Casati at its head; Pompeo Litta and other eminent nobles among its members. Other great towns followed, and Venice once more proclaimed itself a republic: Venice having a vested and aristocratic right to assume the republican form of government without implying so much as the term would mean in other places. King Charles Albert caught the universal spirit, and led an army in aid of the Milanese; Tuscany and Rome followed—indeed, all Italy.

The four chief native princes have granted constitutions to their people. Naples, which was, in order of time, the first, has given one, which seems complete in the main provisions, to secure what is understood by constitutional liberty. The governing power is effectively reposed in three branches, corresponding to our three estates. The king possesses the executive power; his person is sacred and inviolable; he is irresponsible; he commands the sea and land forces, conducts foreign relations, and generally performs the executive functions. No act, however, signed by him, can have any force, unless countersigned by a minister Secretary of State. The ministers are responsible

—subject to impeachment by the Chamber of Deputies, to judgment by the peers, and the king cannot extend his pardon to offenders in this class. The ministers have the right of ingress to either chamber. The peers are nominated for life, and are to be unlimited in number; but the king's right of nomination is limited by qualifications; every peer must have attained the age of thirty, must be a citizen, possess a disposable income of 3,000 ducats, or have held various official military, judicial, or learned offices, which are specified. The Chamber of Peers is a high court of justice, for the trial of high treason and state offences.

The Chamber of Deputies is to correspond in number with the population, in the ratio of a deputy for every 40,000 souls. It is to be elected for five years. The limitation of the electoral body is not yet determined, and, according to the letter of the charter, it might ultimately be much restricted. The members of, the Royal Academies, titular professors in the Universities and authorized Lyceums, officers of communes, public functionaries and military officers who hold retiring pensions, are to be electors; also all those who possess a disposable income, '*the amount of which shall be determined by an electoral law.*' The ultimate shape of this clause will determine how far the body politic will be admitted to the control of the government. The qualifications for members are analogous, on the evidence of possession of an income not yet decided. Acceptors of office under the crown vacate their seats, but are re-eligible; no taxes can be imposed except by a law, nor, if we understand the provision, local rates. Either branch of the legislature can initiate laws. No foreigners can be naturalized, no foreign troops received into the service of the state, without laws. The only religion recognised and permitted is 'the Christian Catholic Apostolical Roman.' Citizens are declared equal before the law: they can only be judged by appointed judges according to the laws; their dwellings are inviolable. The press is free. The past is covered with an impenetrable veil. All proceedings and condemnations for political offences are cancelled.

The Tuscan constitution, in its political machinery, resembles the Neapolitan; having a senate for life, and a chamber of deputies; but it is more liberal: it secures freedom of commerce, and toleration of *all* religions.

The Piedmontese constitution was also similar in the larger branches of its machinery, but the king seems to have reserved to himself more power. We do not notice the exception respecting pardon in the case of ministers. The king retains the right to create a communal militia, and to suspend or dissolve it as he pleases. The cardinal point in the qualification of

electors is the payment of taxes of an amount to be determined. The king at the same time reduced the price of salt, a state monopoly.

The Roman constitution cost some pains to render it as liberal as possible, consistently with the exigencies of the pope's peculiar spiritual authority. The existing college of cardinals is to be retained. There is also to be a senate, or high council, and a council of deputies. The senators are to be appointed for life by the pope: they will consist of high ecclesiastical officials and lawyers, and those possessing an income of 4000 scudi (about 1000*l.*) per annum. The pope will appoint the president and vice-presidents. The council of deputies will be elective, in the ratio of one deputy to every 30,000 souls. The electors are to be the possessors of a capital of 300 scudi, or payers of direct taxes to the amount of 12 scudi per annum, and also diverse communal, learned, and legal officers. The qualification of a deputy is a capital to the amount of 3000 scudi, or payment of taxes to the amount of 100 scudi, or the occupation of certain learned and ecclesiastical offices. The Roman-catholic religion is indispensable in all. Taxes and secular matters are placed within the power of the two councils; but the councils are precluded from interfering in ecclesiastical matters and mixed affairs which come under the church canons of discipline, or the religious and diplomatic relations of the holy see. The taxes are placed under the control of the council of deputies. Ministers are responsible for affairs within the power of the two chambers. The functions of temporal sovereignty, during an interregnum, are vested in the sacred college. There is also to be a council of state (Privy Council), to draw up projects of law, and advise on administrative affairs in cases of emergency. The new councils are to open in June. In a preamble to the proclamation incorporating this constitution, Pius the Ninth frankly declared the difficulties which he had had to surmount in reconciling the new secular power 'of modern civilization' with the ancient ecclesiastical functions and usages of his government, and indicated the reasons for certain limitations in the functions of the new chambers; avowing the intention 'to maintain our authority in matters which are naturally connected with religion and [Roman] catholic morality entire and intact.'

It is evident, from the rapid glance at these constitutions, that the sovereigns have yielded sufficient power to the classes of the people, and that those classes are by nature sufficiently numerous to secure a large share of political liberty for the people of their respective states. The precise degree of this liberty will of course depend upon the amount of discretion and tact employed in the

working of the constitution. But, indeed, in the present state of Italian affairs, an anterior doubt remains to be disposed of. We have to see not only whether the Italian princes remain true to their good faith—for the power which has grasped these constitutions will probably suffice to retain them—but also whether they can make good their independence against foreign intervention on the side of absolutism. Austria is not disposed of yet.

In drawing auguries for the future, we must look into the entails of the present; and we ground our hopes, not so much on the weakness of Austria or any external enemy, as on the reviving energies of Italy herself. They are very distinct and very remarkable, and of a nature to afford for hope the strongest guarantees. There is one attribute quite singular in the history of nations: although Italy has been sunk to the lowest degree of political oppression and dependence, she not only has retained her intellect, but has always, in one branch or other of human activity, maintained a lead. After she had ceased to give statesmen to the world, her musicians sustained throughout Europe that art which weds passion to intellect. Under one form or another, her literature has always survived, and is now re-awakening with fresh energies. No Austrian curfew could quite extinguish the fire of a Foscolo. Before the recent emancipation of the land, the irrepressible verse of Italy still sang her traditional greatness. Leopardi's powerful eloquence mastered the high understandings of his country, and forced them to join the whole nation in patriotic sympathies. Berchet carried the same patriotism into the tenderest hearts. The reproachful complaints which Leopardi addresses to his country and its patriotic sons, Berchet carries home to the mother's heart. 'Pugnano i tuoi figliuoli!' says Leopardi:—

‘ Attendi, Italia, attendi. Io veggio, o parmi,
Un fluttuar di fanti e di cavalli,
E fumo e polve, e luccicar di spade
Come tra nebbia lampi.
Nè ti conforti? e i tremebondi lumi
Piegar non soffri al dubitoso evento?
A che pugna in quei campi
L'itala gioventute? O numi, o numi:
Pugnam per altra terra itali acciari.
Oh misero colui che in guerra è spento,
Non per li patrii lidi e per la pia
Consorte e i figli cari
Ma da nemici altrui
Per altra gente, e non può dir morendo:
Alma terra natia,
La vita che mi desti eccoti rendo.’

What Leopardi says to 'Italia,' Berchet tells to 'Giulia,' the mother who has gone up with her last son to the church where

the names of conscripts are to be drawn for the Austrian service. Seven are demanded of the commune; and the poet beautifully describes the anxiety and anguish of the mother while the six names are drawn out for the hated service: her son has hitherto escaped:—

‘La settima sorte sta Giulia ad udir.
L’han detta; è il suo figlio: doman vergognato
Al cenno insolente d’estraneo soldato
Con l’aquila in fronte vedrallo partir.’

To the very last this endless string of poets, greater or smaller, carried on their speaking appeals to the nationality of their countrymen. The poems of Giusti, a young Florentine, have but recently found their way into printed publication; but his bitter satires, his barbed and stinging facetiæ, have long circulated in manuscript; and truly he says, that they raise ‘un riso nato di malinconia che potrebbe farti nodo alla gola;’—a laugh born of melancholy, which may tie a knot in your throat. This was the kind of literature to carry on the torrent of native feeling in its hiding places and subterranean channels. But with the spread of political communication throughout Europe, a different species of literature has arisen. History, it was discovered, might be revived, after the manner of Walter Scott. Manzoni first began to introduce the Italians to themselves in his ‘Promessi Sposi,’ but his younger and more vigorous friend, D’Azeglio, turned back to the heroic traditions of the country, such as the ‘Challenge of Burletta;’ and others have followed in the same career. Science, dealing with inexpugnable facts, extended its light to matters incompatible with mere oppression, and yet in a form that could not be challenged. Political economy could not be bound down by the forms of the Austrian schools. The scientific meetings, viewed with jealousy by some of the princes, still became councils for the propagation of thought, not always directly political, but tending to strengthen the mind of Italy. The Italians had begun to write history. Cesare Cantù, the poet and active statesman of the late revolution, is engaged on a great encyclopædical work of that order. Among the hosts of writers, whose substantial matter, discreet and perfectly reasonable style, have forced a way for their words, are many of the nobles whose names have become noted for their action in the late events, such as D’Azeglio of Turin, the novelist and political pamphleteer, and Pompeo Litta of Milan, the great historical genealogist, whose tables and their illustrations equally call for the admiring veneration of the herald, the artist, the antiquary, the dramatist, and the romance reader; for the text often rivals Boccaccio in interest and mere ‘amusement.’

The condition of the Italian nobles, never very well understood in this country, has materially altered in many circumstances. The nobles, though classified by a distinct genealogical qualification, are in fact but the gentry of the nation, occupying that position in society, as distinguished from the mercantile gentry of the towns, that our country gentlemen do; with this difference, that the absence of political power, and the immense multiplicity of titles, prevent any such distinction as we have in our land between the mere country gentleman and the peer. The nobles of Italy have been a favourite subject for moral stricture, on the ground of their indolence, their feebleness, and corruption; and to that state has been ascribed the degradation of their country. It was in many respects more an effect than a cause; the extinction of native power had largely circumscribed the circle of employments in naval, military, and diplomatic regions; science and literature were rendered distasteful by proscription; but already we have noticed the entrance of noble names into the territory of letters and of active statesmanship.

The same nobles whose demoralization and inertness have so often been decried, have displayed the activity, and still more, the measured self-possession, which denotes the highest energy. The boys of those families at whose effeminacy it has been the fashion to sneer, could not be kept back from the rebellion against the Austrian. It seems probable that the revolution at Milan was begun by a lad, and lads were observed taking the lead in keeping guard. The poets have done their work well. Many a Giulia has made her son tear the two-beaked eagle from his front, and has put swords into the hands even of those children whom the Austrian conscription would have forborne to claim.

The military disposition of the Italians has also been much misconceived. They may not have the obstinacy of the Englishman, nor the inordinate appetite for 'glory' of the French; but they are a brave race, of high physical development. Those that deride the cowardice of the Neapolitans, whose spirit had been destroyed by the domestic treachery behind them, have nothing to say against those soldiers while they fought in the ranks of Napoleon; nor is any reproach to be cast, at this day, against the 40,000 Italians who had been keeping guard in Hungary and the alien provinces of Austria. The Sicilians have maintained their celebrity in arms. The Calabrians, who were cajoled, not suppressed, by the Bourbons of Naples, have regained their old freedom. The Romans, once more helmeted, vindicate their unchanged facial outline. 'The plant man,' as Alfieri said, grows nowhere so well as in Italy. The agricul-

tural classes, indeed the great bulk of the population, as an ingenious ethnologist has shown, has probably been the same in Italy through all the changes of her political rule and institutions, from very early ages indeed. The Tuscan is the Etruscan. The Ligurian races still people the northern shores of the Mediterranean: the Greek and Roman blood that once possessed the known world still warms the people of the south.

The thing wanted to bring this fine race up to the mark of modern civilization and popular power, is education; and happily Italy contains many facilities for developing the general system of education. Even under the Austrian rule, educational institutions have been sometimes perverted rather than extinguished, and the same machinery which was used to teach servility, remodelled, may be converted to higher uses—to teach the means of attaining civil liberty as well as material welfare. Again, we are sent back to draw hopes for the future from the past.

'Thanks to the liberal endowments of the numerous academical institutions,' says Mariotti, 'nothing can be easier in Italy than to become a doctor. Almost every town of any consequence boasts its university, besides a number of colleges, lyceums, gymnasiums, seminaries, and other preparatory schools.' The universities took their origin in the mediæval republics, and are quite distinct from the purely ecclesiastical and theological schools. They were not exclusive academies, but truly schools for the people, and invariably grounded in perfect equality. There were no privileged colleges—the young plebeian sat with the young patrician—Torquato Tasso was school-fellow with the scions of the reigning house of Mantua, and formed an acquaintance which lasted through life. They were free of expense. The skeleton, and in great part the substance, of these institutions remain: the matriculation fee is ten sous; the fee on taking a degree varied from fifteen to fifty francs; but that trifling tax is waived in favour of indigent scholars. Besides the regular students, the lectures are open to any person who may choose to attend as 'uditori,' or hearers, and thus even artizans can obtain a fair knowledge of practical science connected with their handicrafts. 'The old system of the Italian republics, therefore,' says Mariotti, who has put together many interesting and useful facts under this head, 'has, to a great extent, solved the difficult problem of public education.' Various measures were devised to cripple the efficiency of the universities after the restoration. In some states 'foreigners' were excluded—an appellation including all but natives of the particular state; in others, proscriptions chained the tongues of the professors, and reduced the numbers of the pupils. Even before 1840, however, some reaction was observ-

able in Tuscany, where new chairs were founded on the subjects of law, commerce, political economy, and mental philosophy. The accession of Pius IX. gave a further impulse to the liberal reaction; a similar policy has been adopted at Rome and Turin, and will no doubt follow elsewhere. The substitution of the vernacular for the learned languages, must also have a great effect in extending the utility of the universities; and they may thus become the nucleus for that national education which Mayer was so persecuted for attempting.

In England we shall be too ready to exclaim that the religion of Italy will arrest its education, and that a new Reformation must *precede* the intellectual freedom of a country. Again, let us observe that we touch upon this topic purely in a political and temporal sense. Such a presumption as that which we have just mentioned appears to us to involve more than one erroneous interpretation of the past. A reformation, in the Northern sense of the word, if it has not proved impossible, has proved at least very alien to the genius of the Italian people. It may rather be said that the external forms which the Christian religion assumed in that country, nay, even some of its subsidiary doctrines, have taken their rise in the genius of the people, and have been imposed upon other countries by the force of Italian energy; an imposition which must be retaliated before you can quite assimilate the ceremonial of the Italians to the Teutonic ideas of the North. Monachism is too large a question to be discussed parenthetically. It is to be observed that it is not wholly unconnected with a section of political economy—the population question; and that a great development of the resources of Italy, internal and external, by finding employment for all classes of its people, would afford many facilities for the gradual removal of monachism. The Institution was shaken to its foundation by the French Revolution: it has been restored very greatly by the anti-Gallican reaction; a feeling which still survives, and has greatly modified the councils of the Italian revolutionists and princes in so shaping their policy during the recent revolution, as to supersede the necessity of inviting French aid. There can be no doubt that narrow-minded and ignorant priests are a great depository of positive ignorance for the people; but they are the ultimate consequence of very remote causes.

We have before observed that Pius IX. has not undertaken a revolution in the church; but we should greatly underrate the influence of his accession upon Italy and Europe, if we supposed that it would have no effect upon the church. His mission has been to transfer the highest ecclesiastical authority from the side of absolutism to that of constitutional freedom. He has

been the instrument, the lever, by which Italy, at the critical point of time, was enabled to effect that immense political movement. That was enough. The attempt to deal with the church simultaneously, even if he had in his conscience desired it, of which we have no proof, would have simply frustrated both enterprises. The church, with its immense ramifications,—there are 98,000 ecclesiastics in Naples alone, including 25,000 monks and 26,000 nuns,—must be dealt with separately. To derive the utmost benefit from an ecclesiastical Reformation, it should be effected within the establishment itself. A hostile and an external attempt would be resisted far too long. But, in fact, Pius has effected the greatest difficulty in any such enterprise; he, the ‘infallible head of the hierarchy,’ has recorded the admission that the Roman church must accommodate its action, as far as possible, which means, as far as it is compelled, to the growing intelligence of the times, and to the altered working of temporal institutions. • Not only so—he has introduced into the church the spirit of freedom in thought, the candour, the reconsideration, the charity towards antagonist opinion—in short, a rational and generous spirit in the ecclesiastical world analogous to that which is now moving Italy in the temporal world; and it is a spirit perfectly the reverse of that which instigated Gregory XVI. when he opposed the Papal authority to the spread of railways. Signor Mariotti regards Pius as an enlightened bigot, and quotes some sayings by the pontiff against ‘Utopian notions,’ or institutions incompatible with pontifical sovereignty. Pius is a man of feeling, and a man of action. His long rapid ride down the valley of the Tiber, to direct in person the relief of sufferers from a flood,—an expedition in which the gowned occupant of St. Peter’s chair rode so hard, that some of his secular companions complained bitterly of their sufferings from the saddle,—strikingly illustrates the spirit and vigour of his administration. His speeches do not indicate a mind thoroughly capable of grasping or penetrating doctrinal subjects, in other words, a mind capable of effecting doctrinal changes. Pius receives his doctrine on authority, by succession: in material and political affairs, he takes an original view, and acts on his own distinct knowledge and intelligence. The Ferretti are ‘a brave and mettlesome race,’ says Mariotti: ‘one of them, the commander of Malta, stood alone against a whole Hungarian regiment, every officer of which he challenged to single combat, in 1815, at Bologna. He killed three of his adversaries, and the surviving staff hastened to tender their most ample apologies.’ Who does not see in this anecdote a foretoken of the intrepidity and the firmness that have animated Pius in that part of his career which he has chosen for positive action?

Signor Mariotti contemplates the possibility of 'a new Council of Trent,' to revise the ecclesiastical institutions of the Roman church. We suspect such a council will be deferred for some time, and are quite content to leave the Roman church to the working of that spirit which Pius has introduced into it. With the political institutions of the nineteenth century fairly in operation, with the newly emancipated intellect of Italy, whether there be Councils of Trent or not, the church will experience steady and rapid changes.

In fact, the only gigantic want of Italy has been evoked—a national public spirit. Every horde of the old invaders of Italy, every one of the ruling families imposed upon it by alien governments, have used Italy for their own advantages and not *her* own. As the old Normans were mere adventurers, seeking gain and glory, so the French used Italy for the French alone: they simply forgot the Italians. So also the Austrians. So also the sections of the Bourbon family. The one exception was that remarkable branch of the Austrian family which has occupied the throne of Tuscany. The speculation that has been wasted on the sincerity of the Italian princes is superseded. Events have gone too far for the princes to retract. They cannot revoke the revolution. Austria has glided from their reach as an ally; they have called out the people, and the people will not go *in* again. The ban of temporal authority has been taken off the press. Discussion has ecclesiastical permission to be free, and it is not probable that, like the Jinnee in the Arabian Nights, it will again get into its vessel and place itself under bulla as under Solomon's Seal. It is to be remembered that before the present emancipation an enormous amount of opinion had accumulated under ban of concealment, that the flood of thought and active discussion which has now covered Italy should create surprise, not so much by its extent and force, as by the extraordinary judgment, moderation, and practically enlightened application which has marked its first inroads. It is, we repeat, that self-possession more than almost anything witnessed in the history of Italy which attests the wonderful innate strength of the race. No man of liberal principle, we think, can have become at all familiar with the great cities of Italy—such as Venice, Milan, Florence, Verona, Rome, and even Naples—without feeling that the people of that beautiful Peninsula *might* be self-governed—*ought* to be self-governed.

Such a nation as the Italians, so inextinguishably vital under the crush of despotism, so matured and self-possessed in revolution and victory, cannot be once more replaced in the world without having marvellous effects on the future career of mankind.

In the past, no country has done so much as Italy. Out of the few sets of poets towards which other countries boast each of contributing one, Italy has produced two sets. Of the very highest artists, there have been in the history of mankind but two sets, of which Italy has produced one. The race is the same as ever: it is once more set free in all its energies; and we have yet to see what effect will be produced upon the institutions, the knowledge, the thought, the opinion, of the nineteenth century, when Italy is brought into the council with its high intellect, its extraordinary powers of research, its union of irrefragable faith and audacious inquiry, its tender affections and powerful passions, and, above all, its high artistic sense of the beautiful. In many political, economical, and social questions, the rest of the world has been going on without Italy, and none the better we suspect for the absence. The share which Italy will have in developing the opinion and directing the action of the world belongs to the future—a future foreshadowed by auguries so great as those which we have drawn from the mirror of the past and the living signs of the present.*

We have already mentioned Signor Mariotti's book with commendation. It will be found to contain, in an agreeable and readable form, much useful information. We have indicated the kind of qualification which we should put upon the writer's estimate of character; but he will not lead the reader far wrong even in those matters; and we are not aware of any other work which can put the English politician so completely *au courant* in regard to the present state of Italian affairs, political and literary, commercial and social.

- ART. X.—(1.) *The Three Days of Feb.* 1848. By P. B. ST. JOHN, an eye-witness of the whole. London: Richard Bentley, 1848.
- (2.) *Threatened Social Disorganization of France. Louis Blanc on the Working Classes; with corrected Notes, and a Refutation of his Destructive Plan.* By JAMES WARD. London: Richard Bentley, 1848.
- (3.) *Career of Louis-Philippe, with a full Account of the late Revolution.* By D. WEMYSS JOHNSON, Esq. London: E. Churton, Holles Street, 1848.
- (4.) *Les Vertus du Republicain.* Par JEAN MACE, Garde National au 11^e Arrondissement. London: William Jeffs, 1848. Paris: Furne, 1848.
- (5.) *Lettres au Peuple.* Par GEORGES SAND, Première Lettre, Hier et Aujourd'hui. London: William Jeffs, 1848. Paris: Hetzel, 1848.
- (6.) *Histoire de Trente Heures, Feb.* 1847. Par PIERRE ET PAUL. Paris: Chez Jules l'ainé, Éditeur, 7, Passage vero-Dodat, 1848.
- (7.) *Organisation du Travail.* Par M. LOUIS BLANC. Cinquième Edition. 1, Rue de la Sorbonne, 1848.
- (8.) *Trois Dialogues.* Par TIMON. Paris: Pagnerre, 1848.

NEARLY sixty years are passed and gone since the first French Revolution startled and astonished the world, perplexing monarchs with fear of change, and giving to the people in every land hopes and aspirations, in some instances to be fulfilled, but in others—and alas! in the greatest number of instances—to end in bitter disappointment. Many there are who have thought, and who now think, that the principles and opinions then cast abroad had been dead and forgotten, or, if they were remembered at all, were only to be remembered to be discredited and discountenanced by all thinking men. But how fatally such thinkers—if thinkers they can be called—deceived themselves, is proved by the events of the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th February. The consulate and the empire have both passed away—the glories of the restoration have departed—the monarchy of the barricades, after eighteen years' service, is destroyed as suddenly as the throne of Charles X.; but the principles and opinions of the first revolution still survive, and, after an interval of half a century, again seek to obtain the mastery.

Such readers and thinkers as have followed the progress of the first revolution, will acknowledge how slowly and patiently that event was elaborated. To trace the revolution of 1789 to the spirit of the eighteenth century alone, were grossly to miscalculate cause and effect. The writers of the sixteenth, as well as the seventeenth century, had much to do, not merely in the pre-

paration of the ground, but in the sowing of the seed. Descartes, Bayle, Corneille, Destouches, operated as actively, each in his appointed sphere, as Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Bossuet, Fenelon, Helvetius, Diderot, D'Alembert, D'Holbach, Beaumarchais, and Chamfort. To Voltaire, however, more than to any other French writer, is traceable the spirit which prevailed from 1794 to 1799; perhaps we should strictly say, from the abolition of royalty to the crowning of Napoleon. His tragedies of '*Brutus*' and '*La Mort de Cæsar*,' rendered republicanism not merely fashionable and popular, but inoculated the literary men, not only in France, but in Europe, with similar opinions. Ten years before the French revolution broke out, Alfieri had proclaimed such opinions in a prose work; and more than seven years previously to 1793, he had introduced into his tragedy of the '*Conquira de Pazzi*,' sentiments fully as republican as ever were uttered in France by the men of the mountain. In the older Italian literature such sentiments might also, no doubt, be found in the days when Genoa, Pisa, Florence, and Venice were republics; but the dialogue of which we are speaking was written at a time when the country of the writer was not a republic but an absolute monarchy.

Nor was it merely in the warm climate of the south that such democratic opinions became popular. They extended into the heart of cold and cheerless Wurtemberg and Franconia; and Schiller, so far back as 1780, uttered as grand and swelling sentiments of liberty, to use the language of Burke, as had ever been declaimed by Mirabeau, Vergniaud, or Gensonné. It is, therefore, not wonderful that after the events of the 9th and 10th Aug. 1792, the active and energetic people of Paris, immediately under the influence of such writers, and who had long been prepared, took, without an instant's delay, the bold step of convoking a national convention, that so early as the 21st of Sept. royalty was abolished, and the republic proclaimed, declared one and indivisible.* For about thirteen years this form of government lasted; for it was not till the 2nd Dec. 1804, that the emperor Napoleon, and the empress Josephine, his consort, were crowned at *Notre Dame* by the hands of Pius VII.

While the republic lasted it had its poets, historians, statesmen, generals, painters, sculptors, artists, and men of letters; and let superficial observers say what they may, the traditions of this epoch, and the doctrines and principles of the first revolution, have, in consequence, struck far deeper into the soil of France, and the souls of Frenchmen, than partisans of a monarchy, even of the barricades, are willing to believe.

* *Moniteur* for 1792, No. 266, 267, and 270; *idem* for 1804, No. 72.

Thousands and thousands of persons, in every department of France, who have never read a line of Corneille, Racine, or Molière, have treasured in their heart of hearts favourite passages from the 'Caius Gracchus,' and the 'Fénélon' and 'Timoleon' of Joseph Chénier, in which hatred to kings is inculcated as a duty; and if they possess not the tragedies of the republican poet, printed and bound in a portable form, to carry with them as a *vade mecum*, are, at least, able to repeat by heart, and to teach to their lisping children, passages which we in monarchical England would deem little short of treasonable.* It was our fate, in 1830 and 1831, to traverse a great part of France, and in 1840, to visit every department of that fine country, both periods of the greatest public excitement. We can safely say that the great majority of the juvenile working population, both in the towns and in the champaign country, entered into nothing with so much zest and enthusiasm as the singing of '*Le Chant de Départ*' of Chénier, and '*Le Chant des Victoires*' of Lebrun, diversified, ever and anon, by that fine and statelier national air, the '*Marseillaise*.'

If you conversed at either epoch with men too old to sing or to march in these public processions—on public affairs, on the army, or on the arts—they reminded you of republican ministers, such as Daunou, Garat, Monge, Fourcroy, Chaptal, Berthollet, Laplace, and Carnot; of republican generals, such as Hoche, of the army of the Sambre and Meuse—such as Buonaparte in his earlier career of the army of Italy—such as Massena, Augereau, Lannes, Championnet, Joubert—such as Moreau, Lecourbe, Gouvion, St. Cyr, Dessoles, and Lahorie, of the army of Germany—such as Brune and his companions of the army of Holland, survivors of the first revolution. Even into the fine arts such men carried their republican partialities. They could see no merit in any painters but the republicans David, Gérard, and Girodet; they could hear no other music than the music of Mehul and Gossec; and as to the theatre, the republican Talma, undoubtedly the greatest French tragedian of his epoch, was the only man fitted—and in this they were supremely right—to represent the stoical and severe virtues of ancient republicanism.

This is a sufficient proof that sentiments and opinions will, in the minds of men, long survive institutions and establishments. As there were from 1792 to 1804 hundreds of thousands of sincere royalists in France, so from 1804 to 1848 there have been hundreds of thousands of republicans among the most active and

* In August, 1793, '*Guillaume Tell*,' '*Brutus*,' '*Caius Gracchus*,' and other republican pieces, were ordered to be represented three times a week in all the theatres of Paris.

energetic of the population. The great trouble and difficulty—the painful elaboration with which Napoleon Buonaparte, himself an early republican, was obliged to veil and cloak his designs when he aspired to turn France to his own profit and aggrandizement, are familiar to every student of history. Strange to say, in no service did he find more strenuous opposition than in the army of France.

The spirit of the army, from 1794 to 1799, was eminently republican. In all the political changes that had taken place from the 14th Vendémiaire, it had been called to play an active, if not a dominant part, and its heroical courage and successful conquests gave it increased weight in the clash and struggle of parties. Frenchmen could not forget that these were the soldiers and officers who, ill-clad, ill-fed, without regimentals, without shoes, without munitions, and often without bread, rushed to the frontiers for the defence of the soil of France. No doubt a great change had taken place in military habits and opinions since the year 1789. Previously to the first revolution, the army was alone composed of two elements—first of the nobility and *gentilhommes*, brave, chivalrous, though somewhat boastful, vain, and dissipated; and secondly, of that mass of peasants, and the cankers of towns and capitals, from which our own service is in a degree recruited. Brave and gallant men there were undoubtedly among them; but the spirit of emulation, and the desire of distinction, had comparatively but little influence on the mind of the common soldier. The fourteen republican armies so speedily organized were all republican in spirit and opinion. In the words ‘Liberty and Equality,’ each peasant or artizan, become a soldier, saw opened out before his eyes a vast field of glory and renown. As a free career was opened to talent and bravery—as generals, superior officers, and the whole military hierarchy, from the highest to the lowest, was composed of men who were the sons, to use a French expression, of their own works—every soldier of them all worshipped the republic with enthusiastic ardour. Every royalist intrigue in the interest of the expatriated princes of the House of Bourbon, therefore, failed at this period in the army of France. A spirit of hatred to royalty, and to the institutions of royalty, pervaded every breast, and was echoed from tent to tent. So strong and general was this feeling, that whenever the public authorities desired a more energetic manifestation, in a republican sense, they had recourse to the army, and to the army alone. On the 13th and 14th Vendémiaire, it was the old regiments of Toulon, under the orders of General Buonaparte, who fired on the sections of Paris, then marching on the convention.

Again, when the Directory wished to obtain a demonstration in favour of the *coup d'état* of the 18th *Fructidor*, clubs formed in the army of Italy, and General Buonaparte turned each regiment into a species of political debating society. Addresses were discussed and voted by acclamation; and thus did the *corps législatif* and the *Parti Clichien* fall by the troops of the Directory. We state this to prove that the army was thoroughly republican, and moved only by the democratic words, *Liberté, Égalité*, inscribed on the drum that summoned the soldier to the charge, and on the banner which he bore to victory.

Among all the armies that sprung into existence from 1793 to 1799, none was more republican than the army of Italy, in which Buonaparte won his earlier triumphs. Massena, Augereau, and Lannes, were all republican, and so, too, was the General in chief, till he conceived the design, by a formidable centralization of power and authority, to render events tributary to his own will. His first step was to form a party in the army, and to gather around him a number of young and distinguished officers devoted to his own person. Marmont, Murat, Duroc, Junot, Muiron, and Eugene Beauharnais, were among the number of these devoted followers. They considered Buonaparte as a superior being, worthy of unlimited devotion and blind obedience. In the earlier period of the Directory, this adhesion of young officers to one particular man was not much observed or commented on. But after a brief period, it could not fail to escape animadversion. The body which Buonaparte commanded became divided into two distinct parties—one considering only the fortunes of the republic, the other looking, in the first place, to the fortunes of their favourite commander, and next, to the fortunes of the republic.

Hence arose discontent and distrusts; and when the young general started on his campaign in Egypt, the revolutionary and republican author of the pamphlet called '*Le Souper de Beaucaire*,'* was already looked on with suspicion by all the republican generals of the service, and by none more than Bernadotte. Long before Napoleon had again touched the soil of France, on the 8th October, 1799, he aspired to a military dictatorship, the fruits of Arcole and Rivoli. But his designs were penetrated by the minister of war, Bernadotte, and suspected by such of his brother generals as were sincerely republican; and it is now well known, if it were not for the aid of the three ex-priests, Sièyes, Talleyrand, and Fouché, he never would have attained the summit of his ambition.

* This pamphlet, in which Marat was deified, and the Girondins abused, was undoubtedly the production of Napoleon.

The revolution of the 18th and 19th Brumaire, it cannot too often be stated, was achieved by stratagem and ruse, despite the republican chiefs and *sous-officiers* of the army of France. Not very long afterwards, and shortly before the battle of Marengo, a plan existed, and was actually matured, to which some of the first generals in the army were no strangers, to get rid of the little Corsican. Bernadotte, Augereau, Jourdan, Carnot, were privy to this plan; and the name and fame of Kleber were judiciously imported into it, as the intrepid denouncer of the too ambitious but fugitive general from the army of Egypt. In the following year, the conspiracy of Cerachi, Diana, Arena, and Topino Lebrun, was discovered—a conspiracy in which military men were more deeply and actively engaged than the police wished to make apparent. When, in 1801 and 1802, the plans of dictature became more fully developed, the greatest opposition was exhibited by the army. Massena, Brune, Jourdan, Lecourbe, Dessoles, Gouvion, St. Cyr, St. Suzanne, and others, displayed a spirit of resistance and discontent not at this period exhibited by civilians. Why do we mention these circumstances? To prove, that even in the best and brightest day of Buonaparte, that arm of the public force—the army—was much more democratical and republican than the ambitious consul desiring to be emperor imagined or conceived possible.

When the glories and successes of the empire had disappeared, and the restoration succeeded, some of the superior, and many of the subordinate and *sous-officiers* of the republic, the consulate and the empire, were ignominiously dismissed. Discontent and dissatisfaction were the consequences, and revolts and conspiracies abounded from 1816 to 1830. In many of these revolts other interests and opinions and agents were at work than the republican; but in all the republic was prominently and patently put forward, as the more popular and catching cry and rallying word, to the more active and less instructed conspirators. Such was the *tactique* adopted by Paul Didier, at Lyons and Grenoble, in 1816. This is not the place or the occasion to trace the history of the conspiracies that broke out under the restoration; but we may once for all observe, that the affairs of Nantes, of La Rochelle, of Befort, of Thouars, of Saumur, of Toulon, were all conducted by military men, as well as the disturbances at Poitiers and Colmar. The names of General Bertin, of Colonel Caron, of Bories Raoulx, Goubin, and Pommier, all of the 45th regiment, will at once occur to the well informed reader, who will remember that the design of these latter conspirators was to establish the constitution of 1791. Let it not be said that only a few regiments were implicated in these

conspiracies. The fact is not so. Many regiments were implicated which never proceeded to any overt act, or to put their attempts into execution. But that half-a-dozen regiments had already taken some steps, among which might be numbered the 6th *chasseurs à cheval*, and the 45th and 46th of the line, is matter of incontrovertible history. Though the progress of military conspiracy was for a moment arrested by the death of Louis XVIII., and the accession of Charles X., in September, 1824, yet the persecutions of the press in 1825, and the disbanding of the national guard in 1827, again aroused public indignation. A secret society of *Charbonnerie*, whose central committee sat at Paris, exercised great influence over all France, and more particularly over the army. The popularity of the ministry of M. Martignac for a moment arrested the impending catastrophe. But the cup of national indignation was full to overflowing, and it only needed the appointment of M. de Polignac in 1829, to cause the second revolution to break out in 1830.

The events of that time remain to be fully and truly written. Though the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, had not been personally an active or indiscreet conspirator during the fifteen years previously, still he had been an intriguer and a conspirator to an enormous extent, as was well known to Louis XVIII., and to that monarch's favourite minister, the Duke de Cazes, subsequently a favourite and placeman during the reign of Louis Philippe d'Orleans.

But by his friends, his partisans, and followers, Louis Philippe effected much more than he ever accomplished by his own efforts, and already, before the revolution of 1830, many general officers and a vast body of the peers and deputies were gained over to his cause. But the *sous-officiers*, and even superior officers, and the great body of the nation, were indifferent to his person, and his proclamation as king came upon them by surprise. Lafayette, who for thirty years previously had been the heart and soul of every republican conspiracy, was entrapped into being a party to offering the crown of France to his royal highness, by the promise of republican institutions; and it was this promise, made, he believed, in good faith, that induced the old general to exhibit the candidate for regal, or rather, as it was then thought, presidential honours, to the people as the best of republicans. This promise of republican institutions, accompanied by a panegyric on America, caused the balance to turn in favour of Louis Philippe after the events of the three days, and the Parisians, to whom he was better known than to provincial Frenchmen, elected him as their king. For the first few months, the people in the provinces hoped and believed the best, more especially as Dupont de l'Eure

was minister of justice, and Lafitte, whose name was very popular, administered the finances. But the moment these two individuals retired, and Casimir Perier was, in 1831, appointed president of the council and minister of the interior, popular confidence was in a great measure withdrawn. A system of reactionary and retrogressive measures commenced, and the great body of the nation began to perceive that the change was a mere change of person, not a change of system. Caricatures were thenceforth exposed in the windows, representing the ex-king, Charles X., on the throne, and the then king of the French addressing him in these words, '*Ote toi de là, afin que je m'y mette.*' Secret societies in Paris and in the army again sprung up. Republicanism and Carlism raised their heads. So early as Nov. 1831, an insurrection broke out at Lyons. On the third day the insurgents seized on the town house; the garrison under Roquet was forced to evacuate the city. In this first armed insurrection against the government, many military were implicated, and there needed but the occasion to produce another explosion. This was afforded within six months by the funeral of General Lamarque, on the 5th of June, 1832. The armed force of the government was boldly opposed on the 6th of June, in the Rues des Arcis and St. Martin; and the firing, begun at an early hour in the morning, did not cease till after mid-day. Ordonnances of the king of the throne of the barricades, scarcely two years a monarch, placed Paris in a state of siege, broke up the polytechnic and veterinary schools of Alfort, and dissolved the artillery corps, the most intelligent and instructed of the national guard. Nor were these outbreaks confined to Paris. Metz, the capital of Lorraine, the seat of the great school of artillery, and one of the strongest garrisons of France, was the theatre of disturbances. La Vendée, the seat of Carlism, was in a flame.

But the insurrection which showed, above all others, the strength, audacity, and daring of the republican party, was the outbreak of April, 1834. The conspiracy of the *Rue des Prouvaires* had already proved what active and energetic spirits could effect, unaided by men of note and consequence. From the day of this latter conspiracy, the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* had exhibited new energy. The Paris committee was alone divided into one hundred and sixty-three sections, distinguished by zeal, by energy, and by obedience. An active and indefatigable correspondence was kept up with the provinces, and with the garrisons of Versailles and Vincennes. The efforts of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* were aided by other associations, such as the *Amis du Peuple*, the *Société Gauloise*, and the Association for

the Defence of the Liberty of the Press. At Perpignan, an active committee corresponded with Paris. A republican party preponderated in the Jura, and, directed by a nephew of General Bachelu, was all powerful at Arbois. At Dijon, at Clermont Ferrand, at Chalons-sur-Saône, at St. Etienne, at Besançon, at Grenoble, the elements of republican resistance were numerous, and not unknown to, nor looked on with an unfriendly eye, by junior and *sous-officiers*.

At Lunéville, many of the 9th regiment of cuirassiers were disaffected, and one of them, M. Thomas, *Maréchal des Logis*, conceived the project of gaining over four regiments of *cuirassiers*, which had been quartered at Lunéville since the camp formed there in 1833. But this project was subsequently abandoned. Some of the men in high places now (i. e. since the 24th February 1848) propagated republican opinions in the departments of the Isere, the Drôme, the Ardeche, the Loire, the Jura, the Saône, and Loire, with the greatest success. Among these were Albert, a man of considerable wealth, and a member of the provisional government; Godefroi Cavaignac, the brother of the governor-general of Algiers, the son of the viscount of that name, and the nephew of the ex-conventionalist, Cabet; the editor of the *Populaire*, Jules Favre, and others.

These propagandists of republican ideas were aided in different parts of the kingdom by the *sous-officiers*, Thomas Bernard, Tricotel, De Regnier, Lapotaire, Birth, Caillé, Stiller, and many others, whose names would be wholly unknown to the English reader.

Under these circumstances, it is not extraordinary that forty thousand troops, and thirty-six pieces of cannon, were found necessary to put down the republican insurrection at Lyons, of the 14th April, 1834. This insurrection, and the process that followed it, were among the chief causes tending to the revolution of February, 1848. That a crisis might have come, sooner or later, to crush and destroy Louis Philippe and his government, could never be a matter of doubt to any dispassionate observer; but this crisis was rendered certain, nay, inevitable, by the insurrection of Lyons and the process that followed it before the Chamber of Peers.

Never in the annals of judicature was there a more flagrant and one-sided abuse of the judicial office than was exhibited by the French Chamber of Peers on this occasion. Events passing at Lyons, Paris, Marseilles, St. Etienne, Besançon, Arbois, Chalons, Epinal, Lunéville, were declared, in the language of French law, *connexes*. This monstrous doctrine had at least the good effect of producing a unity of action in the defence.

The committee appointed to prepare that defence was composed of several members of the new provisional government—Armand Marrast, Caussidiere, Albert, Dupont, and others. Among some of the defenders selected by the accused, were found other members of the present provisional administration, such as Arago, Carnot, Dupont, Garnier Pages, Ledru Rollin, Cormenin, and Albert.

On the 17th of August, 1835, the Court of Peers pronounced sentence of condemnation, and in less than thirteen years from that time, three of the men condemned occupy high places in the new order of things, and seven of their defenders are actually ministers. It has been well said that truth is strange—stranger than fiction, and when it is considered that the trickster and political trader, Thiers, was then minister of the interior, and cannot now procure himself to be elected to the National Convention; that Guizot, a wanderer and an exile, was the minister of public instruction; that Duchatel, the minister of commerce, is now a fugitive at Brighton; and that the king, who promised to surround his throne with republican institutions, surrounded them instead with detached forts, is now a resident at Claremont, under the *pseudonyme* of the Count de Neuilly, while some of the men condemned are ministers and leading authorities in France, one is tempted to remark on the uncertainty and instability of all earthly things not founded on justice, morality, and truth.

Not that we mean to deny that there was much that was chimerical, wild, turbulent, and impracticable, at the time, in the conduct of these republicans. But they were evidently sincere, single-minded, honest, and enthusiastic men; whereas the ministers who directed operations against them, were, for the most part, as a body, neither honest nor single-minded. The republicans had sincere and fervent faith in their doctrines, and they have at length triumphed, though a minority of the nation; whereas both king and ministry were governed—the one by a desire to found a dynasty, and to establish his family on thrones; the others, by a desire to cling to office at all hazards.

It would be a gross mistake to conclude, as some of our contemporaries have concluded, that the existing republican party was engendered by the July revolution, for a strong, active, and vigorous, though not always a demonstrative, republican party, has existed in France since the day the republic was temporarily suppressed by the crowning of the emperor. In September and December, 1806, during the absence of the emperor, republican plots and tendencies were known to,

and were checked by, the imperial police ; and though a vigorous censure then and subsequently suppressed the free expression of opinion in the press, still there was a strong under-current of discontent among all classes, to which audible voice was given in the *cafés* of every town, and in the *carrefours* of every street.

In 1808, Talleyrand himself, who had been succeeded by M. Champagny, became a *frondeur*, though not in a republican sense ; and though Fouché was still in office, yet he did not disguise his opinion that the empire might be set aside, and another form of government, such as a republic with a president, substituted. Whenever anything more particularly arbitrary and indefensible was determined on, it was the wont of the astute minister of police to exclaim to his familiars, ‘ *Cet homme là ne s’arrêterait donc jamais—ce n’est pas moi, c’est lui qui le veut.*’ Murat, too, as well as Bernadotte and Massena, with many other superior officers, had at this epoch become more openly discontented. In the senate, and among civilians, discontent had also shown itself. Destutt de Tracy, Garat, Gregoire, Cabanis, Volney, Lanjuinais, had become restive, and in the very ranks and body of the army itself conspiracies were hatched. Some of the more ardent republicans among the military had been already sent to St. Domingo—others had been imprisoned at Vincennes and La Force ; but, *uno avulso non deficit alter*, and there were not wanting men prepared to take the places of Malet, Guidal, and Laborie, though called by the partizans of imperial power, ‘ *casse-cous militaires.*’ In truth, at this period the majority of the officers, from the rank of captain to that of colonel, were republican ; a fact which may be proved without reference to the society of *Les Philadelphes*, or the proceedings of Colonel Oudet. So formidable had become the spread of republican opinion, previous to the campaign of 1809, that Napoleon was forced to give leading commands, with a view to conciliate the republican portion of the army, to three generals who represented the discontented—namely, Massena, Bernadotte, and Macdonald.

The disgrace of Fouché, after the repudiation of Josephine and the marriage with Maria Louisa, gave new energy to the republicans. Fouché had always continued to have some slight connexion with this party, by which he could hold them in hand ; but Pasquier, his successor, (and who lately, as president of the Chamber of Peers, fled from the men over so many of whose trials he had presided,) had no such means of action. He was, therefore, in no condition to know so accurately the vast discontent that prevailed after the bad harvest of 1811, of which

the republicans took advantage. Nor were the authorities aware how well combined or extensively ramified was the conspiracy of General Malet, or how many partizans were prepared to aid Generals Lahorie and Guidal, or the senators Siéyes, Garat, Lambrecht, Lanjuinais, and Gregoire.

The last words of Malet, on marching to death in the plain of Grenelle, after his condemnation, prove how wide republican opinions were sown—'Citoyens, je tombe; mais je ne suis pas le dernier des Romains;' and it is worthy of remark, that of his eighteen or twenty accomplices, all were military men, and either superior or *sous-officiers*.

The restoration weeded the army of a great many republican officers and *sous-officiers*; but the diminution of these only served to swell the crowd of discontented citizens, and to turn military into civil conspirators. A great many of the officers in retreat, from 1815 or 1816 to July, 1830, again entered the army after the three days. Some of these rallied to the dynasty of Louis Philippe, but far the greater number became discontented, and either openly conspired, or secretly nourished the thought of serving a form of government more in accordance with their political predilections. For a short time after the revolution of 1830, a certain portion of the republican party sought to make itself heard in the elections; but their ill success in 1834 induced them to adopt other and less legitimate modes of propagating their opinions. So well had they succeeded, that towards the end of 1837, they were excessively formidable, and the parliamentary opposition, who were, *pro tanto*, losing ground, agreed to a conference with them at the office of the *Nouvelle Minerve*. Though the laws of September, produced and matured by the ex-republican Thiers, destroyed the *Tribune* and the purely republican press, yet they failed to destroy the party. Assiduous efforts were made by men in power to gain over some leading republicans by money and by employments, but scarcely more than in half a dozen instances were the government successful.

Two leading republicans, Martin de Strasbourg, one of the first jurists in France, and Michel de Bourges, were returned to the Chamber in 1837; but though the party increased and waxed stronger daily out of doors, yet as the leader of the dynastic opposition meditated a 'junction' with Thiers and the then tiers parti, composed of Passy, Dufaure, and others Odillon Barrot held rather aloof from the republicans. Dupont de l'Eure, Arago, and Garnier-Pages, however, co-operated with Louis Blanc, Thomas, Marie, Ledru Rollin, and Goudchaux, to a certain extent; and it is strange now to see that the two parties which then entered into mutual explanations, should, ten years after-

wards, fill all the principal situations in the provisional government.

Though the conspiracy of Barbes in 1839 was undertaken, against the wishes of that young man, by certain rash members of the *Société des Familles*, yet it is a grievous error to say that 'not half a dozen voices echoed the cry of the republic.' Though an appeal was made to arms against his wishes, Barbes fulfilled his duty, as he conceived it, to the society of which he was a member. On the 12th May, 1839, at the head of 200 men, he kept in check the municipal guard, the troops of the line, and the armed force of a capital guarded by 50,000 men. Though severely wounded in the head, he proceeded 'from post to post, animating his co-conspirators, till nearly every one among them was shot down. Four months after, he appeared before the Chamber of Peers, and was condemned to death; but such was the impression produced on the working population of Paris by his generous character and total self-abnegation, that the government did not dare to carry the sentence into execution. The workmen, journeymen, and artisans throughout Paris ceased to labour; the students of law and of medicine surrounded the Chamber; and the whole population of the faubourgs and banlieu, by their menacing attitude prevented the minions of the government from raising a scaffold. The ministry yielded to this manifestation, not of moral but of physical force, and the result was, that the sentence of Barbes was commuted to perpetual labour and detention in Fort St. Michel. Simple facts such as these prove, better than any narrative or dissertation, what a deep root republican opinions had taken in the breast of the working classes. Nothing tended more to this result than the despotic conduct of the king and the ministers. An arbitrary law had prohibited public associations, and men, instead of now meeting in the public places, affiliated themselves to secret societies.

From what we have stated at such considerable length, the reader will see the grounds on which we come to the conclusion that the revolution of 1830 was the complement of the revolution of 1789 and 1793, and that all the popular attempts at insurrection which have been made for a period of fifty-five years, have had but one object—to give to France a republic, with either a single elective president, or more than one head, as in the time of the Executive Directory or the triple consulate. It is not, therefore, true that there was no party fighting for the republic in 1830, for the masses fought for it, and it was the leading idea of Lafayette, Audry de Puyraveau, Clausel, Lamarque, Benjamin Constant, and others, too numerous now to name.

A compromise between parties was, however, come to eighteen years ago, and the nation, or at least the great body of the nation, accepted Louis Philippe as the best of republics. But soon the monarch of the barricades disavowed his origin, and his career has been rather as the successor of a race of kings, than as a monarch elected by popular choice. This is not the place, nor, indeed, if it were, have we now the space to go over the events of a reign. But we may state, generally, that for a long series of years the course of Louis Philippe had not been onward. He had not kept advancing with the intelligence of the people, but had been literally retrograding. He had recurred to old systems of policy and state craft, and only sought to make France and thirty-four millions of Frenchmen tributary to himself, his family, and his connexions. To Benjamin Constant he behaved with the blackest ingratitude; he quarrelled with Lafayette; he dismissed Lafitte; and from the period of March, 1831, till February, 1848, had 'used up,' to adopt a familiar phrase, the character of every man who served him.

Perier, indeed, escaped the degradation, for he had an imperious will of his own, and death, in the infancy of his power, removed him from the scene of ambition. But Soult, and De Broglie, and Guizot, and Thiers, and Duchatel, have all been ruined in reputation by subserving the designs of a mercantile monarch rather than the interests of a great country. Molé, though a man of a higher stamp and character than any of these we have named, might possibly have also lost caste and character too had he worn the poisoned, the Nessian robe of office sufficiently long. But the personal character of Louis Philippe, his coldness, his intense selfishness, tended more than anything else to render him despicable in the eyes of the nation. By a career of perfidy, of meanness, of oppression, of ingratitude, he had alienated every honest heart, not only in France but in Europe. We are no partizans of the exiled dynasty, as our readers are well aware; but the conduct of Louis Philippe to his own niece, the Duchess of Berry, to whom, while Charles X. was on the throne, he was under the weightiest obligations—his deep and despotical design, a design which he accomplished, despite the wishes of the nation, of fortifying Paris—his endowment of all his children, or, as they call it in France, the *dotation* of all his sons and daughters—the appointment of one, the Duke d'Aumale, to command in Algeria, and of the Prince de Joinville to the command of the fleet at Toulon, over the heads of officers who entered the service before either was born, produced a deep feeling of discontent, which the creation of a new place for the Duke of Montpensier, that of Grand Master of Artillery, was

not calculated to allay. But that which still more exasperated the nation was his persecution of the press, and of everything favouring independent opinion. During the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign, fifty-seven journals were obliged to discontinue publication. Their writers and contributors were sentenced, in the aggregate, to an imprisonment of 3141 years. Even in 1846, two years before the recent revolution, the number of prosecutions of the press amounted to 1129; and the amount of fines and mulcts levied on the proprietors, forms a nearly incredible total of 7,110,500 francs.

These things, joined to the massacres of Lyons—to the events of Nov. 1831, of June, 1832, of April, 1834—to the ruling by purchased majorities—to the enormous civil list—to the unconstitutional personal interference of the king—to the support of the *parti pretre* all through the country—to the waste and dilapidations of the royal forests—to the mode in which the inheritance of the old Duke of Bourbon was obtained—to the general corruption introduced into the management of affairs, had tended to excite the indignation of the sounder portion of the nation. But the middle classes, in the lethargy and temper of self-indulgent calculation, too common to them, still clung, as much from this cause as from principle and a belief in its efficacy, to the government of Louis Philippe. Their faith first received a shock by the dissolution of refractory companies of the national guard, and the creation of eighteen detached forts. For a time they were under the delusion, artfully propagated, that these forts were meant to keep at bay an invading enemy; but from the moment—and that moment soon arrived—it became apparent that they were to be used against the people of France, and to curb everything like a free and independent spirit of thought and of action, there was a great revolution in public opinion. A large section of the middle classes, however, chiefly composed of Parisian shopkeepers, in the belief that the chief object of the monarch was to make the middle classes happy, still adhered to the government of Louis Philippe; but the remaining classes became discontented, and either joined secret societies or became active promoters of the reform banquets. The breaking up of the alliance with England, the falsehood and discreditable fraud used in reference to the Spanish marriages, alienated men of a still higher class. But when the austere and arrogant minister, now in exile in England, came to defend his acts in the Chamber, and the diplomatic correspondence disclosed his trickery and tergiversation, the public mind revolted at the duplicity.

The captains and *sous-officiers* of the line have always paid considerable attention to foreign politics; and, indeed, to the nation at large, from the geographical position of France, such

topics and politics are of the mainest and most absorbing interest. It soon enough became apparent that M. Guizot, to supply the place of England, must gain the alliance of Austria; and to attain this object, must adopt and sanction, at home and abroad, a stupid and retrograde policy. Galicia and Cracow must not alone be sacrificed, but all Poland; the pope must be discouraged, and, if possible, circumvented by a Genevese-Italian by birth, a Genevese professor of law and economy by calling, a naturalized Frenchman by civil act, and a count by creation. The diplomacy of this wretched double-dealing Rossi, at Rome, was of the worst school of the Greek lower empire. To be consistent, however, freedom must not only be repressed in Rome, but in other parts of Italy—such as Sicily and Naples—as well as in Germany. With this view, Bresson, of unhappy memory in Spain, was sent to Naples, and Flahaut, a family agent and diplomatic lacquey of Louis Philippe, received new instructions for Vienna. At the same time, the Jesuits and retrograde party were supported with might and main in Switzerland, and the troops of the Sonderbund supplied with arms by a Calvinist premier of France.

Notwithstanding the existence of 400,000 places, great and small, this nefarious policy raised the gorge of the nation, and the junior officers and sous-officiers of the line openly talked in every *café*, and in *triviis*, against the minister, his system, and his policy. The trial of Teste, Cubières, Pellapra, opportunely revealed a frightful system of administrative and official corruption. Bribery had penetrated even into the cabinet, and the hands of the highest judicial and administrative functionaries in the country were no longer clean. The suicide of the Duke of Praslin after the murder of his unhappy wife—a murder deliberately planned and long contemplated—the *proces* also between *Petit* and his wife disclosed a moral state as hideous and cankered as the political. The whole of France was profoundly moved at these lamentable spectacles; and every man said to his neighbour, ‘This God-abandoned system cannot go on—this Mammon and mercantile monarchy cannot last.’ The cry for reform now became louder and more general; and in the interval between September, 1847 and February, 1848, from sixty to seventy banquets had been held in all the cities and principal towns of France.

On these banquets the government looked with ill-disguised discontent. When it suited their purposes, both Guizot at Lisieux, and Duchâtel at Jonzac, had attended large banquets composed of that pampered section of the electors—their own constituents. But now that their political adversaries adopted a similar course, the government first pouted, then frowned, anon

threatened, and ultimately prepared to strike a blow. The first rash and ill-advised word spoken against the banquets was by the king, on Tuesday, December 28th, when his majesty proceeded to open the session in person.

On the day-previously, the *Débats* had threatened, in a smart but ill-judged leading article. '*Marchez*,' said Armand Bertin, the well-paid defender of every government*—'*marchez sur le fantôme, il s'évanouira ; fuyez, il grandira jusqu'au ciel.*' How true this prediction turned out, seven weeks more abundantly proved. The king looked ill and careworn. He had lately lost his most trusted counsellor, and most affectionate friend—his sister Adelaide, a woman of sense and firmness, and he had, independently, much suffered from an attack of influenza. His voice, weak and feeble, could scarcely make itself heard in the breathless silence that was preserved till he came to the concluding portion of his speech. It was there manifest that personal passions obtained the mastery over him, and that the galled and wounded spirit of the man prevailed over the calm dignity of the monarch. It was known that the omission of his health at many of the banquets had deeply offended him. Nay, more, it had rankled and festered in a mind in other respects unsusceptible, if not callous. He therefore wished, if he did not insist, on the introduction of some sentences having reference to the banquets into his speech, and is said to have written with his own hand the words, *passions, ennemies, et aveugles*, intimating that the reform and dinner agitation had fomented hostility and blind and angry passions. One thing, however, is certain—that when he came to these words in the speech, his voice rose higher and harsher, his attitude was no longer calm, and his air and manner spoke defiance. The reform deputies so understood it, and so, unfortunately, did the nation. The minds of men became, in consequence, more chafed and excited, and any *via media* seemed now more hopeless than ever.

The session, begun thus in breezy weather, proceeded to a storm. The discussion on the address slowly advanced midst the news of the revolutions of Sicily and Naples, the agitation of reform, and the heaving and tossing to and fro of northern Italy. The last important discussion in the chamber arose out of that paragraph of the address to which we have referred, in which the promoters of, and partakers in, the reform banquets were stigmatized as wicked agitators, influenced by hostile passions against, and blind to the true interests of their country. The tone of

* See 'British Quarterly Review,' No. XI., for the character of Bertin and the *Débats*, in an article headed, 'Journalism in France.'

Duchâtel and Hebert, in defending these words, was harsh and arrogant, and only exacerbated the wounded pride of the opposition. Attempts were made by moderate conservatives, such as Sallandrouze and others, to effect a compromise, and to avert a revolution. But these efforts were fruitless; and M. Guizot, in a tone of mingled arrogance and austerity, emphatically declared his determination to put down all demonstrations of public opinion in the shape of reform banquets. For this purpose, an odious law or ordonnance of the republic, *Brumaire*, An VIII., was disinterred from the *Bulletin des Loix*, and perverted from its original intent and meaning. Many of the first lawyers in France, who had no sympathy with the reformers, who had attended none of the dinners, and had disapproved altogether of the reform agitation, were of this opinion, and, among others, M. Dupin, the friend and legal adviser of the king.

It was therefore resolved to try this question with the government; and with this view, it was proposed that the reform banquet of the 12th arrondissement of Paris, which had been postponed, should become a sort of monster banquet, to which the opposition and independent members in both houses, and the public at large, should be invited. The banquet was to be limited to fifteen hundred persons; and one hundred deputies, including men of the gauche, the extreme gauche, the droite, and the centre gauche, had promised to attend. The day fixed for the banquet was Tuesday, the 22nd of February; and it was not until late on the Monday, that the government determined to alter its course of allowing the banquet to proceed, and to intimate its intention to suppress and put down this manifestation of public opinion. The cause of this alteration of the ministerial resolve was said to be the publication of a notice, or programme, in the *National*, in which the students and the national guard were invited, unarmed, to take a part in the proceedings of the day. This the government determined to resist on the Monday. Questioned on the subject in the chamber by Odillon Barrot, M. Duchâtel replied, that the manifesto issued by the banquet committee had changed everything—that it was an appeal to the classes opposed to the government, and dangerous to the peace of the capital. The government had therefore determined to suppress the meeting. The sitting of the chamber was then terminated by adjournment, the members separating in a state of the greatest agitation. Though on Tuesday, the 22nd, an announcement appeared in the opposition papers that the banquet was deferred, yet the announcement and the proclamation of the prefect of police were alike too late. Thousands of the working classes had neither read nor heard of either one or the other document,

and the result was, that notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the Place de la Madeleine, de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées, were crowded from an early hour by multitudes of the working classes.

At noon, between the church of the Madeleine and the Chamber of Deputies, there were at least 30,000 persons assembled, and it was not till this time that the least display of military force took place. A regiment of infantry, accompanied by a civil magistrate, now appeared in front of the hotel where the meetings of the opposition deputies were usually held, and summoned them to disperse. The people marched away from that spot towards the eastern faubourgs, but *did not separate*. Soon the Place of the Madeleine again became thronged with a more numerous and a different crowd than that which had left that locality. This second crowd manifested no more disposition to disorder or violence than the crowd which had recently passed off. In fact, they seemed to be on the best terms with the regiments of the line, some of whose colonels, it was well known, had stated that they would not order their men to fire on the people.

The arrival of several squadrons of municipal cavalry altogether changed the aspect of affairs. The municipal guard of Paris is composed of two squadrons of cavalry, of four hundred men each, and of two battalions, forming a total of 1,043 bayonets; and as the officers and men of this corps were picked in an especial manner, they were known to be little friendly—indeed, hostile to the people. This corps having ordered the people to disperse, the mandate was unheeded; the charge was then sounded, and the cavalry rushed on the people. In an hour, this part of Paris was clear, as well as the greater thoroughfares. The streets were patrolled by the municipal guard and by the line. On the former, the people looked scowlingly, but the infantry regiments were everywhere received with cries of ‘*Vive la Ligne!*’ *In fact, the people knew that the infantry regiments were with them.* Such of the soldiers as bore no other weapons than their firelocks exchanged salutations and greetings with the people; but others, a certain number in each company, bore pickaxes, hatchets, and hammers. ‘I can testify,’ says Mr. St. John, in his personal narrative, for he was an eye-witness of this scene—‘I can testify that the expression of the men who bore these instruments of a hated power was sad, even melancholy; the officers were grave.’* Further on, at p. 236, this gentleman says, ‘a vast republican conspiracy had been long on foot;’ and again, p. 18, ‘the masses were all republicans.’ This is undoubtedly true; and we have

* The Three Days of February, 1848, p. 112.

taken pains to show that none were more imbued with these doctrines, for more than half a century, than the captains of the line, the sous-officiers, serjeants, corporals, and common soldiers.

The same view is taken by the author of a clever little work, from which many of the most striking of Mr. St. John's anecdotes are taken without acknowledgment, entitled, '*Histoire de Trente Heures, par Pierre et Paul*,' which we have put at the head of this article:—'Dès que les troupes se montrent (says the 'author) pour refouler les attroupements, elles sont accueilli aux cris vehemens de Vive la Ligne! et l'on s'approche d'elles avec sympathie au lieu de les fuir.'

It is not our intention to give a history of these events—a task which has already been accomplished by the daily and weekly press, by some, also, of the monthly periodicals, and by one of the quarterlies, which appeared at the commencement of the last month. But we may state, that on the evening of the first day, the disturbances were renewed, and began to wear, for the first time, a threatening aspect. Gunsmiths' shops were broken open, barricades were formed, posts of municipal guards were attacked and carried.

At eight o'clock in the evening of the 22nd, Louis Philippe passed in review 10,000 men in the Carrousel; but at ten o'clock the *générale* beat, and at twelve, the movement of troops continued.

The 23rd opened rainy and cloudy, but the aspect of the day, though dark, damp, and dismal, completely falsified the famous *mot* of Pétion. '*Il va pleuvoir*,' said the popular mayor of Paris in the first revolution, '*le peuple aujourd'hui n'est pas à craindre*.' But in February, 1848, they showed their enemies that they were to be feared with a vengeance. Barricades formed in every quarter, in the *Rues Poissonnière, Montorgueil, the Place du Caire*, &c. A detachment of troops of the line, commanded by a general officer, was proceeding to attack the barricade in the Faubourg Poissonnière, when cries of '*Vive le Général!*' '*Vive la Ligne!*' completely paralyzed their action. The sympathies of the men and of the general also were with the people—secret societies, a community of feeling, ideas of a republic, had done their work, paralyzed military discipline, and set at nought the calculations of princes and ministers.

Marshal Bugeaud was now invested with the command of Paris. He traversed the boulevards at eight o'clock of the morning of the 23rd, accompanied by two aide-de-camps, but was received with marked coldness. At the Place du Caire, at nine o'clock, he found the people crying, '*Aux armes!*' in con-

sequence of a woman having been shot down by the municipal guards. The cry spread from street to street. Barricades rose in every quarter; and at two, all Paris was in arms. At four o'clock, the king consented to dismiss M. Guizot. Late on that night occurred the deplorable event before the *Hôtel des Affaires Étrangères*, in the Rue Neuve des Capucins. There the troops were ordered to fire on the people, for the most part unarmed, and fifty-two human beings, among whom were some women and children, fell. The national guard now openly declared itself for the people. Affairs became more imminent. M. Thiers was sent for; and on the 24th, was declared minister with M. Barrot. But it was too late. Half an hour after Thiers had been named, M. Crémieux penetrated to the king, and implored his majesty to make Odillon Barrot president of the council, and Lamoricière commandant of the army in Paris. 'Do you not know, sir,' said the king, 'that M. Thiers has replaced M. Guizot?' 'That was possible yesterday, sire,' replied M. Crémieux, now minister of justice, 'but it is not possible now.' We doubt, however, if it was possible the day before, or even on the 22nd, when M. Thiers was roughly handled in the Champs Élysées, and forced to take refuge in the Hôtel Pontalba.

On the 23rd, several officers, and among others, an officer of cuirassiers, in the Rue de la Paix, had refused to order his men to fire, and the few men of the line who were disposed to do so in other quarters, were met by cries, '*Tirez, si vous avez le courage.*' '*Frappez, si vous l'osez, des citoyens sans armes.*' Under these circumstances the soldiers reversed their muskets, amidst cries of *Vive la Ligne!* Thiers, Barrot, and Lamoricière, proceeded through the streets on foot and on horseback, but they were met by cries of '*Pas de trêve!*' '*Pas de blageurs!*'—no truce, no humbugs.

Though there were at this time three thousand infantry, six pieces of cannon, and two squadrons in the court-yard of the Tuileries, yet the people and national guard were fast advancing to the Place du Carrousel, and to the Tuileries itself, amidst cries of '*A bas Louis Philippe! à la potence Louis Philippe!*'

The monarch was told that abdication was the only means left to him to save the rights of his grandson, and, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the queen, he signed an abdication in favour of the Count de Paris. Within a quarter of an hour afterwards, the king and queen were on their road to St. Cloud—wanderers towards exile—deprived by the people of a crown which the people had presented them eighteen years before.

There was one game yet to play, and the Duchess of Orleans

played it with a dignity, an intrepidity, and a self-possession worthy of all praise. From the Tuileries she proceeded with her two children, and not without danger, to the Chamber of Deputies, and taking the young princes by the hand, led them to the range of seats behind the deputies, and in front of the president. M. Dupin rose, and stated to the Chamber that the king had abdicated in favour of his grandson, and had constituted the Duchess regent.

This announcement was received with applause from all the benches of the centre, and from some of the public tribunes, but with loud disapprobation from the left, re-echoed by a majority of the public tribunes.

M. Marie now rose and demanded the nomination of a provisional government, a demand in which he was supported by M. Cremieux, and the Abbé de Genoude. Odillon Barrot, on the other hand, called on the deputies to defend the throne of July, committed to a child and woman, when M. Cfièvalier, the editor of the '*Bibliothèque Historique*,' warned the chamber against proclaiming the Count of Paris without the consent of the people. Now, a vast crowd of the people and combatants broke into the chamber and occupied the seats of the deputies.

Ledru Rollin rose, protested in the name of the people against the regency, claimed the constitution of 1791, and demanded a provisional government. He was followed by Lamartine, during whose speech a number of armed men rushed into the chamber. The persons around the Duchess of Orleans now induced her to withdraw with her two sons; and at the same moment, M. Sauzet quitted the president's chair, into which Dupont de l'Eure was voted. A provisional government was proclaimed amidst much tumult; and amidst cries of *Vive la République!* that government was inaugurated at the Hôtel de Ville, on the 24th of February.

Thus perished the monarchy of the barricades, after a reign of sixteen years, and there can be no doubt it deserved to perish. There were more than 80,000 troops in and about Paris, and nearly as large a number of the national guards. But not a fourth of the army could be depended on; for the masses among the soldiers and *sous-officiers*, as the masses of the labouring population among the students and among the professions of law and medicine, were and are all republicans. But supposing even that Louis Philippe had 100,000 bayonets loyally disposed towards him, and feeling a personal as well as a soldierly interest in the man, even such a heart-whole army could not have vanquished against a thoroughly military, deeply malcontent, and most gallant and high-spirited nation. 'La France n'est qu'un

soldat,' says Chateaubriand; and considering that this is the bent and genius of the nation, and that every family and every house can—the one, produce a couple of men, and the other, probably eight or ten, capable, from experience, of attacking and defending a position, it was impossible that armed might, however strong, could in the long run have prevailed against the national will. The most desperate and determined resistance could not have secured the throne to the king of the barricades for six months longer, for the man's perfidy and meanness were loathed, and his trickery despised. He had not merely failed as a king—he had failed as an unscrupulous intriguer. He had governed by corruption, and corruption had ruined him.

The *bourgeoisie*, on which he relied, had lost, under his corrupting sway, all their domestic virtues. They were no longer economical—no longer tolerant in matters of religion or politics. The frugality of the ancient *bourgeois* of the time of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., had disappeared, and the shopkeepers of the *Palais Royal*, *Rue Richelieu*, *Rue Vivienne*, and *Rue du Bac*, gave way to the follies of the aristocracy—of the *genre financier* and *gros bonnets fourrés* of the *Bourse*. On this class it was that Louis Philippe built his monarchy—and raised his hopes. But as they were false to their origin, to their families, and to the class beneath them, they could not be true to him. They had dabbled beyond their capital in railways, loans, and mines, and, like men in higher station, had aspired to become suddenly rich, looking only to the end, not to the means. At all times, the *genre epicier* had wanted elevation; but latterly, they had become devout, in a trading sense, and strenuously supported the mummeries of the worst and most disgusting monkery. Thus they applauded what they called the revival of religion—i. e., the revival of odious, anti-social, but monkish confraternities at Toulouse, Cahors, &c. These establishments were dens of depravity, and of the most debasing and hypocritical sensuality, as the trial of *ce cher* Bonafous, in religion called Frère Léotade, abundantly proves. This monster had enticed into his conventual den a poor bookseller's apprentice girl, aged fifteen, had ruined and murdered her, and hid the body in the convent garden. Yet half Toulouse vowed he was innocent, and all the confraternity, numbering one hundred and fifty or thereabouts, lied through thick and thin before the tribunals to save him. So disgusting, so profligate, so hypocritical, so sembling and dissembling a set of witnesses had never come before a court of justice. Bribes were offered and taken in behalf of the criminal by laymen and women. But to the immortal credit of the French magistracy be it stated, the wretch, notwithstanding this

superstructure of Jesuitical fraud, evasion, prevarication, and lying, was condemned, about a month ago, (i. e., in the beginning of April,) by the court of Toulouse, to *travaux forcés à perpétuité*. We are not sure that the result would have been similar had no revolution of February taken place, for the ex-queen of the French was a bigoted Roman-catholic, and her husband, without any settled opinions on this or any other subject which did not concern his pecuniary or material interests, yielded to her notions as to the one holy Roman-catholic and apostolic faith. Létotade, therefore, might have been saved, as the Abbé Contrefatto was by the Duchess of Berry.

Of the character of the ex-king we have already spoken in a previous number of this review, when he was in his pride of place and power, and we see no reason to alter the estimate then formed.* There was nothing large, or generous, or noble in his nature. He was from habit, circumstances, and position, a *blagueur* of the first magnitude. Cajolery and selfishness, and that low sham which bears among us a disagreeable name, were his great weapons; and as he was cool as well as crafty, and persevering as well as shrewd and sagacious, he did as much for self and family as any *bourgeois*, dealing with muck, money, and material interests from his very infancy. But these paltry contrivances and petty wares were unworthy of a king of France. Nature intended Louis Philippe for a prosperous wholesale grocer, a thriving dry-salter in an extensive way of business, or a first-rate *notaire* or *avoué*. He was out of place as a king, for a king should be a gentleman and a man of honour. Charles X., though a most mistaken, bigoted, and narrow-minded creature, was both a gentleman and a man of honour, and an honest man according to his imperfect lights. His virtues, his frankness, his sincerity, and manly chivalrous bearing, were emanations of his own nature. His bigotry, his high prerogative opinions, and his right divine notions, must be charged on his education and on his confessor. The cousin of Charles X. had no such excuses of education or confessor to offer. He was schooled in adversity, and he was never ruled by a woman or a priest. But though neither a cruel, nor at bottom a bad or a vicious man, intense selfishness, and a system of habitual indirectness, had made him a worse sovereign, and a worse man for the nation, than his predecessor, inasmuch as a knave and a hypocrite is always worse in our eyes than a sincere bigot and a *jure divino* tyrant, most sincerely, yet blasphemously, believing that he exhibits, in his narrow exclusiveness, the true ways of God to man.

In domestic life Louis Philippe was not merely amiable, but

* No. XIII., pp. 146, 147.

exemplary. But an unmeasured ambition had made of a tender husband and affectionate father, a self-seeking, an insincere, and a dishonest and despotic king. It is strange that the ex-monarch escaped seven times from the hands of the assassin only to be deposed, discrowned, and sent into exile in his seventy-fifth year.

A provisional government now rules in the place of the deposed monarch, and our readers will desire to know of whom it is composed. The president is Dupont de l'Eure. He is deputy for Evreux, in Normandy, and is now in his eighty-first year. In early life he was a member of the Council of Five Hundred; in 1813, president of the Corps Legislatif; and in 1830, Minister of Justice. His life has been pure and consistent, and he is a man of honour and integrity.

Alphonse de Lamartine, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is a man of European renown, as poet, orator, and historian. Though in his earlier political career he displayed some of the fanciful eccentricity of a poet, yet for the last eight or nine years he has been consistent, and has risen greatly in popular fame. Impressionable and enthusiastic, he throws his whole soul into a cause; and as he is a benevolent, an amiable, and a humane man, generally of moderate opinions, and of pure, and we really believe unselfish views, his presence is in some sort a guarantee for temperate measures. A consummate master of style, he has lately, as Guizot and Thiers, produced an historical work, by the publication of his 'History of the Girondins.' But though this book is far too favourable an apology for Robespierre, yet it abounds with lofty and benevolent sentiments, set off by the graces of a style the most flowery and fascinating. Within the last two months Lamartine has risen to the level of every great occasion, displaying readiness, eloquence, courage, and presence of mind. Though he has lent, from his kindly and unsuspecting nature, a too willing ear to socialist theories, yet he will never advocate communism or an agrarian law. His conduct, in reference to foreign and independent states, may be honourably contrasted with that of the kings of Prussia and Sardinia. Of late, attempts have been made to overbear Lamartine by one of his colleagues, who is said to have intrigued against him. But the manifestation made by the national guard and the *garde mobile*, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of April, ought to convince M. Ledru Rollin that his attempts are vain. It will be an evil day for France if Lamartine be overthrown or circumvented, for his name is a pledge to Europe for honourable conduct.

The scientific renown of Arago, charged for the moment with the portefeuilles of the army and of the marine, is well known. Though of very extreme opinions, he is a sincere, straightforward, and honest man.

Carnot, the Minister of Public Instruction, is too much of a rigid system-monger, and he wants tact and discretion, as is very fully apparent from his ill-judged circulars. But as he is an honest and a well-meaning man, friction with more experienced colleagues may rub off his pedantic singularities, and destroy that tone of *cuisse de college*, which is one of his defects.

Most illiberal sneers have been uttered against Cremieux, the Minister of Justice, because he professes the Jewish religion, in which he was born. This reproach comes from an evening organ of the high church, which has discovered an additional reason for hating Cremieux, because he refused Lord Brougham's preposterous request of naturalization as a Frenchman.

The quality of French citizen can only be obtained according to the constitutional law of France. The title is acquired and conferred in the manner and in the cases determined by the Acts 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 of the 22nd *Brumaire*. As a Frenchman loses his title of Frenchman by naturalization in any other country, so an Englishman or German must put off his nationality—must denationalize himself, before he can become a French citizen. This is regulated by the *Code Civil*, which one would imagine an ex-Chancellor had read at some time or other, or at all events, before making the application. Lord Brougham, it is very evident, however, is just as well acquainted with French as with English law. The answer of the minister proves what every one knew before, that Cremieux is not only a most learned lawyer, but a dialectician far neater and more pungent than his adversary. A more kind-hearted and conscientious man than Cremieux breathes not in any country. He is a man of wealth, and his all is bound up in the fortunes of his country.

Garnier Pages has a most difficult task imposed on him as Minister of Finance. We are far from defending many of his acts. But he is laborious and conscientious, though too prone to theorize and speculate. The financial and industrial condition of France might well appal a Colbert or a Turgot. We need not say Garnier Pages is not of the intellectual stature of either the one or the other. If he will but keep his hands from forced loans, the propagation of communist doctrines, and the absorption of all industrial establishments, his administration may endure and be tolerated, for in the doctrine of association as propounded by him, there is nothing striking at the root of individual industry or property.

Ledru Rollin, the Minister of the Interior, is the only one of the Provisional Government who is turbulent and dangerous. His ambition is to obtain popularity with the dregs of the people, and to be elected first president of the republic; but in this he will most probably fail, for neither the army nor the national

guard will abet wanton violence. His efforts to excite discontent on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th of April were wholly ineffectual. His minion, Blanqué, lies under grave suspicions, and if he should show a threatening front with his communists and disorganizers, will be put down *manu forti*.

The conduct of Rollin as Home Minister has done much to discredit the republic. His circulars to the provinces are dictatorial and arrogant in tone, and tyrannous in spirit. Truly they resemble more the ukases of a Russian emperor than the temperate and well-weighed resolves of a constitutional republican minister. The threat of Rollin's minions not to allow any other than republicans of his own stamp to rule Paris, shows of what species of fire-wood his commissaires are made. These men have sought to upset and to overturn everything in the provinces that did not agree with their own particular notions, thus proving once again what crimes may be committed in the name of liberty! But since the memorable 10th of April in London, the heart of the provinces has been lifted up, and the Home Minister's minions, on 40 francs a day, have been ignominiously expelled. We look for further exhibitions of this kind, for neither the people of France nor of Paris, properly so-called, will have community of goods or community of wives and families. The moderate republicans, such as Dupont, Lamartine, Arago, Cremieux, Marie, Garnier Pages, Bethmont, will be supported by the great body of the army, which is also—as a majority of it has been for more than half a century—moderately republican.

Why then, it may be asked, have not the regular troops been marched into Paris? The reason is obvious. Many of the superior general officers—some hundreds indeed—such as Prevot, Friant St. Aldegonde, Tallandier, Trezel, Gueheneuc, and others, are not to be depended on, and many of the colonels and lieutenant-colonels are also suspected of incivism. Till, therefore, the army be *epurated*—to use a word adopted from the French language—republican though it be in tone and feeling, the Minister of War will not allow it to come into Paris in any great force. Four or five regiments officered by known and trusted men may be admitted. But the great body of the force will be kept in the provinces.* Many there are who apprehend some ambitious design on the part of Lamoriciere, chiefly

* While these sheets are passing through the press, two hundred and fifty, or three hundred officers have been removed from command. Several regiments of the line have been conducted into Paris by the National Guards, and there is now—April 24th—the most perfect harmony between the line, the National Guards, and the people.

because that general married Mademoiselle Dosne, a sister of Madame Thiers. But these are unreasonable fears.

No one is better aware than the general of the dis-esteem in which his brother-in-law, Thiers, is generally held, and Lamoriciere, who is a Parisian by birth, and knows the opinion of the capital well, would not risk his own popularity and military repute by any double dealing or indirectness, such as has been too often exhibited by his brother-in-law the ex-minister. The position of that brother-in-law *now*—the state of complete *isolation* in which he remains—renders sufficiently apparent the folly, not to say the wickedness, of a tricky course. Should Lamoriciere, however, be so ill advised as to seek to play a part for himself, he may bitterly repent it, for the republic has as able, more experienced, and more devoted generals, such as Changarnier, Bedeau, and Cavaignac. This, however, we repeat, we do not apprehend; and even were it probable, we doubt the possibility of any man in France, soldier or civilian, inducing the army to make a general move for his individual benefit, in the year 1848. Napoleonic ideas and notions have died away. France is now well aware of the irreparable injuries she inflicted on her material resources, in admitting the brilliant military talents of Bonaparte, and of the little he accomplished for the freedom and happiness of his country. In the event of an European war, a great military genius may undoubtedly arise, who might, and probably would, be raised to the situation of president of the republic. But France will not now hear of a dictator; and who could a popular general, with a conquering army, seek to restore? The descendant of the elder Bourbons, called by his adherents Henry V., might, in certain departments, have a better chance than any of the children of Louis-Philippe, or than even his grand-child. But France will have no more Bourbons, at least in our day. If she should again run to monarchy, it will be to found a new dynasty, such as that of Leopold in Belgium. The Bourbons have been tried in three instances since the first revolution, and in two branches, and they have left no root in the soil. The last of the race was undoubtedly a worse man, as a king, than either Louis XVIII. or Charles X. He augmented the power and privileges of the crown; he restricted the rights of the people; he curtailed the liberty of the press; he destroyed freedom of trial; he systematized fraud and falsehood; he debauched the electoral body by organized corruption, and pampered a rank and servile majority by unparalleled largesses and heinous and unsparing profusion. He destroyed the forests, dilapidated the finances, and wished to govern as absolutely and personally as Louis XIV. To this end he narrowed the base of the electoral

law, and mistook the votes of a paid and placed majority for the opinion of a nation. To cause a pyramid to stand on its apex is not possible for any length of time, and the monarch who hoped to govern thirty-five millions, in a country purporting to enjoy a constitutional and representative system, by 240,000 voters, made a mistake which has cost him a throne and has given the nation a republic.

Will that republic last? Does it contain within itself the seeds of stability? These are questions that can only be solved by the tell-tale Time. The undoubted right of France to govern herself as she listeth, is gainsayed by none. Though ourselves the subjects of a limited monarchy, we freely admit that no other choice than a republic was left to France after the events of 1830. It is the logical sequence of the failure of the monarchy of the barricades. Though not republicans, we have no prejudices nor prepossessions against that form of government. We believe law and order and liberty to be perfectly compatible with such a republic as that of the United States. It is therefore from no dislike to the form or the essence of the government, that we venture to express our opinion that the new government runs more risk from internal discords than from external enemies. Its immediate safety, if not permanent stability, seems, on the day we write, (22nd April,) to be many degrees more certain than either were a week ago; but who can tell what a day shall bring forth in times like the present?

A great change has been operated in the tone of the *National*, and the conduct of M. Marrast, its editor, as a member of the Provisional Government. This is of the happiest augury. M. Lamartine has also greatly modified his socialist theories, and so has the benevolent, but most mistaken, Louis Blanc. But the clubs still ring with communism—and communism and the financial difficulties of France are the most formidable difficulties of the situation. We freely admit that the great body of the French army—of the students, medical and legal—the junior members of the learned professions—that all the artists, nearly all the younger men of letters and journalists, nearly all the mechanics and artisans, and a majority of the proletaires, are honest, sincere, and fervent republicans. But then, on the other hand, a majority of great proprietors—of iron-masters, proprietors of forges, of commercial men, of bankers, of the higher clergy, are not republicans, but monarchists. Their opinions are shared by all the higher classes of Frenchwomen, and nearly all the women of the middle classes, and a great majority of what are termed the administrative and magisterial hierarchies in the country. But though the provisional republic of 1848 was not desired but

deprecatcd by these classes, they accept it, being wearied with eternal changes, feeling that it is the work of the young, the ardent, and the determined minority, a party which in all countries is the most powerful in producing changes.

In the constituent assembly about to meet, we expect to see elected many more moderate and sober men than M. Ledru Rollin would seek to introduce. We expect to see men prepared to legislate, not for this or that class—not for iron-masters, vine-growers, or silk-manufacturers—not for *ouvriers*, or communists, or socialists—but for all France. Any attempt to put one class above another—above all, any attempt to put the workman above his employer, should be resisted by such men. The undue power of the working class would be as intolerable, and more loathsome, than the undue power and unjust privileges of a feudal aristocracy or of the old court. The new French constituent should legislate, not for a class of any sort, but for the whole people of France, within the capacious circle of her eighty odd departments. If the assembly shall dare to act thus honestly and fairly, there is no reason why the republic should not prosper and wax strong. If, however, it shall permit itself to be overborne by the mere mob of Paris—if it becomes the mere creature of the Parisian will, its decisions and its laws will go forth without authority, and be received without respect. In that event, shadows, clouds, and darkness, must rest on the unhappy country. But we are hopeful, because we have a faith in the progress of rational liberty, and because we trust that a merciful Providence will spare a people, in whom, with all their faults, there is so much to admire, the horrors of a civil war.

As to England, her course is clear, whether the astounding experiment in course of trial on the other side of the Straits shall flourish or shall fail. She must proceed in her career of improvement, giving a broader base and a more popular character to her institutions. Her taxation, too, must be differently and more equally distributed, for ever since the days of William the Norman, it has been in favour of the territorial and propertied class, as contra-distinguished from the great body of the nation. Far greater economy, moreover, in the public expenditure, than has hitherto found a place in the creed of our leading statesmen, is imperative. How far the men now in power among us will be wise to discern these signs of the times is doubtful. But discern these they must, or give place at no distant day to men of clearer vision. Let them not for a moment suppose that the citizen myriads who have armed themselves of late on the side of order against anarchy, mean to be regarded in so doing as the

partizans of 'finality.' The great majority of them mean nothing of the kind. In the schemes broached by repealers, and by Chartist orators and communists, we see much betraying a wretched ignorance and incapacity, or something worse. But experience now warrants the conclusion that a considerable extension of the franchise would be perfectly safe. Annual parliaments could not fail to bring in their train a perpetual exhibition of national confusion and weakness, but the working of triennial parliaments would, we think, be more conducive to the national interest than the present system. Concerning the payment of members, we know not that any constituency is precluded from acting on that principle at present, if so disposed. With regard to the ballot, we have been always favourable to that method of voting, and should be happy to see it adopted in reference to a large class of constituencies, where it is felt to be the most desirable, and may be best tested; but to the notion of electoral districts, we see strong objections—certainly it would tend to swamp our present borough constituencies in those of the neighbouring counties, and would thus add to the present preponderance of the landlords.

It should never be forgotten that some three-fourths, at least, of the immunities for which the nations of the continent are now struggling, have been ours long since. It will be a great mistake, moreover, to regard the condition of society in this country as much the same with what obtains—we will not say in the United States, but in any of the continental nations. Our aristocracies of rank and wealth have no counterpart in Europe; and a scheme of policy which might be strictly equitable, where the property classes are nearly on a level, might become the extreme of folly and injustice, as applied to a people where the inequalities of social condition are of necessity so great. But, as we have intimated, there is abundant space for advancement without proceeding to such lengths.

With regard to matters ecclesiastical, every new move in society is only giving more prominence to the anomalous position of our established churches. The Church of England is hardly the church of the majority even in England. In Wales it is not that of a tithe of the people! The case in Ireland, all things considered, is even worse; and what is still called the national church in Scotland, is the church of a vestige merely from the general population of the country. Europe will cease ere long to retain a single institution based on anything like this amount of social injustice—and it must not be deemed *possible* to perpetuate such a state of things. Happily our churchmen have been forced, for many years past, into that course of prac-

tical voluntarism, which has been doing much to fit them for entering on that higher—that wholly self-sustained course, which will be seen before long as the only path open to them. Tractarians, as in the case of Dr. Hampden, and haughty and infatuated prelates, like the Bishop of Exeter, are doing much to hasten this consummation.

To Germany we look with large hope. But there are two material drawbacks to our pleasant anticipations even in that quarter—viz., the extent in which its rationalists and transcendentalists have denuded its people of all really Christian principle; and the strong distrust entertained at this moment as to the sincerity of their princes in reference to their recent concessions—a distrust, we regret to say, not restricted to such princes as King Ernest, but extended very generally to Frederick William himself. The tendency of the latter of these evils, will be to dispose the people to abridge the power of the chief magistrate so greatly, as to leave it doubtful whether it had not better be abolished altogether, and thus to necessitate dissimulation. The former mischief is one which time and well-directed Christian effort only can remove. But a change will now come over the German mind and character. The heart of Germany will now have its work to do no less than her head—her men of speculation will become much more men of action; and her morbid dreamings, and academic conceits, will give place to a much more wholesome and robust cast of thinking. Her development, hitherto, has been partial—miserably one-sided, and the day is only dawning in which she is to be herself, whole and entire.

No man could have foreseen that the changes which have recently taken place in Europe would come with the suddenness, and proceed with the rapidity we have witnessed; but we were struck the other day by the following bit of forecasting on this subject:—

‘The French Revolution swept away the aristocracy of France, and with it almost everything deserving the name of aristocracy in continental Europe. It thus did for monarchy in Europe, what the wars of the Roses did for monarchy in England—placing it in independence of the bands of nobles by whom it had been so often curbed and humbled. The kings of Europe just now, are in the Tudor period of their history—the Stuart age is to come!’—*Age of Great Cities.*

CRITICISMS ON BOOKS

AND

FINE ARTS.

BOOKS

1. Parker Society's Publications.
2. Turner's Notes on Herodotus.
3. On Anæsthetic Agents.
4. Potter's Treatise on Mechanics.
5. ——— on Optics.
6. A Plea ~~for~~ Peasant Proprietors.
7. Indian Railways.
8. Chalmers' Works.
9. Neander's Ecclesiastical History.
10. Tattershall's Sermons.
11. Twiss's Political Economy.
12. Offer's Edition of the Pilgrim's Progress.
13. Jay's Works.
14. Sketches from the Cross.
15. Brown's Ministry of Christ.
16. The Saint's Tragedy.
17. Keith's Signs of the Times.
18. Reason, Revelation, and Faith.
19. Ford's Alarm in Zion.
20. Williams on the Evangelical Alliance.
21. Ideas, by A. C. G. Jobert.
22. Mission to Mysore.
23. Memoirs of Tatham.
24. Fletcher's History of Independency.
25. Herschell on the Gentile Dispensation.

- 26 Mrs Webb's Beloved Disciple
27. Fuch's Die Philosophie Victor Cousins
28. Bird's Natural Philosophy
29. Ruckblicke in mien Leben.
30. Clergyman's Sore Throat
31. Wandkärke von Alt-Griechenland
32. Philosophy of the Beautiful.
33. Schomberg's British Constitution.
34. Memoirs of Williams of Wern
35. Denison on Todd's Discourses.
36. Smith's Hints for the Times.
37. Histoire de France.
38. Pictorial Bible.—Parts 7—12.
39. Hogg's Weekly Instructor
40. Scottish Congregational Magazine
41. Birk's Letter to Lord John Russell.
42. The Bible.—Notes and References.
43. Agricultural Journal for Ireland
44. Creasy on Dr Hampden's Case
45. War with the Saints.
46. The 'Poughkeepsie Seer.'

FINE ARTS.

47. Cleghorn's Ancient and Modern Art.
48. Archæologia Hibernia
49. Napoleon and the Pope
50. Spearing Salmon

I. *Publications of the Parker Society.*

1. *The Works of John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury.* Two vols. royal 8vo. 1845, 1847.
2. *The Zurich Letters.* 8vo. 1846. Second edition.
3. *Original Letters relating to the English Reformation.* Parts I and II. 8vo. 1846, 1847.
4. *Liturgies and Occasional Forms of Prayer set forth in the Reign of Elizabeth.* 8vo. 1847.
5. *A Progress of Piety, whose Jesses lead into the Harbour of Heavenly Heart's-ease.* By JOHN NORDEN. 12mo. 1847.

We need not say anything to our readers concerning the nature and objects of the Parker Society. All its publications have been works of decided theological and historical value. The reprint of Bishop Jewel's works, so far as it has proceeded, has been carefully edited by the Rev. John Ayre, minister

of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead. Different editions have been collated, and numerous references, often loosely made, have been verified. The bishop's controversy with Hardinge—a dispute which embraces nearly all the religious topics of the age—fills the larger portion of these two volumes.

'The Zurich Letters' are original contributions to history. They consist of correspondence between several English bishops and others, with some of the Helvetian reformers, during the reign of Elizabeth, taken chiefly from the archives of Zurich, and translated from authenticated copies of the autographs. This volume is edited by Dr. Robinson, formerly fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. It is a publication presenting a picture of the times to which it relates that must be deeply interesting to the pious mind, and to the historian its value is of the highest order.

Of the two volumes of 'Original Letters relative to the English Reformation,' we may speak in the same terms. These volumes are also edited by Dr. Robinson, and they throw much light on our religious history during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary. These letters also are translated and published from authenticated copies taken from the original manuscripts in the archives of Zurich. The men who speak everywhere throughout these pages, and speak generally with all the freedom of a confiding friendship concerning the stirring questions of their times, were among the greatest and the best men of their age. Next to the advantage of living in their midst, is that of becoming acquainted with their utterances in such a form.

The volume on 'Liturgies and Occasional Forms of Prayer set forth in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,' is of more limited interest; but Norden's 'Progress of Piety,' is a devotional treatise by a layman, which may be read with much pleasure and profit by the devout, whether lay or clerical, in any age. We are willing to believe that such piety as comes before us in this little volume was not uncommon in those times.

II. *Notes on Herodotus, Original and Selected from the best Commentators.*

By DAWSON W. TURNER, M.A.

This is beyond all comparison the poorest collection of notes on a classical author that we ever saw. Any tolerably well-taught schoolboy of fifteen, with 'Bahr's Herodotus,' 'Heeren's Reflections on the Politics, &c., of the Ancient Egyptians,' and Mr. Turner's great authority, 'Barker's edition of Le Anthon's Classical Dictionary,' might compile a better. After a considerable examination of the notes on the second book, we can safely say, that not a single point requiring sound scholarship or original research for its elucidation has been touched upon. Why, in the notes on Chapter iv, is nothing said about the Egyptian year, seeing that the account of Herodotus involves an inaccuracy? Did Mr. Turner ever hear of such an author as Ideler? Why, on Chapter lxxxi, is nothing said on that most curious question, which so obviously comes up in connexion with the subject there treated of—the origin of the names of the days of the week? Perhaps Mr. Turner never saw such a work as the Philological Museum? Why is no notice taken of the researches of Wilkinson, and especially Bunsen? A brief statement of the most important results arrived at by them would have been more useful to schoolboys than references to Creuzer's Symbolik. Where did Mr. Turner learn that the subject of the Cyprian verses was the *Trojan war from the birth of Helen*? (p. 145.) One would suppose, from this, that the poem narrated the whole war. We should recommend a reference to 'Müller's History of the Literature of Ancient Greece.' Did Mr. Turner ever see a moderately good map of Egypt? If he had looked at that, for instance, in the series published by the Society for the

Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, he would have avoided making such an atrocious blunder as confounding the Bahr-bela-ma with the old course of the Nile described by Rennell (p. 137). But it would take a volume to point out the omissions and faults of this very worthless production.

III. *A Popular Essay on Anæsthetic Agents for procuring Painless Operations, particularly on the Action and Effects of Chloroform in Surgery and Midwifery, but more especially in Dental Surgery.* By WILLIAM HENRY MORTIMER, Surgeon-Dentist. London. 1847.

How unconscious are the bulk of mankind of the sufferings that lie a little, often but a very little, out of their view. 'Once, when on my way,' said a friend to us, 'to witness some operations on the weekly day set apart for that purpose in a provincial infirmary, I had occasion to see how near may be the neighbourhood of joy and sorrow. The building stood surrounded with walks and shrubbery, and here the children of the gentry were often brought to play. Just as I was mounting the entrance-steps, my eye caught a group near by of beautiful children in the height of enjoyment—healthy and happy as one could wish creatures to be. I turned to smile at their merriment; the next moment I was ascending the stair leading to the Operating Theatre, when immediately I became aware of the piercing screams of an unfortunate youth undergoing amputation of the thigh. The contrast arrested me. How diverse seemed the lots of human beings!—the joyous and the miserable divided only by a thin partition, and the former ignorant that there was misery in the world.' But science has stepped in, and done for suffering humanity what the fondest imagination could scarce have ever dreamed of—it has supplied the means of *extinguishing* pain! A number of agents possess this strange and marvellous power; but hitherto the safest and most certain in its effects is chloroform.

'An anæsthetic agent,' says Mr. Mortimer, 'may be defined as a certain chemical compound, highly volatile, which, when inhaled into the lungs in its æriform or gaseous state, possesses the power to suspend or entirely destroy, for a certain time, all sense of feeling to outward impressions or pains, without in any way impairing the vital functions, or producing any ulterior baneful effects upon the constitution. Whilst under its complete influence, the recipient is deprived of all consciousness; all power of action is suspended; the whole system—the heart and brain excepted—appear to be in a complete state of collapse. The heart and brain alone appear to retain any of their functions—the former as the circulating medium of vitality, the latter as the seat of imagination. But the body is, to all outward appearances, dead. No palpable indication of life is visible, save in the beating of the arteries, or the dreamy workings of the brain. During the most painful parts of the worst operations, when the body in its normal condition would be writhing under the acutest agonies inflicted by the use of the knife, patients when under the anæsthetic influence actually enjoy sweet and pleasant dreams, so pleasant indeed, that they often regret, as the narcotizing effects begin to disperse, that they are recalled to the outward realities of life. These dreams appear to have reference either to home, to youthful days or scenes, or to faces long since buried in the tomb; and in no instance do I recollect witnessing other than pleasing emotions during the continuance of its action on the brain.'

Others have been less fortunate than Mr. Mortimer in what they have seen. However, we warn our readers against tampering with chloroform. It is a powerful poison when breathed incautiously; and the effects that may result from its use are too serious to allow of its being inhaled except on proper occasions, and when administered by those competent to the duty, and who are acting under a sense of professional responsibility. We could mention,

within the scope of our own knowledge, cases of rigidity of the jaws, convulsions, and alarming hysterical excitement, following the incautious respiration of chloroform.

IV. *An Elementary Treatise on Mechanics. For the use of Junior University Students.* By RICHARD POTTER, A.M., F.C.P.S., &c., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in University College, London.

For the range which this work professes to take, it is by much the best treatise on the subject which we have seen. It is, in our judgment, incomparably superior to Dr. Whewell's works on the same subject; and will, we have no doubt, rapidly supersede them.

V. *An Elementary Treatise on Optics. For the use of Junior University Students.* By RICHARD POTTER, A.M.

This treatise also we can cordially recommend to those who have either to teach or to learn the subject of which it treats.

VI. *A Plea for Peasant Proprietors; with the Outlines of a Plan for their Establishment in Ireland.* By W. T. THORNTON. 8vo, pp. 254. Murray, 1848.

For a long interval the argument in favour of large farms in preference to small was admitted as if irresistible. But the tables are now turning. Many are beginning to admit that the question presents at least a perplexing balance between advantages and disadvantages. Mr. Thornton is one of those in whose eyes the scale turns strongly in favour of the small as opposed to the great—or at least of the small as intermingled with the great. To those who wish to see what may be said—and said as the result of a wide observation of facts and experiments—in favour of this view of the question, we confidently recommend this volume. It is neither so bulky nor so dry as to deter any man who reads his newspaper from reading it, and at the same time is sufficient to its purpose.

VII. *Indian Railways, and their probable Results, with Maps and an Appendix containing Statistics of Internal and External Commerce of India.* By AN OLD POSTMASTER. Third edition. 8vo, pp. 145. Newby, London. 1848.

India is becoming more valuable to Great Britain every year. Were our empire in that quarter to fail, it would be as the failure of our right arm. The design of this book is to show how facilities for intercourse with all parts of that distant region may be augmented and multiplied. The whole question of 'Indian Railways' is here largely discussed, and we scarcely need say that the question is one involving much wider interests than those of the mere shareholders in such speculations.

VIII. *Daily Scripture Readings.* By the late THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D. Vols. I. and II. Small quarto. 1847, 1848.

In these 'readings' Dr. Chalmers comes before us as a Christian more than as an author, and we think we may venture to predict that of all his works these unpretending meditations will be the most generally read by the men who are to come after him. His style in many of his more elaborate discus-

sions is singularly artificial, tautological, and wearisome, but in these reflections everything is simple and natural, and nearly every page we read causes us deeply to regret that his general style was not more after this model. Of his eminent worth, and of his eminent service to his generation, we have spoken more than once; and we should be happy could we expect from his authorship in the times to come all that the most sanguine of his admirers are disposed to predict. He has his place as one of the fathers of the modern church, and, like most of the fathers, he was a man of action as much as a man of meditation. His force came from this combination—but the action has now ceased, nothing but the thought remains, and this, if it could be compressed into about a fourth of its present space, would be much more likely to secure attention from busy generations like our own.

IX. *General History of the Christian Religion and Church: from the German of Dr. Augustus Neander.* Translated from the Second Edition, by JOSEPH TORREY, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. Vol. I., embracing the first great Division of the History. Royal 8vo, pp. 740. Wiley and Putnam, New York and London. 1847.

This portly and handsome volume brings down the history of Neander to the commencement of the fourth century. The translation of the subsequent portions of the work is in progress, and the English reader may soon have full and ready access to this prodigious mine of ecclesiastical learning—this elaborate record of the piety of past ages.

X. *Sermons.* By the late REV. THOMAS TATTERSHALL, D.D., F.C.P.S., Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Incumbent of St. Augustine's Church, Liverpool. With a Memoir of the Author, by THOMAS BYRTH, D.D., F.A.S. 8vo. Hatchard, London. 1848.

These are beautiful discourses, rich in evangelical truth, lucid in arrangement, and in a style combining simplicity with good taste in a rare degree. Dr. Byrth has also well acquitted himself in the tribute which he has paid to the worth and eminence of his deceased friend.

XI. *View of the Progress of Political Economy in Europe since the Sixteenth Century. A Course of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in 1846 and 1847.* By TRAVERS TWISS, D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Political Economy. 8vo, pp. 298. Longman and Co. 1848.

Dr. Twiss is, we think, quite right in regarding the historical view of principles as well adapted to present their nature and importance in the most satisfactory shape to practical men. In such case, it is not only logic but experience that may be appealed to as the detector of fallacy. In France, and even in Italy, this subject has been more fully treated after this manner than among ourselves. But at length Mr. Macculloch and Dr. Twiss have placed this department of our scientific literature in its due position. We should be glad to make our readers well acquainted with the contents of this volume did our space permit, and in the limits to which we are restricted, we cannot perhaps do better than point to the subjects of the several lectures in this series.

* The First Lecture exhibits political economy in its cradle in Italy, struggling against the stifling policy of the prohibitive system of Charles V. The Second Lecture shows the mischievous effects in France of Sully's protection of agriculture at the sacrifice of manufactures and commerce, and sets forth the origin of the mer-

cantile system. The Third Lecture exhibits the evil results of Colbert's encouragement of manufactures and commerce at the expense of agriculture, based upon erroneous ideas of the value of manufactured produce. The object of the Fourth Lecture is to explain the nature of the great financial experiment in France, known as the Mississippi scheme, and to illustrate the confused notions of that day as to capital and credit, in reference more especially to banking transactions. The Fifth Lecture exhibits the reaction against Colbertism in France, and sets forth the agricultural theory of M. Quesnay, and the School of the French Economists. The Sixth Lecture contains an analysis of the chief doctrines of Adam Smith, and explains the importance of their bearings upon the subject of national wealth. In the Seventh Lecture the subject of population is discussed, in reference more particularly to the writings of Mr. Godwin and Mr. Malthus. The Eighth Lecture is occupied with M. Say's theory of commercial outlets and various questions incidental to liberty of commerce. The currency question may be said to form the subject of the Ninth and concluding Lecture, extending over a period of about sixty years, from the first issue of assignats in France to the Bank Charter Act of 1844.'

XII. *The Pilgrim's Progress*. By JOHN BUNYAN. Accurately printed from the First Edition, with notices of all the subsequent additions and alterations made by the Author himself. Edited for the Hansard Knollys Society, with an Introduction by GEORGE OFFER. 8vo. London, 1848.

To book-worms, and worshippers of genius of the Charles Lamb school, this edition of the memorable 'dream' will be a choice treasure, for Mr. Offer tells us that it 'is carefully corrected from Bunyan's first copy, which is followed literally, in the orthography, capitals, italics, and punctuation.' Every omission or alteration, moreover, that the author made during his life is noted, as well as the edition in which such alterations first appeared. All this, and much more Mr. Offer has done to secure the old veritable accuracy to his publication; and the labour involved in such an effort they only can understand who have given themselves for a while to some such occupation, and in the spirit which it demands if it is to be prosecuted with success. We concur substantially with what Mr. Offer has said about nonconformity, and the persecution of honest John; but if the editor had restricted himself more to the literary portion of his labours—a department in which he has acquitted himself very honourably—we think he would have done more to subserve his object than by the course which he has adopted. John Bunyan, like John Milton, was not born for a sect or a nation. But Mr. Offer is certainly entitled to our best thanks for the fruit of his labours as placed before us in this volume.

XIII. *The Works of William Jay, Collected and Revised by himself*. Vols. XI. and XII. Short Discourses. 1848.

There are two points from which a preacher may derive his leading conception about preaching—idealism and adaptation. What a discourse should be, considered simply as a piece of discussion or representation, is one thing; what it should be, considered as an appeal made to a certain condition of mind in the persons who are to listen to it, is another. The former method of preaching may be in its place with the scholar when addressing scholars; but the latter is imperative on the popular teacher when addressing the people, if he would speak to them with effect. No man of the present century has been wiser in his generation in this respect than Mr. Jay. He is always cognizant of the actual condition of mind with which he has to deal, and he commends himself to it with the skill of a master. He begins from the right end—takes his level from the right point. He never soars into the ideal or abstract; his

home is ever with the real and the practical. Hence his eminent success—a success extending without diminution through more than half a century—both as a preacher and a writer. May his days and his usefulness still be prolonged!

- XIV. *Sketches from the Cross: a Review of the Characters connected with the Crucifixion of our Lord; to which is added a Notice of the Character of Balaam.* By JOHN JORDAN DAVIES. 8vo. Ward and Co., London. 1848.

The design of Mr. Davies in this volume is to place in review the ‘characters connected with the crucifixion of our Lord, the parts they severally acted, the motives by which they were influenced, and the instruction which we may derive from them.’ The plan is ingenious, and it is completed in a manner highly creditable to the taste, ability, and piety of the author.

- XV. *The Ministry of Christ, viewed as a manifestation of Divine Perfections.* By the REV. ISAAC BROWN. Small 8vo, pp. 183. London, 1848.

The Ministry of Christ is viewed by Mr. Brown as an eminent manifestation of the divine TRUTH, LOVE, MAJESTY, and HOLINESS. There is an antique neatness in the appearance of this small volume, which is in keeping with the spirit of simple and devout earnestness pervading it. The author appears to have brought a large portion of the right spirit to his work as a Christian minister, and this interesting treatise furnishes sufficient evidence of general acquirement and talent, to warrant us in anticipating that his career will be one of reputation and usefulness.

- XVI. *The Saint's Tragedy; or the True Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Saint of the Roman Calendar.* By JOHN KINGSLEY, Junior, Rector of Eversley. With a Preface by PROFESSOR MAURICE. 12mo. Parker, 1848.

We were not taken by the title of this work; but the name of Professor Maurice, as the author of a preface to it, was a sufficient guarantee that, in respect to purport and execution, it must be worth looking into. Its object is to depict faithfully both the good and bad in middle-age religion, and in middle-age society. It will not be to the taste of the worshippers of the ‘dear old dungeons’ of those ‘earnest’ times, when men had ‘faith, heart, charity, manhood,’ everything good, but no ‘flunkeyism.’ As little will it please the ultra-protestant, who would as soon expect to hear the lessons of piety in Pandemonium as see the evidence of pity in a ‘saint of the Roman Calendar.’ But ‘Elizabeth of Hungary’ appears, nevertheless, to have been a true saint, and to have paid the penalty of daring to be such in an age when sainthood and all sorts of nobleness, however common in name, were sadly wanting as realities. The poetical merits of the performance are by no means inconsiderable, but it is as a just and vigorous historical picture that the publication is chiefly interesting to ourselves.

- XVII. *Signs of the Times, as denoted by the Fulfilment of Historical Predictions, from the Babylonish Captivity to the present Time. With an Examination of Mr. Elliott's Theory of the First Six Seals, and of the Death of the Witnesses, &c.* By ALEXANDER KEITH, D.D., Author of ‘The Evidence of Prophecy.’ 2 vols. 8vo. Eighth Edition. 1847.

A book which has reached its *eighth* edition, must owe much to its subject, or to its author—or perhaps to both. Dr. Keith's style is for the most part

clear, simple, and forcible, and no one will deny him the praise of learning and acuteness. It is to these qualities in the writer, and still more to the charm which the subject itself possesses for many minds, that we attribute the success of this publication. The work commences with the prophecies of Daniel, but is chiefly devoted to an exposition of the Apocalypse, which, as the title of the publication indicates, is interpreted as embracing the great field of history, religious and secular, to the 'present time.' Three hundred pages of the first volume are occupied in the 'examination' of Mr. Elliott's theory concerning the Apocalypse. Into this wide sea of debate we shall not now enter, though we hope to show our opinion concerning such matters ere long. Dr. Keith's former work on 'The Evidence of Prophecy' is a book as valuable as interesting, and has naturally disposed a large class of minds to look with favour on his subsequent production.

XVIII. *Reason, Revelation, and Faith. Some Few Thoughts by a Bengal Civilian.* 8vo, pp. 224. Smith and Elder. 1848.

This book consists of 173 paragraphs, each distinctly numbered, and the whole extending without a break, or the slightest aid to the poor reader in the way of chapters or contents, to more than 200 pages. We travelled far enough through this jungle of our Bengal civilian, to become thoroughly weary—and the only report we have to make as the result of this effort is, that every page appears to have its glimmerings of religious and moral truth, surrounded by obscurities which, ever and anon, deepen into thick darkness—the effect of the whole being such a continuity of confusions of all sorts, as is of rare occurrence in authorship. The aim of the writer is to harmonize revelation and faith with reason, but the tendency of his speculations is to view reason as the superior of revelation rather than its pupil. Ethics and theology suppose order, and the man who would treat of either with any effect must treat of them orderly.

XIX. *Alarm in Zion; or a Few Thoughts on the Present State of Religion.* By D. E. FORD. 24mo. London. 1848.

If little good is to be done by croaking, as little is to be done by empty boasting. Our sects, and parties are committed to such a course of intense rivalry, that a man who would report the whole truth concerning any one of them, must lay his account with being judged as an enemy. It sounds so heroic, moreover, to make light of difficulty, to sneer at caution as cowardice, and to talk of all sorts of brilliant things as to be easily accomplished by a nature so devoted to the just and the generous as ours, that there is little room to be surprised at the effect often produced by such one-sided and delusive views of affairs. Mr. Ford is one of a class not to be misled by such influences. His aim is to see things as they are, and if the disposition of many to turn away from the more gloomy aspect of matters has caused him to lean somewhat to the opposite direction, he has written a book containing much just observation, and pervaded by devout feeling.

XX. *The Basis of the Evangelical Alliance unfolded.* By J. DE KEWER WILLIAMS, E. A. 12mo. London. 1847.

What the E. A. after Mr. Williams' name means we have not learning enough to discover; but we have looked into his volume, and find enough to satisfy us that it is a book of plain thoughts, expressed in plain language, and adapted to be useful to the class for whose benefit we presume it was intended.

XXI. *Ideas; or the Outlines of a New System of Philosophy.* By ANTOINE CLAUDE GABRIEL JOBERT, Author of 'The Philosophy of Geology.' 12mo, pp. 141. London. 1847.

This is a handsome little book, with crimson covers, gilt edges, and paper and printing of the first quality—just such a book in appearance as we expect to find among the volumes of tales and fictions on a drawing-room table, or in a lady's boudoir. Nevertheless, it is a volume on metaphysics!—a volume which some wicked people would be tempted to describe as Plato turned courtier, or as Aristotle in masquerade. But conceding to Mr. Jobert his right to indulge his passion for the elegant after this manner, and after the manner of his nation, we can speak of the contents of his present publication as well deserving the attention of persons interested in philosophical studies. Dr. Whewell, in common with many Cambridge men, has been pleased to express himself in disparaging remarks about Locke, and, without becoming a transcendentalist, affects to supply the real or supposed deficiencies of Locke's philosophy, by infusions from that school. But he is not skilled in this business. His every step is more or less confused and blundering, and the drift of Mr. Jobert's book is not, as its title would indicate, to construct a system, so much as to point out these failures on the part of the Master of Trinity. This Mr. Jobert does with acuteness and complete success. Because our ultimate ideas of space, duration, &c., are not derived from experience, Dr. Whewell argues as though we had no ideas at all in relation to those subjects from that source. Mr. Jobert, on the contrary, maintains that necessary and universal truths, such as those of time and space, 'exist independently of our experience; but that we know them to be so through experience; and that we can reach the *absolute* by the power of the imagination.' Indeed, one would think that nothing could be more plain than that our knowledge of space at all, or of time at all, is from experience, and that our ideas of space as boundless, and of time as measureless, become ours *through* this experience, but not *from* it—such ideas being ours as the result of those laws of mind which render it impossible that we should view space as other than boundless, or time as other than measureless. Thus it is with all necessary and universal truths—experience does not give them to us, but without it we should never have been possessed of them. Mr. Jobert discerns the boundary which separates between these two sources of ideas, but Dr. Whewell sees it not, or writes as though he did not.

XXII. *A Mission to the Mysore; with Scenes and Facts illustrative of India, its People, and its Religion.* By the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, Wesleyan Minister. 12mo, pp. 560. London. 1847.

We regret that we have not given our word of commendation to this unpretending but interesting volume earlier. It includes matter which, at one time of day, would have been deemed sufficient to warrant its appearing in two octavo volumes at least, if not in a portly quarto. It is a book, it must be observed, about 'India, its People, and its Religion'—a theme of great variety and extent; and Mr. Arthur concludes his modest preface by assuring us that he 'has desired, throughout, to avoid equally the extreme of those who, from a culpable prejudice, exaggerate every blemish of Hindu society, overlooking every grace; and the more tempting extreme of those who, from a generous prejudice, exaggerate every grace, overlooking every blemish.' In this field, as elsewhere, prejudice has served to strengthen prejudice, and the British public has been liable to be misled by extremes on either hand.

- XXIII. *Memoirs of Mr. Thomas Tatham, and of Wesleyan Methodism in Nottingham.* By the Rev. S. DUNN. 12mo, pp. 280. London. 1847.

Mr. Dunn is no idler: nor is he willing that the generous labours of others should be forgotten. His publications are numerous. There is a modest aim at usefulness observable in them all. His spirit is eminently catholic. The present volume is rich in pictures of early Methodism—in pictures not only of the labours performed, but of the wrongs endured by its first preachers.

- XXIV. *The History of Independency.* By the Rev. JOSEPH FLETCHER. 12mo, pp. 283. Vol. III. London. 1848.

This work improves as it advances, and when completed will be a truly valuable contribution to nonconformist literature. The author has availed himself of the latest published documents relating to his subject, and has thus secured to his narrative more completeness, in many particulars, than was possible to his predecessors. Mr. Fletcher's style, moreover, is becoming much more easy and flexible from practice.

- XXV. *The Mystery of the Gentile Dispensation, and the Work of the Messiah.* By RIDLEY HERSCHELL. 12mo, pp. 319. London. 1848.

The author of this book is a person much esteemed by those who know him. The speculations of an intelligent converted Hebrew on such themes as Mr. Herschell has here selected, will be interesting to not a few readers. But we cannot ourselves enter into the millenarian views of the writer, and hope at no distant day to state our reasons at large for the opinions we hold on that subject.

- XXVI. *The Beloved Disciple. Reflections on the History of St. John.* By Mrs. J. B. WEBB. 12mo, pp. 236. Hatchard and Son. 1848.

This book presents no display of learning, or of profound thought: but the style is smooth, and the views of religion which these 'Reflections' exhibit, commonplace as they may be deemed by some, are of the sort regarded by many pious people as embracing everything necessary to meet their spiritual exigencies.

- XXVII. *Die Philosophie Victor Cousin's, Ihre Stellung zu früheren französischen und zur neueren deutschen Philosophie.* Ein Kritisch-historischer Versuch von Dr. CARL EBERHARD FUCHS. London. Franz. Thimm. 1847.

This work, which is substantially devoted to an exposition of the philosophy of Victor Cousin, is executed with a diligence worthy of a better subject. Very characteristic is it of German authorship, that Dr. Eberhard Fuchs could not publish his analytic exposition of one modern philosopher, without also devoting about a third of the work to the state of philosophy previous to Cousin. Accordingly we are treated with accounts of such well known writers as Condillac, Cabanis, Destutt de Tracy, Laromignière, Maine de Biran, Thomas Reid, and Royer Collard: this part of the work being too minute for a rapid survey by way of introduction, and too short for a satisfactory historical essay.

When the author reaches Cousin, however, he is minute enough, and mixing with his analysis some useful historical information, his work becomes

of interest to metaphysicians. We may possibly return to it, and examine it in detail; meanwhile it has our recommendation.

XXVIII. *Elements of Natural Philosophy; being an Experimental Introduction to the Study of the Physical Sciences.* By GOLDING BIRD, A.M., M.D., F.R.S., &c. Third Edition.

This is one of the best popular compendiums of natural science that we have seen. The leading phenomena of mechanics, hydrostatics, and hydrodynamics are perspicuously explained, and illustrated by engravings; but the bulk of the volume is occupied with an account of those connected with light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, and with a description of a great number of striking experiments by which they may be exhibited. We cordially recommend the book to the general reader, as well as to those more professionally concerned with such subjects.

XXIX. *Rückblicke in mein Leben. Aus dem Nachlasse von Heinrich Luden.* London. Franz. Thimm. 1848.

This is a very interesting work by the celebrated historian, Heinrich Luden. It contains an account of the author's personal acquaintance with Goethe, and their strange conversations on the Faust; a vivid and graphic description of the Battle of Jena; reminiscences of Niebuhr and General Grolman; and other historical papers of less importance.

The book itself is so miscellaneous, that we may fairly imitate the pedant in Hierocles (that Joe Miller of antiquity), and present a brick as a specimen of the house: our brick shall be an anecdote related by Goethe himself. During his Carlsbad visit, he says:—

‘Wandering up and down, as was my wont, I had for several days continually passed an old man from seventy-eight to eighty years old, who, leaning on a gold-headed stick, walked up and down the same street. I learned that he had formerly been a distinguished Austrian general, and came of an old family. I had several times noticed that the old man looked hard at me, and that after I had passed him, he stood still and looked after me. This was, however, nothing surprising, as the same thing had occurred to me before. One day, however, I was standing a little to one side, to look more closely at something, I know not what. The old man came up to me in a friendly way, uncovered his head slightly, to which I of course responded properly, and spoke to me in the following terms:—“You call yourself Mr. Goethe, do you not?” “You are right.” “From Weimar?” “You are right.” “You have written books, have you not?” “Yes.” “And made verses?” “Likewise.” “They must be fine.” “Hm!” “Have you written much?” “Hm!—pretty well.” “Is verse-making difficult?” “So so.” “It has a good deal to do with one’s temper, and if one has eaten and drank well, has it not?” “I have often thought so.” “Now, you see you should not stay in Weimar, but come at once to Vienna!” “I have already thought of that.” “You see, Vienna is pleasant; there is good eating and drinking there.” “Hm!” “And the sort of people who make verses are thought something of.” “Hm!” “Yes, such people, if they conduct themselves properly, you know, and know how to behave, are received in the first houses.” “Hm!” “Only come; announce yourself at my house; I have friends, relations, influence; only write: Goethe from Weimar, known at Carlsbad. The last part is necessary for my memory, for I have much to think of.” “I will not fail.” “But just tell me, what have you written?” “All sorts of things, from Adam to Napoleon; from Mount Ararat to the Blackberg; from the cedar to the blackberry bush.” “It must be very celebrated.” “Hm! but slightly.” “Pity, that I have never read anything of yours, and did not hear of you sooner. Have several improved editions of your works appeared?” “Yes, several.” “And more will appear?” “We will hope so.”

"Then, you see, I will not buy your works—I only buy last editions; otherwise one has the annoyance of possessing a bad book, or one must buy the same one twice over. Therefore, to be quite sure, I always wait for the death of an author before I buy his works. That is a principle of mine, and I cannot depart from this principle even for you." "Hm!"

XXX. *Dysphonia Clericorum; or Clergyman's Sore Throat—its Pathology, Treatment, and Prevention.* By JAMES MACKNESS, M.D., Physician to the Hastings Dispensary, &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 125. London. 1848.

'Dr. C.' says a pale-faced, worn, down-looking gentleman in black, his throat and mouth hid in a shawl; 'Dr. C., I have come to London to consult you about my throat.' 'Yes, I *hear* how it is,' replies the doctor, 'you have got the minister's throat.' This is a kind of interview exceedingly frequent in the consulting rooms of our metropolitan physicians.

A most wonderful organ is that of the voice, if, indeed, where all in the body are wonderful, one organ can be pronounced in this respect to surpass another. The first thing to be noticed is the cellular lungs, which hold the necessary air; next, the muscular chest, like the frame of a pair of bellows, to press it out with different degrees of force and rapidity; and lastly, an apparatus of chords, projecting rims and points, elastic or tense, for the production, by the impulses of the air, of sound, with other organs supplementary to these, for its modulation. Hence 'speech divine,' whereby man expresses his feelings and thoughts—nay more, those of God himself.

In employing this faculty for one of its great ends—public speaking—the orator is not at liberty to neglect the health and integrity of the vocal apparatus. It ought, of course, to be originally well formed and vigorous, else there will not be the aptitude for sustained effort in speaking; and again, this apparatus must be rightly used, and guarded from injury, else it will soon be impaired; its power may even diminish to a whisper, or altogether cease.

Barristers, eminent tragedians, and public singers, rarely suffer from failure of voice—and why? For a full answer to the question we refer to our author—only, we may remark, that when we hear of barristers, actors, and singers, it is because they are *eminent* in their line that we do *hear* of them. They, by nature, possess the requisite power and perfection of voice for their respective professions, and it is this which is one source of their success and eminence. With respect to ministers of religion, the case is different—a considerable proportion of whom possesses no such fitness, as to voice, for their calling. According to Dr. Mackness, 'I must make my dear boy a parson, for his health will not admit of any other profession,' is the exclamation of many an indulgent father when about to determine the future position of his son in society. Or, 'I don't think, poor fellow, that he will be fit or strong enough for anything but the church.' Of course, when natural fitness is not only overlooked, but perhaps deliberately disregarded, instances of disqualification are likely to be frequent. On this subject, Dr. Mackness's remarks are pointed and sensible. Pages 26 and 27.

We make room for a few sentences from a letter of the tragedian, Macready, on what he considers the origin of 'Minister's Sore Throat.' It would be difficult, we think, to over-estimate the value of this opinion regarding the cause referred to.

'Relaxed throat is usually caused, not so much by exercising the organ, as by the kind of exercise—that is, not so much by long or loud speaking, as by speaking in a *feigned* voice. I am not sure that I shall be understood in this statement; but there is not one person, I may say, in ten thousand, who, in addressing a body of

people, does so in his natural voice; and this habit is more especially observable in the pulpit. I believe that relaxation of the throat results from violent efforts in these affected tones, and that severe irritation, and often ulceration, is the consequence. The labour of a whole day's duty in church is nothing, in point of labour, compared with the performance of one of Shakspeare's leading characters; nor, I should suppose, with many of the very great displays made by our leading statesmen in the houses of parliament. I am confident as to the first, and feel very certain that the disorder which you designate as the 'Clergyman's Sore Throat,' is attributable generally to the mode of speaking, and not to the length of time, or violence of effort that may be employed. I have known several of my former contemporaries on the stage suffer from sore throat, but I do not think, among those eminent in their art, that it could be regarded as a prevalent disease.'—Page 25.

For the causes, the symptoms, the varieties, the consequences, the pathology, and the treatment of the 'Clergyman's Sore Throat,' we beg to refer to the volume itself—sensible, well written, and replete with valuable matter. We conclude our notice with the following brief rules for the preacher's management of his voice, drawn up by the late Simeon of Cambridge:—

I. 'Form your voice, not in your chest, nor in your throat, nor in the roof of your mouth, but simply with your lips and teeth.

II. 'Deliver your sermons, not pompously, but as a professor, *ex cathedra*, and as a father in his family.

III. 'Let there be the same kind of pause and of emphasis, as a man has in conversation, when he is speaking on some important subject.'—Page 125.

XXXI. *Wandkarte von Alt-Griechenland.* Von H. KIEPERT. Weimar. 1847.

It is not our usual plan to notice foreign works until they appear in an English dress; but a map or picture does not require so much translation as a book. To all who have to do with teaching classes, we beg most heartily to commend this splendid map of ancient Greece. For accuracy, beauty, and cheapness, it surpasses anything of the kind we ever saw. It is about six feet broad, and four and a half deep, or if Crete be inserted in its true position, (which is the best way of mounting it), nearly five and a half deep. It includes Greece, Macedonia, the southern part of Thrace, and a considerable slice of the western side of Asia Minor, embracing consequently the whole of the Ægean Sea.

XXXII. *The Philosophy of the Beautiful, from the French of Victor Cousin.*

Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by JESSE CATO DANIEL, Cheshunt College. 12mo, pp. 189. Pickering. 1848.

The taste of Mr. Pickering as a publisher is of the past. He publishes as though he had commenced business in the days of Sir Philip Sydney, and had been setting his face against all novelties in his department of taste ever since. The forms of the letters employed, the cast of the page, the use of capitals, the embellishments at the headings of chapters, the punctuation—all are of a sort, not to remind us of anything in our own age, but to show how these things were done some two or three centuries since. Now, this may be all very well in the printing of books or newly discovered manuscripts belonging to those bygone times—but why a modern Frenchman—why Victor Cousin should be presented to the public in such a dress we do not so readily understand. We shall be told, perhaps, that men speculated in those times about the philosophy of the Beautiful, that Bacon was then alive. Be it so—but Mr. Pickering and Mr. Daniel must be aware that this is saying no more of England in the time of

Elizabeth than may be said of some other regions, and of more remote times. But this fancy, though partaking somewhat of the fantastic, is hardly worth grave comment. In the more material matter—the translating and editing, Mr. Daniel has acquitted himself creditably. Much has been written in our own language on the philosophy of beauty, but it has been with our theories of beauty very much as with our theories of conscience—because the standard varies in its application, speculators have been too ready to conclude that there is no real standard existing. Cousin, as was to be expected, takes the opposite—the *à priori* ground, and without giving us anything like an unexceptionable theory, has written on the subject with much force and beauty.

XXXIII. *Elements of the British Constitution.* By the REV. J. D. SCHOMBERG, A.B. 8vo. pp. 264. Painter. 1847.

This manual is better adapted to our time than the older ones by De Lolme and Custance. The former, like nearly everything from the pen of a Frenchman on politics, was too abstract and theoretical; and the latter was a muddled, puling affair, altogether unworthy of the notice which it obtained. Mr. Schomberg would, we suppose, describe himself as a conservative reformer—not opposed to reform while it moves inch by inch, and leaves everything material in the fabric of the constitution as it *is*, untouched. Those who wish for something fully as orthodox on this subject as Edmund Burke himself could desire may find it in the present publication.

XXXIV. *Memoirs of the late Rev. W. Williams, of Wern.* By the REV. W. REES. Translated by JAMES RHYS JONES. 8vo, pp. 202.

The subject of this memoir was no ordinary man. His memory will long be endeared to a large portion of his countrymen. But it would be difficult to convey to Englishmen a just impression of his genius. Like our own Whitfield, he was a man to be *heard*, not to be *read*. Not that what he said was wanting in weight or force, but it always derived so much power from the gifts of the heart and of manner bestowed on the speaker, that those who had listened to him in his happier moods were alone competent to judge of what he could accomplish. The present publication is, we believe, nearly out of print, and we are happy to learn that Mr. Jones, its translator, is about to prepare a new and more complete memoir of his distinguished countryman. The Appendix on the Characteristics of Welsh Preaching, which Mr. Jones has annexed to this narrative, furnishes sufficient evidence as to his ability for such a task. We regret that Englishmen are liable just now to fall into grave mistakes about Wales. The truth concerning it we suspect lies at about an equal distance from the extreme representations on either hand which are now prevalent.

XXXV. *Six Letters on Dr. Todd's Discourses on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist.* By E. B. DENISON, M.A. 8vo. London. 1848.

Dr. Todd, of Dublin, has adopted a literal theory of interpretation in reference to the Apocalypse and looks elsewhere than to the church of Rome for the doomed Antichrist. Mr. Denison is one of many who have been greatly offended by the temerity of Dr. Todd in this particular; and he writes with learning, and often with acuteness, in defence of the older expositors of that mysterious book.

XXXVI. *Hints for the Times; or, the Religious Sentiment of Form and of Feeling, contrasted with Vital Godliness.* By the REV. GEORGE SMITH, M.A., of Magdalen-hall, Oxford. 12mo, pp. 63. Hatchard and Son. 1848.

This little book is meant to distinguish, as its title indicates, between the semblance of religion and the reality. No one will hesitate to admit the importance of the writer's theme, and he has said some just and searching things upon it; but the evil which Mr. Smith would correct is one of a width and depth only imperfectly apprehended even by the author.

XXXVII. *Histoire de France depuis les temps les plus reculés.* Tom. I. Par M. A. ROCHE. Tom. II. Par M. PH. CHASLEB. Paris. 1847. Firmin Didot, Frères.

The above work embraces the history of France from the earliest times to the commencement of the first French revolution: it is divided into ten chapters, at the head of each of which, useful synoptical and chronological tables are given. The authors, stating that their work is chiefly intended to meet the wants of young people, and of that large class of men whose profession in life does not allow more thorough investigations, lay only the results of their own historical studies before their readers, without particular references to the sources whence they have drawn their information; they do not enter upon lengthened discussions, nor do they give undue prominence to their own views and opinions. The leading events, together with the most interesting facts relating to the progress of civilization in the various epochs of French history, are related in a plain, lucid manner; the style is easy, fluent, though less attractive than that of d'Aubigné and other modern French writers. We can recommend it to all who wish to read the history of France in its own tongue.

XXXVIII. *The Pictorial Bible.* Parts 7—12. Royal 8vo. Knight. 1847-8.

This interesting and valuable publication is now issued as far as the gospel of John in its present form, and will soon be completed. It should have its place in every Christian family capable of making such a purchase. Its illustrations are full of instruction both for the learned and the unlearned, childhood and age.

XXXIX. *Hogg's Weekly Instructor.* Vol. VI. Edinburgh.

A weekly periodical which has reached its sixth volume may be regarded as in little need of commendation on our part; but as this volume has been sent us, we suppose the proprietors attach some sort of value to our good word. Most cordially do we give it them. The 'Weekly Instructor' is all that the old 'Penny Magazine' was, and all that 'Chambers' Journal' is, with a spirit of religiousness pervading the whole, sufficiently prominent to be wholesome in its influence without being obtrusive.

XL. *The Scottish Congregational Magazine.* Nos. for January, February, March, and April, 1848.

This publication has now completed its *eighth* volume in its 'New Series.' It is not therefore a work of yesterday. But it is by no means so well known on this side the Tweed as it deserves. It is at present under the editorship of

our honoured brother, the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, and it is our sincere sympathy with the manly and independent spirit of its editor—a spirit disposing him to take his place with extreme dissent, or with moderate dissent, as justice and circumstances may dictate—that prompts us to call the attention of our readers to the work. In these days of sycophancy—sycophancy to aristocrats, and of sycophancy no less to democrats—it is refreshing to meet with a man who gives you proof that it does not belong to him to play the sycophant anywhere. The last number of this magazine contains evidence enough of the independent thinking which the editor brings to the study even of our denominational questions; and in a preceding one his remarks on that fool's project—the endowment of the catholic priests of Ireland, are so much to our mind that we must find space to quote them.

‘Hitherto the advocates of this measure have been in the habit of recommending it as the best means of securing the peace and order of Ireland. If the government, it was argued, could acquire sufficient influence over the priesthood to engage them on the side of order and the ruling power, the masses would, through them, be rendered much less turbulent: and as nothing would give the government such influence so easily and surely as were the priests to become dependent upon it for their livelihood, it was argued, that, for the sake of saving Ireland, this line of policy should be, by all means, followed. Such used to be the reasoning of the advocates of the endowment of the Romish clergy in Ireland. It was never, we believe, much thought of by any but themselves—even if they themselves really did think well of it. Most people who knew anything of Romanism readily foresaw that were such a scheme adopted, it would certainly fail of the end desired; for whilst it might tend to render the *parochial* priests more subservient to government, and also less intimately bound up with the masses, it would, at the same time, lead to such a multiplication of the *regular* clergy, that there would still be priestly agitators enow, and of a class which no government pay could reach: what happened before the Reformation, in fact, would happen again,—the secular clergy would become idle and unpopular, whilst the friars of various orders would assume the guidance, by drawing to them the confidence, sympathy, and affection of the people. It was suspected by many also, that it was rather from a desire to bulwark and retain the protestant establishment, than from any serious conviction that the peace of Ireland would be promoted by it, that such a measure was proposed. When this was hinted at, great was the indignation of those whose motives were thus, they said, misrepresented and impeached. But what will they now say to their confederate of the *Edinburgh Review*, who plainly avows that this is the great object of the proposed endowment? ‘It is our firm conviction,’ says he, ‘that unless some legal provision is in some way made for the Irish catholic church, the Irish established church will, before many years are over, be deprived of its endowment.’ Here it is: the Irish established church is in jeopardy; it is not the church of the nation, except in the sense that it is the church which the nation pays for; it is consequently felt by the mass of the people to be an intolerable burden, and they are clamorous for its abolition. But this is a consummation not to be thought of; for the abolition of an established church would be a precedent too dangerous in these times, to be, under any circumstances, ventured upon. The only thing, then, to be attempted is, to endeavour to stop these clamours, by erecting the church of the majority also into a church endowed by the state! This is the wise and the far-seeing policy which this writer advocates, and which his party are impatient to carry into effect. Wise indeed! to attempt the preservation of a worthless and mischievous institution, by adding another of the same sort to it! Far-seeing indeed! as if the multiplication of enormities is not the very way more distinctly to prove their hatefulness, and more potently to evoke indignation against them!’

Good men of the south, say now, are you likely to be losers by putting yourselves a little more than heretofore in the way of such a teacher? The price of this magazine is fourpence; and it may be obtained through any bookseller.

XL I. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P., on the Admission of Jews into Parliament.* By the Rev. T. R. BIRKS, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo, pp. 60. Seeleys. 1848.

We have read this pamphlet with much pain. It is a new propounding of the church-and-state theory to which its author is so passionately attached. We know what Mr. Birks' views of personal religion are. According to those views, England has never had a Christian legislature—has no prospect of possessing one. To compel our non-christian legislators to profess themselves Christians, is it not to compel them to become hypocrites? And to call upon *them* to exclude the Jew as not being a Christian, is not that to require them to add social injustice to religious hypocrisy? Can the theory be sound which *must* take such consequences along with it? The only consistent issue of such a scheme is to restrict, not only the functions of legislature, but the franchise, office of every kind, and indeed, political existence, to truly pious men—to extrude the worldly from the nation as they would have been extruded from the primitive church! Why insist that legislators should be Christians, and not insist that the makers of legislators should be such equally? Why deem the worldly as trustworthy in reference to the duties of private life, and denounce them as utterly untrustworthy the moment they touch the duties of *public* life? When Mr. Birks can bring back the theocracy of Palestine, or the barbarism of the middle ages, he may hope to see his church-and-state system become something different from the jumble of melancholy inconsistencies it is at present, but not till then. In the Millennium, indeed, such a theory would be practicable, but then there will be *no room* for it; the church will be the nation without the aid of acts of parliament, and will discharge all her spiritual duties independently of such coarse inducements. Whether Mr. Birks and the theologians of his school believe it or not, it is a fact, that men may learn to respect the social maxim of doing as they would that others should do to them, very sincerely, and not be persons of evangelical piety; and to reverence that principle, is to possess the great prerequisite to the functions of the just judge and the just legislator.

XLII. *Remarks on the Marginal Notes and References in the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures.* By the Rev. A. DICKEN, D.D. 8vo, pp. 38. Painter, London. 1848.

In this pamphlet, Dr. Dicken aims to show cause why the 'Marginal Notes and References' of our older Bibles should be retained in the modern impressions. His plea is urged in a manner creditable to his scholarship and Christian temper, and deserves attention.

XLIII. *The Agricultural and Industrial Journal of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland.* No. 1. January, 1848. James McGlashan, Dublin.

This is a new quarterly journal on a subject demanding the best attention that can be given to it everywhere, and especially in Ireland. Discussions on political or on religious subjects are not to find any place in this publication. It is to be devoted to the good of Ireland—as Ireland. The price of each number will be half-a-crown. The contents of the present number are:—Editor Address—The Agricultural and Industrial Resources of Fermanagh—On Draining—The Potato Failure and its Effects on Irish Agriculture—

The Payment of Farm Servants—The Breeds of Poultry best suited for the Farm—What is the best substitute for the Potato in the Dietary of the Working Classes?—The Reclamation of Deep Bog—Miscellany.

XLIV. *Sub Rege Sacerdos. Comments on Bishop Hampden's Case, with an Epitomized Report of the Proceedings.* By E. S. CREVELL, M.A., Barrister, Professor of History at University College, London; late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo. Taylor and Walton, London. 1848.

This pamphlet may be read for two purposes, as showing how consistency, truth, morality in almost any form, may be thrust aside by party animosity; and as showing no less clearly the unnatural relations of things which obtain, and which are likely to obtain in our church-and-state theory. The feud of party with party is commonly bad enough, but the bitterness which springs up when a party becomes divided against itself is treblefold; and as to our church-and-state theory, nothing can be more evident than that it is becoming every day more obsolete, and must be, ere long, greatly modified, and at length wholly displaced by the natural course of events.

XLV. *War with the Saints.* By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. 12mo. Seeleys. 1848.

Had Charlotte Elizabeth lived in those middle ages of which she is here writing, we strongly suspect that her ardent temperament would have given her a place with the orthodox saints of those times, and not with those fanatics whose story she records, and whose wrongs she now so indignantly denounces. We are persuaded that such indiscriminate modes of attacking Romanism are doing much more to strengthen than to subvert that system. But Charlotte Elizabeth can do nothing by halves—in describing a landscape, delineating a character, or in estimating a party, all is done in an *extravaganza* style, which to a mind of any other than the most tawdry taste, must be insufferably offensive. Yet the books of Charlotte Elizabeth have had, we believe, a very wide circulation.

XLVI. *The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind.* By and through ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, the 'Poughkeepsie Seer,' and 'Clairvoyant.' 2 vols. 8vo, pp. xxii., 782. Chapman, London.

We have felt strongly disposed to assign some space to an examination of these volumes, and to an exposure of the wretched attempt at fraud which they exhibit. But it must suffice to say, if any man of a Christian sobriety of judgment be desirous of seeing another striking proof of the credulities of scepticism, or of the readiness with which men who pray to be excused from believing almost anything Christian, can manage to believe in almost anything besides, we recommend such persons to read this prodigious 'sham' by 'Andrew Jackson Davies,' or at least the summary of it, as put forth by his coadjutor, Mr. Chapman. No one acquainted with Mr. Chapman's publications can doubt his strong sympathy with speculations of the tendency which abound in these volumes. The works which take Mr. Chapman's name in their title-page, are, we regret to say, to a large extent of this description, the exceptions being only sufficient to prevent the rule from becoming *too* palpable and offensive.

FINE ARTS.

XLVII. *Cleghorn's Ancient and Modern Art.* 2nd edition. Blackwood and Sons. 1848.

A very comprehensive work, written by one who has enjoyed extensive opportunities of personal observation, is presented to us under the above title. It begins at the very rudiments of art in every country and school it deals with, and professes to bring its history down to our own day. It is to be regretted, however, that with all the care of its author, it exhibits more learning than knowledge; Mr. Cleghorn being ever ready to borrow the help of another's opinion or description, rather than add to our new material by giving his own. We shall not attempt to follow him through the wide field he has gleaned in, but content ourselves, for the present, with a glance at his thoughts on British art.

There is little that is very striking or sententious in his treatment of its difficulties. In seeking to account for the low state of modern British architecture, he remarks:—‘The chief cause, and which is at the bottom of the whole, is the prevalence of utilitarianism, more or less, among all ranks. Nor is it unmixed among many classes with a grovelling democracy, and a gloomy and sectarian evangelism, which would banish all art as vain and sinful!’ As to the *sectarian evangelism*, we are somewhat puzzled to account for its origin; for certainly whatever lack of taste there may be about modern churches and chapels, it is not from any appearance of regarding fine architecture as sinful. But putting churches for the time out of the question, we are very much inclined to think that the want of a spirit of utilitarianism among architects has more than anything else to do with the low state of architecture in Britain. So long as architects are content to clap on a Greek or Roman portico and arcade to any building, with perfect indifference to the question whether it is intended for a club-house, a prison, a ball-room, or a corn-market, we may well wish a little more *utilitarianism* to induce our architects to make their buildings look like what they are to be used for. With this true utilitarian spirit for a guide, our architects would soon become original inventors, instead of going to work in a slavish spirit of adaptation from ancient art, with just about as much merit as the newspaper sub-editor reconstructing his columns with the scissors and paste.

We follow our author's order, who treats of the arts in the inverse order—according to old use and wont—of architecture, sculpture, and painting. Through the whole work the spirit of political conservatism is curiously apparent, in the absence of all political allusions. ‘George IV.,’ says he, ‘inherited his father's taste and generosity as a patron of art, as well as that amiable and truly noble disposition which prompted him to respect genius, and receive artists with kindness and courtesy on the footing of gentlemen!’ We hardly thought George IV. could have found a solitary admirer to say so much for him, even among the superannuated survivors of his pension list. George IV. was the originating genius of Brighton Pavilion—the *tea-pot style of architecture*, as it has been termed: let him have all the merit due to his creation. But his taste in art was notoriously contemptible and vile.

Wilson, the landscape painter, is contrasted by Mr. Cleghorn with Gainsborough, on grounds that seem to imply some other standard of art than nature. Turner is spoken of as ‘fanciful, dreamy, shadowy,’ ‘painting in

'thin glaring colours—yellow trees—besom-like stems of foliage—red bridges—figures abortive, shapeless, unfinished, unintelligible!' &c.,—and to complete the evidence of his inability to comprehend Turner, he compares him to Constable, a man of one idea, one phase of nature; while Turner to those who deeply study him, reveals an endless variety, only surpassed by his great model,—nature herself.

Turning to a different class, the author, after referring to the valuable patronage of art by Boydell, takes occasion to commend the *liberal and spirited encouragement of art*, by Alderman Moon!! From which pleasing reflection he passes to the trite subject repining the lack of national patronage for art,—a passage needing re-writing in 1848, whatever semblance of justice it may have borne in a former edition.

The remarks on Scottish art and architecture betray the nationality of the author, but little more. We expect the author of a two-volume treatise on art to tell us a little more than Allan Cunningham scraped together for his slight, though clever and piquant *Lives of Modern Painters*. The following is one of the very few passages in these volumes, that really supply anything new, and with it we conclude, only adding this to our list of complaints, that while the author gives numerous quotations, he is excessively sparing of reference to his authorities:

'Archibald Skirving, an artist of eminence in miniature and crayons, was the son of Adam Skirving, a wealthy agriculturist in East Lothian, noted for his eccentricity, caustic wit, and being the author of the well known humorous ballad on the battle of Preston. He was likewise supposed to have been the author of "Johnny Cope, are ye wakit yet?" On the death of his mother, his father entered into a second marriage, and had a numerous family. When Archibald was about seventeen, his father procured a clerkship for him in the Custom House with a small salary. He accompanied him to Edinburgh, saw him installed in his office, and presenting him with half-a-crown to buy a penknife, intimated to him that he was never to look to him for more—and he kept his word!'

Skirving's Crayon portraits are well known, and highly valued. Mr. Cleghorn supplies some new and curious traits of an eccentric genius, derived from a personal knowledge of him late in life. His career has more than usual variety and incident in it, when compared with the common routine of an artist's life.

XLVIII. *Archæologia Hibernica; or a Hand-Book of Irish Antiquities*. By W. F. WAKEMAN. James McGlashan. Dublin. 1848.

A slight, but very pleasingly compiled guide to the antiquities of the green isle. It abounds with spirited illustrations admirably engraved on wood. Some of them we recognise as having seen before in Petrie's well-known work on 'The Round Towers of Ireland,' but others, equally effective, are executed expressly for this work, which we recommend to all students of archæology, and all lovers of early native art, as a most popular treatment of a subject, which is now commanding the interest it deserves. The work is concise and accurate, and the engravings, by George Hanlon, equal anything of the same class issued from the English press.

XLIX. *Napoleon Demanding of the Pope to Sign his Abdication*. Painted by SIR DAVID WILKIE. Engraved by ROBERTSON. F. G. Moon, London.

We have just seen an early proof of this beautiful engraving. The sight of a genuine line engraving on such a scale, and of so fine a picture, by a British artist, is a treat of no ordinary kind. The beautiful texture and free handling

of the original are admirably rendered by the engraver, and the expression, particularly in the fine head of Pope Innocent, is delightful. To the admirers of Wilkie, this engraving cannot fail to prove a highly prized boon.

L. Spearing Salmon on the Tweed. Painted by WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.S.A.
Engraved by WILLIAM FORREST.

This is a good mezzotinto engraving from one of the best pictures of the late William Simson, representing one of the most popular old Scottish sports which still survive the changes so rapidly taking place in the habits and the manners of our rustic population. The scene is, of course, at night, and the chief light of the picture is derived from the blazing grate, elevated on the stern of the boat; into which the successful spearer is accumulating his finny spoils. As a faithful representation of this spirit-stirring northern sport, rendered famous by the Dinmont night-scene of Guy Mannering, as well as the accurate narratives of more recent writers, we doubt not this print will be welcomed as an acceptable novelty in the arts.

To Correspondents.

IN answer to correspondents with reference to the 'Address to Nonconformists' published in our last, it may suffice to say, that the aid we have sought has not been aid necessary to the *existence* of this Journal, but the support which may secure to it existence in a high condition of health and efficiency. Such assistance has not been wanting to us hitherto, and it will be gratifying to not a few to learn, that we see no reason to suspect that it will be wanting to us in the time to come. Since our last number went to press, Europe has become another world; and we were never less disposed than now to be classed with the mere lookers-on in public affairs.

W. G.—The expressions cited from our paper on the 'Christian Ministry' do not appear to have been considered sufficiently in their connexion. We were at some pains to state that we hold everything generally held by the most devout of our brethren, as to the vital importance of a self-denying spirituality in the man who would become a Christian pastor. But we hold no less decidedly, that the self-denial of the church, in aid of the ministry, should bear a much nearer proportion than at present to the self-denial expected from the pastor by his flock. If we would see our ministry, and our condition generally, such as it should be, our churches must cease to expect that God will create miracles of spirituality and self-denial for their special relief and benefit. We can give W. G. credit for a truly pious solicitude in this matter, but we can assure him that our taking the ground we have done in that article, has called forth expressions of approval and gratitude of the most emphatic description from many quarters. Our maxim is, that our ecclesiastical apparatus, like our sermons, should be prepared as if everything depended on that instrument, but that the former should be worked, as the latter should be delivered—in a spirit of entire dependence on a higher power. Christianity was not designed to supersede such an exercise of the sober faculties of our intellectual and moral nature.

J. C.—The writer of the notice, touching the 'Peace Society Principle,' is no novice in reading or thinking on that question. But J. C. must be aware that we cannot allow our pages to be open to controversy on that subject.

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